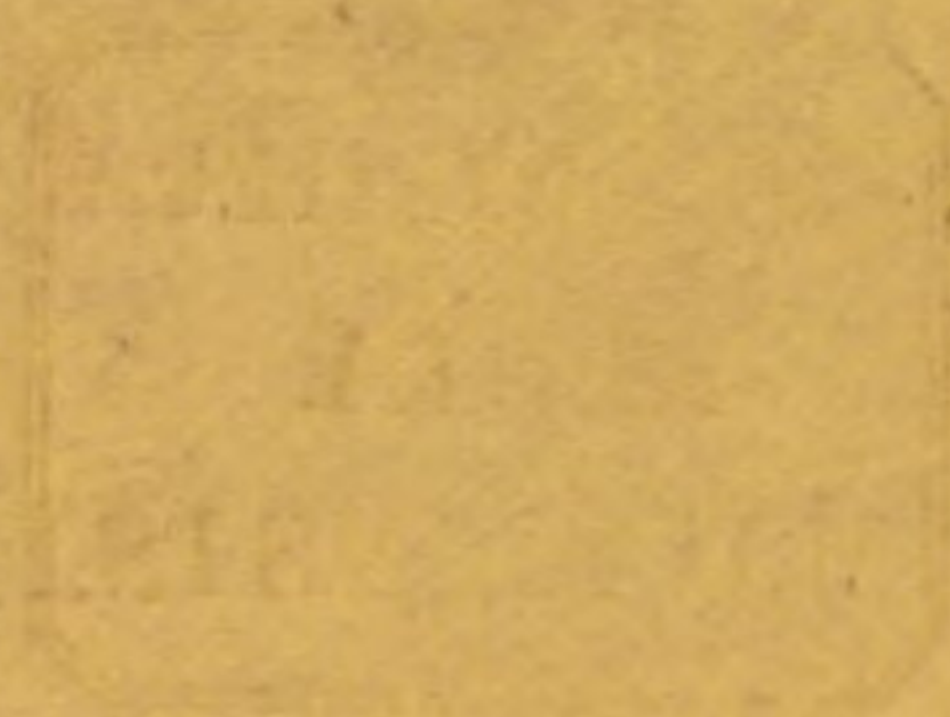


SIGNOR CERIONI'S
NARRATIVE.

Polem. 528th

Cerioni



A. H. H. H. H.

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A NARRATIVE
OF
THE CONVERSION FROM POPERY
OF

THE REV. G. CERIONI

AND

THE REV. L. D. MOSCARDI,

FORMERLY PADRE BERARDO DA JESI, AND PADRE LEONARDO DA
CAMARDA,

THE TWO ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS REFERRED TO BY THE REV. W. KRUSE,
BRITISH CHAPLAIN AT CAIRO, IN THE "CHURCH MISSIONARY
RECORD AND REGISTER" FOR JULY, 1849.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL LETTERS, AND MUCH INTERESTING INFORMATION
CONNECTED WITH THE SAME SUBJECT.

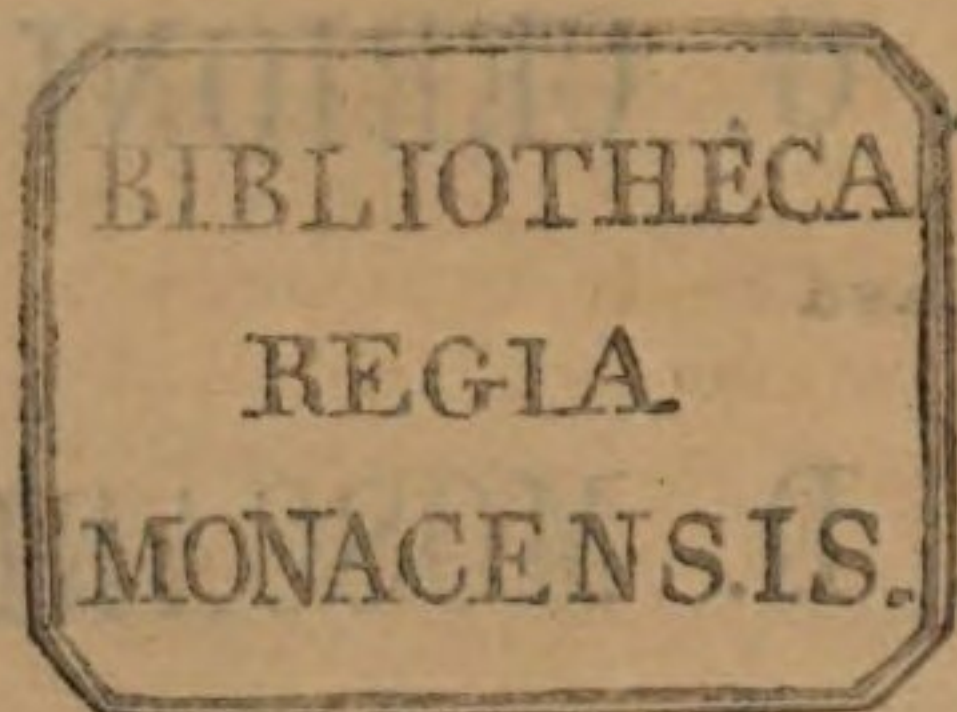
Written in Italian by Signor Cerioni, and principally
translated into English under his own eye.

"They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them from
their distress."—*Ps. cvii. 6.*

"They had an eye unto Him, and were lightened; and their faces were
not ashamed."—*Ps. xxxiv. 5.*

Second Edition.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

I AM told that I ought to write a few lines by way of Preface or Introduction to my Narrative, explanatory of the reasons which have led to its publication. I will do so as briefly as possible.

My friend, SIGNOR MOSCARDI, having been resident for some months at Frome, in Somersetshire, and having received the offer of a permanent situation in London, I was induced to leave Malta, on account of the uncertainty of obtaining a sufficient number of pupils there—where there were already so many teachers of languages—and coming to England at the end of January, in the present year, I succeeded him as Professor of the Italian and French languages in Frome. Not long after my arrival, the Rev. ALFRED DANIEL, Minister of Trinity Church, in that town, who was giving a series of Lectures on the Errors of Popery, requested me (as being, unhappily, but too well acquainted with that iniquitous system), to deliver one myself on the same subject. To this I was incompetent from my imperfect knowledge of the English language. Unwilling, however, to refuse the request of a gentleman from whom I had received so much kindness from the moment of my arrival at Frome, I wrote my Lecture in Italian, which another kind friend translated into English, and it was read by Mr. DANIEL to a numerous audience.

The Lecture, I have reason to believe, gave general satisfaction, as a proposal was made to print it; but several of those who heard it thought it might have been improved, if I had introduced into it an account of the circumstances which led to my conversion. This event, however, was so closely interwoven with the conversion of SIGNOR MOSCARDI, that I could not do so without his consent. This, of course, I had no difficulty in obtaining. But as I had not sufficient funds to publish the Narrative, when it should be written, from my own resources, my kind, and liberal, and zealous friends, proposed that it should be published by subscription, and exerted themselves, indefatigably, to procure subscribers, and enable me to carry the work through the press. Gladly would I here record their names, individually, as well as those of the numerous subscribers obtained by their means. But I must content myself with a general instead of a particular acknowledgment of their benevolence, assuring them of the sincere homage of a warm and grateful heart, and of the fervent prayers which I shall not fail to offer up continually to the God of all grace, that He will vouchsafe to them every temporal and spiritual blessing through time and eternity.

G. CERIONI.

Frome, November 1, 1851.

NOTICE

FOR THE SECOND EDITION.

A THOUSAND copies of my Narrative having been insufficient to meet the public demand, I have ventured to publish a Second Edition, with many verbal corrections, together with several alterations suggested by some kind and judicious friends. I have also added a short treatise on the "Adoration of Images," in other words, IDOL-WORSHIP, in the hope that it may be conducive, in these calamitous times, in stemming the progress of Popery, which now threatens to re-invade this country. The work is offered at the lowest possible price, in order to place it within the reach of many persons, whose limited means might otherwise preclude them from purchasing it.

G. C.

Frome, Feb., 1852.

CHAPTER I.

It is not my design, in relating some passages of my Biography, to give a full account of all the transactions of my life, whether good or evil, as if I wished to palliate the one and exalt the other; but simply to premise that in looking back upon my past life, and weighing my actions in an impartial balance, I find them “wanting”—the evil preponderating more than the good—the good light and trivial, the evil heavy and superabundant. It is therefore to the goodness and mercy of God alone that I ascribe my change of heart: to God, who with invisible cords drew me to the knowledge of the truth, and forced me to the renunciation of error, I attribute all that has befallen me. It was not by the light of my own understanding that I made the discovery of error; no endowment of mine, no action of my life, merited such a favour: it was the Divine light which shone in upon my darkened mind and revealed to me the truth. Whatever, therefore, I shall narrate in the following pages on the subject of my Conversion, to God be all the glory—to the faith which is in Christ Jesus, the triumph.

Well known to every one of you, my Christian readers, is the vocation of St. Paul to the Apostolate. Saul consenting to the death of the Proto-martyr Stephen—Saul breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord—Saul persecuting the elect flock of Christ—him, in the very act of his journeying

to Damascus in order to bind and put in prison all who should call themselves by the name of Christian, did Jesus strike suddenly with his grace. *Saul* was not seeking Christ—on the contrary, he abhorred Him; but Christ was seeking *Paul*. The wolf did not seek the shepherd in the morning, but the sheep: the good shepherd sought the wolf, not to slay but to tame him. The good Shepherd, Jesus Christ, was desirous of placing Paul among the other shepherds, that they might divide the prey in the evening. (Gen. xlix. 27.) With what force was Paul struck by the grace of Christ! There was a blaze of light, a tremendous sound of the voice of the Omnipotent which arrested him in his journey: he was dazzled by the splendour of the more than mid-day brightness, or, rather, was struck blind by it: he fell to the ground, and heard in a solemn tone the words, “Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?” This sufficed to humble Saul to the will of Jesus—meekly he inquired, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” The Divine will made known, he welcomes it, he follows it; he is now a “vessel of mercy”—he is now a lamb of the increasing flock: he is admitted to know the mysteries of the Christian family—of the elect Spouse of Him, who with irresistible impetus has called him into His service. Will Paul make a boast of this? By no means—on the contrary, he will ascribe it solely to the goodness of the Almighty, who calls whom He wills, and pours His Holy Spirit into the heart of whomsoever He pleases. Does Paul glory in such a gift as that which the finger of the Eternal traced upon his brow? By no means—on the contrary, he concentrates himself in his own nothingness before God, and glories only in his infirmities.

Is it for me to affirm that the same thing has hap-

pened to myself? I would not mention it even to my most intimate friend, were the declaration to redound to my own honour: but as the glory belongs wholly to the Author of all grace, and to me nothing but weakness, infirmity—say, rather, sin—it may be lawful for me to glory in Jesus Christ, our Saviour, in relating more particularly the circumstances which led to my conversion. But before I enter upon this subject, I must give a short biographical sketch of my former state.

The first elements of knowledge were imparted to me by a bigoted Abbot, to whom I am in some measure indebted, and whom I can also in a measure excuse, on account of his being a simple-minded man, of not very strong intellect. He instructed me in letters, but more especially in devotion to the Virgin and the Saints, and cultivated in me moral habits which he himself strictly practised. At the tender age of eight years, my preceptor had already imbued me with the idea of a monastic life; and so impressively, that as my age increased the desire grew in me to an almost giant size (*ingigantiva*). My parents were pleased at the idea, and thus everything conspired to aid their project of consecrating me, as they said, to the altar—every effort was employed by them, every means adopted to this end. My education was placed entirely in the hands of monks and priests—consequently I learned nothing but choruses, sacristy services, confessions, devotions to the Madonna, the doctrine of Bellarmine, a profound respect for the mass, and an implicit belief in it. The priests, in whose hands I had been placed at such an early age, knew well how to dispose of their prey; as also of many other victims, with whose education they had been intrusted. One after another, we were invested with the habit of the Franciscan monks; and

each of us, for himself, panted for the moment when arrayed in this garb we should be enabled, as the monks made us believe, to have heaven within our grasp—Paradise open before us. They painted in glowing colours the insidious artifices of Satan—the sophistries of the world—the continual dangers of the conjugal life—the labour and fatigue of secular cares : then, in poetical descriptions, they expatiated on the beatitude of the monastic life—that the devil was prevented from entering the cloister, on account of the cross which was planted on the front of the monastery—that the cavils of the world had no entrance there, because clothed in sackcloth, barefooted, the crown of the head shaven, every vanity was despised : no perils were there encountered, because a life of celibacy was led : no labours, no fatigues, no cares, because Providence with a liberal hand dispensed its bounties : the attainment of Paradise was certain. Thus, then, I reasoned with myself : “We have every enjoyment in this world, and are certain of happiness in the life to come.” Who would refuse to accept such a boon as this ? Assured of it by our oracles, the priests ; confirmed in it by our parents, we had nothing to doubt ; and therefore we longed impatiently for the moment when we should be hooded—(*incapucciati*).

In fact, I had not completed my fifteenth year, when I was admitted as a probationer (my name being changed from that of Giovanni Cerioni to Fra Berardo) ; and dressed in a rough coarse habit in the order of these monks, I was placed under the tutelage of a spiritual master, as bigoted and ignorant as can well be imagined. Here commenced the scene of my regular education. I shall dwell more at length on this point, in order to treat my kind readers with some insight into the *sorcery*, if I may be allowed the expression,

with which the priests of the Papal Church are fascinated, and by which they perceive not the abyss into which they have fallen.

The first precept that was imposed on me was that of blind obedience to every beck of the master, whatever it might be. I was also, against all reason, expressly prohibited from speaking to any person whatever, regular or lay, in order to prevent the acquisition of any kind of knowledge beyond that of superstition and priestly imposture. Here began the school of hypocrisy—a mixture of good with wicked actions—a doctrine totally foreign to that of the Gospel, as I now plainly discover, but could not then perceive, because it was demonstrated to me that our justification was the result of good works, and not of faith. I was also taught that our good works alone could not save us without the addition of corporal penance, fasting, abstinence, flagellations,* maceration of the body, hair-cloth, &c. These were the weapons by which we were to overcome the evil one, by which we were to gain Heaven. A number of ejaculatory prayers and psalms in the Latin tongue, were to be learned by heart, and recited in every action we performed: in our walks, whether far off or near, we were to recite psalms—at our meals, to repeat ejaculations—in short, if God had estimated our prayers by their number, we should, in a few days, have been transported to Heaven. But as this is the first round of the ladder which leads to the pharisaical Paradise, our prayers, instead of propitiating the Deity, served rather, I should say, to provoke his wrath against us; because our prayers were reduced to a materialism—a medley of Scripture—of Saints—of Madonnas—of idolatrous worship—of blasphemies—of abominations, all extracted from the Breviary or Prayer-

* See Appendix, Note A.

book of the priests, of which it is my intention to give some idea in the second note.* We learned to pray according to this book, and by gradually committing the whole of the prayers to memory, we believed them all to be good; for although they did not teach us a word of the Bible, the master assured us that all that was in the Breviary was the Bible. Wonderful was the progress I made, and such my conviction that my education was in strict accordance with the Gospel, that I had not the least suspicion, in making every study conduce to the captivation of my mind in regard to my faith in all these things, that I was following, as I now perceive them to be, “cunningly devised fables,” and inventions. So sacred and holy appeared to me the doctrine of transubstantiation, because the Breviary had made it palpable and indubitable—with all its accompaniments, the continual repetition of so many prayers, the incessant adorations, exhibitions, benedictions which were made with the host, the masses which I constantly served with so much devotion, so much reverence—these altogether took such deep root in my heart, that I should not have questioned the truth of this high mystery, even in the face of martyrdom. Equally strong was my faith in Auricular Confession; in the Pontifical Authority over the whole Church; and the succession to St. Peter seemed to me then so evident from the office delegated by our Lord Himself to the prince of the apostles, that not even a pyrrhonist could have entertained a doubt of it. Among other anthems there is this: “Thou art the shepherd of the sheep, O *prince* of the apostles: God has consigned to thee *all the kingdoms of the world*,” and this was subsequently applied to the Pope. I always supposed that these and similar expressions were taken from the Holy Scriptures,

* See Appendix, Note B.

and therefore blindly believing all that my master told me, became, with many others, a warm defender of the Papacy.

In the Breviary, I also read a number of miracles wrought by the Saints, the Madonna, the wood of the Cross. I read them day after day, I committed them to memory, I treasured them in my heart, and became more devoted to the Virgin than to the Saviour—I speak it to my shame, but it is true—so that I made a vow never to eat flesh or partake of any food made of milk (*latticinio*) on Saturdays, or on the vigils of her festivals, and to recite an *Ave Maria* before every image I might meet with in my way, with many other puerilities which it would be tedious to enumerate. Of the Virgin I besought every favour—to the Virgin I had recourse for the pardon of every sin. What did I leave undone in honour of the statues and reliques—what untried, to promote the worship of them!—and all this in consequence of the strong impression made on me by the prayers I read and learned by heart in the different offices contained in the Breviary for the worship of the Madonna, of which devotional office I daily recited a part. I exercised the same zeal in regard to the souls in Purgatory; every mass I assisted in, every prayer I offered, was applied to their relief—fasts, penances, a constant recital of offices, I dedicated to these sufferers, because I found prayers *for* the souls in Purgatory so highly exalted in the Breviary, and also prayers *to* them in many other books of devotion, and sanctioned by the constant practice of those around me. My master lauded my zeal, and as pride is natural to the heart of a youth, I endeavoured to excel in this false virtue. My colleagues followed as nearly as possible in the same track, like all the other priests and friars of the Papal Church. There are also other religious orders who

carry similar absurdities to excess, or rather to the height of superstition and ridiculous folly.

We spent a year in this uninterrupted exercise, scarcely knowing that there was such a book as the Bible in existence. Who now can condemn us, if we did not follow the Gospel, if we were fully convinced of the truth of these fallacies? Let them call us ignorant if they will. We had no means whatever of becoming acquainted with our unhappy condition—a veil had been drawn over our eyes, which concealed from us the strait path, or rather made us bold and arrogant in the way of error, as I shall show in the sequel.

With these and other instructions of less note, and ever more and more enamoured of a spiritual life, the most arduous duties became to me the most delightful. In fact, I longed earnestly for the expiration of my probationary year, in order to devote myself for ever, with solemn vows, to a religious life. If any idea arose in my mind in the slightest degree derogatory to that system of education, the oft-repeated saying of the master occurred to my memory: “No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God.” (Luke ix. 62.) It was necessary to march forward when once the journey was commenced—and this was another fallacy.

Should any curious person inquire what sort of moral life I was leading at that time, I will answer him in very few words. Our morals were not really bad, because we passed our whole time in exercises of prayer. With respect, however, to the laity, our life was that of saints in comparison of theirs—our master having taken care to impress on us this short but vile maxim, which he said might be found in the writings of St. Bernard of Chiarovalle, “*Si non caste caute,*” in other words, *if you sin, take care that you are not found out*—a text

retained by all the clergy of the Papal Church—a text very much to the purpose in all their offices—a text not contradicted by the weakest among them. For this reason, as I have stated, we made great progress in the pharisaical spirit—and while externally we were clothed in sackcloth, internally we were instructed in dissimulation, and were hastening with rapid strides to be transformed into “whited sepulchres, which appear beautiful without, but are within full of dead men’s bones, and of all uncleanness.” (St. Matt. xxiii. 27.) Into this state I might have fallen, carried away not by my own fault, but that I was preserved from it by a higher power, which disposed me to a very different course of life.

At last, the day so long and ardently desired, arrived. I pronounced my vows; I was consecrated to the monastic life,—that life which is now considered criminal, pernicious, detestable, by almost every one possessed of reason or common sense. I was now deep in the study of philosophy. For three years I was trained in this wearisome, but useful branch of learning. In regard to spiritual exercises, the same method was followed as in the first year, and we were perfecting ourselves rapidly in the errors of the Papal system (*barbarismo*, 1 Cor. xiv. 11,) and in refined priestly subtilty, without, however, being aware of it. This ended, I was sent to the study of sacred theology. Of these four years, I must give some account, having previously stated that it was my intention to acquaint my readers with the sort of education bestowed on the Romish priests.

The Theology taught in the Papal Church is entirely controversial, and though different and complex methods are employed, the result is one and the same; and for this reason, that the grand aim of the theology of the Papal Church is to support the Pope, and to overthrow

the true Church—the Church of Christ: the whole study, therefore, consists in bringing forward arguments in support of those opinions against innovators—such as Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, and others. The minds of the young men are saturated with false accusations against these persons. Our professors now say that Calvin died raving mad, his tongue being eaten by worms, for having denied the virginity of Mary: now, they relate anecdotes of Martin Luther—how the Devil dictated his sermons, since his arguments were maintained in the face of the Papists with diabolical art—with many other, I will not say fables, but iniquitous fabrications.

All our Theology consisted in a few texts of Scripture, and other passages taken from the sayings of the holy fathers, and made to agree with the requisite arguments. To give a specimen. In order to prove justification by works and not by faith, the teachers of Divinity are totally silent, or rather they studiously conceal from their pupils the powerful reasoning of St. Paul, in which that apostle proves with unshaken arguments the truth of this dogma. But they readily refer to the second chapter of St. James, not, however, to the whole of it, but to some isolated clauses of different verses, never omitting the 26th, “As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.” And thus they argue: “Faith may be compared to the body—works to the spirit: it would be absurd to say that the body is more noble than the spirit—therefore, by parity of reasoning, it is absurd to say that faith is more noble than works: the spirit is that which constitutes man a living being—therefore, by parity of reasoning, works vivify or quicken the faithful man, and save him. The body dies, and the spirit remains triumphant: so faith, like the body, is weak,

but works triumph—man therefore is saved by works.” Every one may perceive the fallacy and iniquity of this argument. I will not stop to invalidate it here, as I shall have occasion to enlarge upon it in the sequel; but rather point out the bad faith of the Papal theologians, and the refined wickedness which is conspicuous in their lessons.

They quote a passage from St. Augustine—I cannot now refer to the book because I have not the work by me; but it having been dictated to me in my theological studies, in order to enlighten me fully on the subject, and having also met with it in Malta, I am certain of the fact—this passage they quote in the following terms: “*Qui potuit creare te sine te, non potest salvare te sine te:*” which they thus interpret: “God who could create thee without thee, without thy intervention, cannot save thee without thy works, without thy own exertions, without thy gaining for thyself thy own salvation.” Here I cannot refrain from lifting up my voice, and crying aloud with every feeling of my heart: “O fraudulent and wicked men, full of all subtilty and mischief, when will you cease to pervert and resist the Holy Spirit, beguiling weak minds, making them ministers of iniquity, instruments of perdition to the human race? The judgment pronounced by St. Paul has fallen upon you: ‘Thou shalt be blind,’ said he to Bar-jesus (Acts xiii. 10, 11); ‘and immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness, and he was blind.’ And a mist and a darkness fell upon you, O Papal theologians, when you perverted the Word of God with your lies and subterfuges.” St. Augustine, though a fallible man, was well acquainted with the fundamental doctrine of Christianity—Justification by Faith: he exclaims interrogatively—“He who created thee without thee, cannot He save thee without thee?”—the new

Pharisees have taken away the point of interrogation, and made the writings of St. Augustine promulgate a blasphemy which the African Doctor would never have uttered.

The subjects in which we were instructed were the following :—The Infallibility of the Pope and of the Councils ; the Sacrifice of the Mass ; the Seven Sacraments ; the Unity and Trinity of the Godhead ; the Treatise on Grace ; then followed those on Death, Hell, Purgatory, the Resurrection of the dead in their identical body ; Indulgences, Confessions, and similar arguments—but the Bible was treated as if it had no existence. A verse was sometimes quoted in corroboration of their opinions, but always taken from the Breviary : the rest was a tissue of “old wives’ fables,” of Bulls, Councils, Fathers ; sayings of Saints, revelations of enthusiasts, and captious cavillings. This is nearly all in which the Theology of that *infallible* Church consists. If I were to tell my readers, moreover, that by far the greater number of the Papal Theologians, Professors too, do not know where the Ten Commandments are to be found—except those which were composed by the great Cardinal Bellarmine—I should tell them but the truth. Many indeed have confessed to me as much ; and amongst them one of the most able Theologians in Rome, a Doctor of Divinity, emerited Censor (*Censore emerito*) of the Theological Academy, one who gave lessons in that science for about twelve years, has assured me that he had never read the Commandments in the Bible, and was consequently unacquainted with the mutilation made by that Theological Jesuit, by order of the Pope.

In fact, neither I nor any of my colleagues ever read the Bible ; we had not one in our possession : we only read some fragments out of the Breviary or Missal, (the book with which the Mass is said,) or at most three or four

verses every day at table, when the monks were eating, and all were more intent on gluttony than devotion—let any one figure to himself in what estimation the Bible was then held! This is, in brief, the way in which Theology is studied in the Papal Church.

But I cannot close this subject without relating an anecdote in point, to show the ignorance of the Popish priests in regard to the Bible. A question had arisen amongst us young students why the Epistle of St. Jude, should be called the “*Catholic* Epistle of St. Jude, the Apostle.”* This word, on the contrary, does not appear in any of the Epistles of St. Paul: “perhaps,” said some, “St. Paul was not a Catholic.” Some maintained one opinion—some, another (it was a battle of the blind with the blind, in which they selected a blind man to part them): so that the question was laid before our Theological preceptor, who passed for one of the most learned men of that Province, and he indoctrinated us with a long explanation, conceived in the following terms:—

“Catholic, you must know, is the same as to say a follower of Jesus Christ, of St. Peter, and of the Pope. Now, from the earliest times of Christianity there were heretics, men who through pride would not submit themselves to the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter. There was then a certain Jude, who wrote an Epistle in the Christian sense, but not with the same inspiration as the Catholics: this Epistle was circulated in the Church—many Christians read it, and it was retained for a considerable time. It was not however approved by St. Peter, then Pope; and as the Apostle Jude had now written his Epistle, which had been approved by St. Peter because it was in conformity with the Catholic doctrine, St. Peter, in order to distinguish it from the other, and to

* L’Epistola Cattolica di S. Giuda Apostola. In the English Translation, the General Epistle of Jude.

prevent the Christians from being deceived, caused the word *Catholic* to be added to the last, that is to say, approved by the Catholic Church."

Whether this was a spontaneous effusion of talent on the part of our Preceptor, or whether he might have obtained this masterly reply from any of his predecessors, I know not. I can only say that we were perfectly satisfied, since neither he nor we knew a single Greek letter—and this is another proof of our ignorance on the subject of religion.

After this specimen of erudition, I may well ask my kind readers, by what means the young men destined for the priesthood could be convinced that they were in error?—for my own part, it appears to me impossible. It cannot be denied, however, that if they were not at that time convinced of it, they had many subsequent opportunities of knowing the absurdities of this fabulous and impious religion. In fact, many of the priests became infidels, and many of them Cardinals, and Bishops, and Popes! Why then, it may be asked, did not these follow the truth in preference to impiety? The answer is obvious.

The priests of the Papal Church are the heirs of the Pharisees; they have the first place in the assemblies; they are the fathers of the people; they exact the highest honours; every thing is provided for them—nothing forbidden: they lead an easy and slothful life; they are accounted demigods; they have every thing under their feet, even to the potentates of the earth; the secrets of the whole world are known to them, from the private thoughts and feelings of the young country maiden, to the most recondite actions of sovereign princes. Well do they know where and how to furnish food for their pride—to satiate their ambition—to gratify their passions—to give vent to their anger,—to accomplish their vengeance: in

short, they are the arbiters of mankind, rendered vile by this pestilential race. And not only this, they consider themselves also as judges and disposers of the souls of the departed : they pretend to have the keys of heaven and of hell, enabling them to hurl their enemies into the abyss, and thrust their votaries into heaven. What a fine picture does this present to the heart of a young man whose aspirations are naturally ambitious—who hungers after pride—who feeds on flattery ! What a noble possession for a heart bred up in the insatiable desire of command, of being the sovereign disposer of heaven and earth ! The pupil advances rapidly with this mirror before his eyes, and anxiously aspires for the moment when he shall arrive and set foot on the altar and stretch forth his hand—not to the poor famishing soul who asks him for bread, but that he may proudly extend it to the simple and deluded, who, prostrate on the ground, press it to their lips : what man is there who would refuse such a treasure as this, conducted to it by such a path ? Who, then, among the Popish priests, after having passed through some fine wire-drawn process, (*trafiletta*,) and attained to the possession of the desired object, would willingly lose or relinquish it ? The heart puffed up with pride, vain-glory, and ambition, would sacrifice even the hope of a blessed immortality to the certain present possession of an acquired treasure.

That passage of St. Paul, “as having nothing and yet possessing all things,” (2 Cor. vi. 10,) is often repeated ; it is upon that text that the Papal edifice is reared ; upon it, many make for themselves an erroneous conscience, walking in a deceitful and painful path, never reflecting on the proper sense in which it was used by St. Paul, they think it was spoken for them, and therefore stifle their remorse ; and consider as lawful that which is expressly forbidden by the laws of God.

Like one of them, I was ever more and more advancing in the career of error, till the time arrived when I was ordained priest. Proud indeed was I, for a thousand reasons, that my tedious study was ended. I wished to know something of mathematics and architecture, and had also a great desire to leave Italy, in order to acquire some knowledge of other countries, their customs and manners. And I was put in possession of my much wished-for liberty. “And your devotion to the mass?”—Alas! little, I confess—though I firmly believed in transubstantiation, in the sacrifice—little, very little was my emotion when I celebrated mass for the first time: it seemed to me an indifferent action, and by no means of so transcendent a nature as I had imagined it to be. But when, however, I saw a great number of persons assembled around me to kiss my hands, boys and girls, old men and women, rich and poor, my heart was satisfied—my education was finished—I had reached the point which all the young clerical students were incessantly panting after. These are assertions which neither priests nor friars of the Papal Church will dare to gainsay: should any of them be bold enough to contradict me, I will convict them of falsehood. I will afterwards point them out, I will call them by name, and unveil more particularly their arts, their designs, and the daily discourses which, for the space of eight years, they held by turns, without intermission.

In these eight years of preparation for the priesthood, there was a continual round of confessions, devotions, and ceremonies, peculiar to that Church, which, in being too indulgent towards its votaries, falls into an idolatrous worship without perceiving it. So anxious were we in our hearts to reverence the Saints and the Madonna, that we occupied ourselves in preparing garlands of flowers, dressing images, and other puerile

employments, in the ordinary festivals and pageants in honour of the Virgin and the Saints. But our devotion was never raised to the throne of the Omnipotent; we never uttered a prayer worthy of a child of God, redeemed with the precious blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

In this way is formed the fascination of the Papal Church—these are the spells by which her priests are bound, deceived, and kept in error: one part through knavery—and these are the most elevated in dignity: another part through ignorance—and these are the weakest, the most superstitious, the most bigoted, carried away by the current. There is another and intermediate portion, which neither malice, nor simple-mindedness, nor ignorance detain; but a false faith, I might say, an almost material and mechanical faith, impressed on their minds; and in this class I found myself, till it pleased God to enlighten me.

CHAPTER II.

HE who should delight in taking a survey of nature, on a fine spring morning, at the first appearance of that Ray, the source of all those beauties which that skilful artist diffuses in so wonderful a manner over every terrestrial object, painting it with glorious colours; that Ray by which the azure waters of the sea sparkle and glitter, no less than the white foam of the fresh rivulets rushing over the rocks, depicting and reflecting back to the eye of the spectator all the hues of the rainbow; the changeful tints of the harmless dove, and the variegated and resplendent plumage of a thousand other

birds that, hopping from branch to branch, announce with garrulous voices the star of day; the sweet odour of the dewy plants of spikenard and myrtle, wafted by the light breath of zephyr, and shedding an invigorating spirit over all creation—the plants and shrubs, the soft herbs and flowers, animated bodies and inert substances, recalling to the enraptured mind of the beholder the first happy day, when the hand of the Omnipotent presented this glorious spectacle to the human race yet unstained with sin, in token of what He would perform to give them delight and make them happy: would not this admirer of the beauties of nature proclaim her still to be in a state of innocence? But alas! alas! how momentary the pleasure—how transient the delight! Remember, O mortal man, that the happiness of life soon vanishes, and that nothing remains to thee but lamentation and grief. Through pride, thou wast not satisfied with enjoyment, and all the bounties and beauties which the Creative Hand lavished upon thee were insufficient to content thee: thou didst aspire to be Divine: thou didst arrogantly raise thy head against thy Benefactor, as if thou wouldst snatch from His hand His Omnipotent power, and deprive Him of that incomparable wisdom, which surpasses every human imagination. O fool! then didst thou fall—thorns and thistles composed thy crown; innocent animals were changed into wild beasts, warring against thee, sharpening their talons, and whetting their tusks for thy destruction; the odoriferous rose bristled with thorns, and the soft herbage yielded a deadly poison. O miserable man! thou didst fall, and deep was thy fall, because thou didst aspire to rise above the state which thy Creator had preordained for thee.—And thou, O spectator of the wonders of creation, who didst fondly imagine nature to be restored

to her pristine innocence, behold, by the reflection of that scorching sun-beam, the venomous serpent, awakened from its drowsy torpor, is twining itself around thy foot; and the poisonous asp, rousing thee from thy illusion, proclaims to thee that Death is predominant, that he rules over all the earth, and too surely has already made man his prey!

And is there no remedy for such an evil? no deliverance? no pardon? On the contrary, there *is* deliverance—there *is* pardon. That Almighty Being, who could create the heavens and the earth, took pity on man, fallen under the sentence of mortality. He who had created him for eternal beatitude, redeemed him from the penalty of the transgression, by a sacrifice worthy of the Deity: the God-Man made a High Priest from all eternity, by one sacrifice of infinite value, made once for all, on Calvary, obtained eternal salvation for us, opened Heaven to man, requiring no other submission than that of faith, and hope, and charity. And did man avail himself of the benefit? Oh! how bitter is the thought! A great number did not accept the gift, because they did not believe in the Gospel: others, prouder even than our first parents, refused it, making for themselves new priests and forging new victims; and, not believing the single sacrifice of the Anointed of God sufficient, substituted others—the greatest outrage that could be offered to the Divine Benefactor—renouncing His precious gift. And such unhappily is the case! That Church in which I was born and educated, and of which I became so zealous a supporter—that very Church, I say, makes war against the Most High, pretending to divide with Christ, our only Redeemer, the merits of His perfect sacrifice, and contending with Him for the Priesthood also. And I myself rashly assumed the title of priest, and dared to

vow that I would daily renew the one only sacrifice of the body and blood of our Redeemer! O merciful God! impute not to me, I beseech Thee, as a sin, that impious audacity, but rather ascribe it to ignorance, to credulity, to the deception practised on me by others, since I confess myself to have been in the most profound darkness in regard to the truth.

In this career I continued for some months, daily celebrating mass, with a fervour, however, that decreased in proportion as I familiarised myself with the act, which from day to day became mechanical, being but a repetition of ceremonies and words—at least in essentials. At length, from a natural desire of seeing other countries, I asked leave, very pressingly, to visit Palestine. The permission was granted, and I set sail from the port of Leghorn, in the month of January, 1838, by way of Alexandria. Arrived there, after a short stay, I again embarked for Jaffa. On the second night of our voyage, in consequence of the carelessness of the Greek captain, we were shipwrecked on the banks of the Nile, without knowing where we were: the prow of the vessel struck on the sand, the force of the waves upon the stern impelled her towards the shoal—the impetuosity of the gale now driving her back, and then pushing her forward, she struck at last upon the sandbanks, so violently, that she began to separate and to fill with water, which poured in through the various leaks. Great was the alarm: we all gave ourselves up as lost, principally, because we did not know where we were—the captain had missed the direction, and the darkness of the night had prevented us from seeing the perilous situation we were in. In this great confusion, death appeared inevitable, and each one accused himself as being the cause of the Divine anger. The ship was laden with merchandise and passengers: Greeks, Ara-

bians, Jews, Papists : and every one made a vow—I, with another priest, to the Madonna, the Saints, and the souls in Purgatory ; the Mussulman to Mahomet—the Jew invoked the patriarch Abraham—the Greek, St. George, and each believed himself absolved on account of the promise he had made to fulfil his vow if he should escape from this shipwreck. My companion and I confessed each other by turns ; and as it seemed to me that I, especially, had incurred the wrath of Heaven, by retaining in my possession a coin of the value of a shilling, contrary to the vow of poverty I had made when I professed as a monk of the Franciscan order, I instantly threw it into the waves—such was my credulity, and such my firm belief at that period. It was the will of God that we should be saved from this shipwreck ; the vessel had been so firmly embedded in the sand that she remained immovable till the morning, when, at daybreak, we found we were close to the mouth of the Nile, on the coast of Damietta. I cannot describe the sensation I experienced in seeing myself restored from death to life. I attributed the miracle to the saints whom I had invoked, to the souls in Purgatory, to whom I had made a vow : all the others, whom I have before described, believed themselves saved by the power of the tutelary divinity whom each had supplicated. But what struck me the most was to see the Mahomedans, scarcely escaped from peril, throw themselves on the ground, and offer up their prayers in the sight of all. I was touched with compassion at seeing so much ignorance united with so much devotion. We repaired instantly to Damietta, in order that we might say a mass for the souls in Purgatory, as a thanksgiving for the miracle that had been wrought in our favour. The mass for us was the *Sanatotum*, that is, the Specific, on every occasion : this mass was profitable to the dead

and the living.—it saved the soul, it procured the favour of man, it freed from misfortune, endued with wisdom, obtained succour from the saints—the mass was said for every thing; and I, still believing in its efficacy, could not do otherwise than join with my co-religionists.

I was now in a foreign land. Strange was to me the language, extravagant were the customs, pitiable was the state of that population. And now I am ascending that mysterious Nile—allaying my thirst in those waters, of which I had so often heard mention—my boat is floating upon the same streams which upbore the ark of bulrushes, the cradle of the infant Moses. There are those memorable arid sands, where the Patriarchs pitched their tents, over which Joseph passed when he was sent before them to provide corn for their people in the time of famine. All these memories filled me with inconceivable delight, when I found myself in that very country of which I had before only an historical knowledge. I was never satisfied with looking at those immense plains—those plants of palm, of papyrus, of lotus—the sandy banks of that divine river, and a thousand other wonders charmed me so much, that I could scarcely realize the scene, or believe that I was beholding, with my own eyes, those places which I had so often longed in vain to see. How much greater however would have been the interest, if, with the Bible in my hand, I had been able to meditate on all the passages which treat of that country. But this was a favour God had not yet vouchsafed to me. I was obliged still to walk on in darkness: the happy hour had not yet arrived in which my soul should be blessed, but not satiated, with the contemplation of the Sacred Writings. Meanwhile, however, it seemed refreshing to me to peruse those historical snatches (*squarci*) reported in my Breviary. I felt some conso-

lation in reading, on the spot, the mysterious dreams of Pharaoh, the wise interpretations of Joseph, and all that was related, though in fragments, in that fatal book.

At last, we began to discover along the Nile, villages and towns, people and nations. I shall not here describe either the manners and customs, or the religion of these semi-barbarians—such not being my object. I shall only say a few words on the diversity of Christian sects scattered over these regions, which may help forward the spiritual design, and be of use to my narrative.

On entering Damietta, a Greek, in communion with the Romish Church, received us into his house with a thousand demonstrations of kindness. We remained with him a few days, by which means I obtained some knowledge of the country; he brought me acquainted with many persons of different nations, and various forms of worship. I discovered to my surprise that there was a great number of Christians, professing a different faith from that of the Papists. I say to my surprise,—because I was told by my masters, when studying Theology, that there were very few Christians, except the English, who did not believe in the Pope. I confess my ignorance—I believed it to be the case—and how could it be otherwise? It had always been impossible for me to read any newspaper, except a miserable journal printed in Faligno, under the direction of the priests—it may therefore easily be imagined what sort of thing it was. But of this I was perfectly unsuspecting, attributing the circumstance to the ignorance of my preceptors. I cannot even now say whether it was from malice or ignorance, because they exalted our (at that time) religion, in making us believe that it was the only one on earth, except that which was

professed by a small party of bad Christians, who would not obey the Gospel and the Pope. Be that, however, as it may, for me it was always a fatal error, because it confirmed me in the faith I professed.

Meanwhile, in seeing there an immense number of Greeks, Copts, Armenians, Chaldeans, all separated from the Papal Church, and, consequently, according to her principles and doctrines, consigned to perdition, I was moved to pity, and made a vow to the Madonna and St. Francis, that if my Superiors would permit me, I would dedicate myself to the instruction of these wretched Christians. In fact, I no longer wished to pursue my journey towards Jerusalem for the purpose of visiting the Holy Sepulchre, fulfilling my promise, and satisfying, in part, my curiosity, by the sight of these celebrated places; but rather to direct my course towards Grand Cairo, where I purposed to remain till I had learned the Arabic language, that I might be enabled to convert the heretics, as we called them, to the Papal religion, and obedience to the Pontiff.

Arrived at Cairo, we were kindly received by the friars, and the more joyfully, because they supposed us lost in the shipwreck, thirty days having elapsed since we left Alexandria, and no tidings of us having reached that port; neither had we been heard of at Jerusalem or Cairo, a letter I had written to the Superior having been lost—so that they made great demonstrations of joy on seeing us alive. One of the Superiors of that Convent, I know not for what reason, was very kindly disposed towards me; he paid me a marked attention, displayed for me the greatest interest and sympathy, and made me remain with him, sending my companion to Jerusalem. This Superior furnished me with the means of studying the language; he treated me with every mark of true friendship, and I reciprocated his courtesy by

every means in my power, dedicating myself entirely to the service of that Mission and of that Church which I found no other than an Augean stable. I established myself there for that purpose, and had already commenced the work of restoration, when suddenly on the 16th of June, 1838, a dreadful fire broke out, which threatened the total destruction of Cairo. We were surrounded by its flames, which destroyed about 400 houses: it did also immense damage to our Convent, but we applied ourselves valiantly to its suppression, and abated nothing of our zeal through eight days of incessant labour—two of which we had passed without tasting food: we tore down burning rafters, pulled down walls with our own hands, and carried water on our shoulders—this country being almost wholly unprovided with means for extinguishing large fires. At last, by dint of perseverance, clamouring loudly for help, running about from one place to another, and using immense exertions, we succeeded in saving the Church, and a great part of the Convent. I, who had carried away all the valuables, the altar ornaments and furniture of the sacristy, which was afterwards burnt down from top to bottom, and deposited them in a place of safety underground, conveyed thither also an ugly statue of the Madonna, and another of St. Antonio, to whom I warmly recommended their house—that is, the Church—and prayed, if they wished to make it their abode, that they would not suffer it to be destroyed. And, in reality, it was saved: not however by any miracle wrought by these saints, but by the strength of our own arms—so that I felt the consequences of these terrible exertions for, at least, two months afterwards. Meanwhile, the priests began to exclaim: “A miracle! a miracle!” Some believed them—others were silent—others ridiculed the idea. Not, however, that the

promulgation of this prodigy did not conduce to our advantage—quite otherwise—from that time the Mussulmans acknowledged us to be very courageous, the other Christians held us in greater esteem, and many devotees brought us presents for the Madonna and the saints, which the living afterwards enjoyed.

There is no necessity for me to relate with any degree of prolixity, how, having some knowledge of architecture, I took upon myself the charge of repairing the convent, that I restored it as much as possible by a handsome building, and in a way which gained me great applause from many persons. This gave me a strong desire to restore the Church also. Neither is it necessary for me to relate minutely how I found the means for defraying the expenses: suffice it to say, that I adventured so far as to procure an introduction to the Court at Naples, and was presented to the king. He gave me a small sum, which, added to some other contributions, enabled me to restore the Church. I do not relate these circumstances for the sake of vain boasting, but that I may not interrupt the course of my narrative, and also to give an explanation of the letter addressed to me by the Bishop, which will be found in the Appendix, and by means of which I became known to my Superiors. On the contrary, this appears to me to be the clue by which it pleased God to guide me. The ways of the Omnipotent are incomprehensible. If I had not made myself so active in Egypt, I should have been sent to Jerusalem—a place in which it would have been impossible for me, humanly speaking, to have obtained any knowledge of the truth—a place in which any communication with true Christians is very difficult—a place which is the centre of Papal superstition, where the power of the Spanish priests predominates; and where the monks are never allowed to go out alone.

For these reasons it is impossible to gain the knowledge of anything but superstition, and the perfection of error on religious subjects, and most difficult to escape out of the hands of the monks. I therefore believe that Divine Providence directed all my actions—that the goodness of God kept me in Egypt, and conducted me in the most wonderful manner through paths which are absolutely hidden from mortal ken.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion by the reflection that I was strongly attached to the laws of Papal Rome—I was a thorough Papist at heart, and whenever an opportunity presented itself I entered into controversy, warmly defending the doctrines of my Church: not however that in these discussions—though I never yielded my opinion to any one—I did not occasionally hear some arguments that somewhat shook my extreme bigotry, which made me rise as it were above myself, not retaining the idea that every thing I said or thought was sinful; but, on the contrary, overcoming many of my scruples, I began to listen with more indifference to debates against the Papacy and the priests, which I explained away as belonging more to politics, education, the proprieties of life: still I did not fail to maintain my opinions, but not with so much warmth as in former years. In Egypt, there are many European Papists, calling themselves Catholics: they are not Papists, because they do not observe the Papal laws—they are not Mussulmans, because they are baptized: there are many others arrived at the very gates of Infidelity, and others who are, in fact, Atheists—to such a point have the Romish priests and the Papacy conducted them, as they have also the greater part of the Italian, French, and Spanish population, and others who once were faithful to the Roman See. With these Christians, then, I had frequent oppor-

tunities of conversing—one word to-day—another to-morrow—now a jest, and now a sneer—so that in order not to show any indifference for the religion I professed, I found myself reduced to the necessity of avoiding their conversation as much as possible, but not however entirely. I remember many discussions held with different friends, which it would take too long time to relate in this place. But I cannot pass over one long conversation held one evening with a person whose every action proved him to be an Infidel. He had been educated by the priests, and was for some time an Abbot: he knew something of the interior working of the Papal system, and being therefore well acquainted with its impostures, had fallen, as a necessary consequence, into the lowest depths of Infidelity. This man held in utter contempt the most sublime mysteries of the Christian faith: he laboured to prove to me that Christianity was a fable, a religion invented by Jesus, a very wise and prudent man, like Moses, and Mahomet, whose principles the priests had afterwards, for their own interests, adopted. I rebutted his arguments to the utmost of my ability, and with some little success. At last he said to me: “You are a clever fellow, and much superior to many others of your fraternity; you can talk away famously in support of your arguments: but tell me, now, as a friend, do you, from the bottom of your heart, believe all that you have advanced with so much energy? It seems to me impossible that an elevated mind, like yours, can be so ignorant as to believe in these ridiculous fables: give up this wretched life,” added he; “throw aside that odious garb, come amongst us, where you will make a good figure, and walk about no longer with that mask of imposture upon your back.” I knew that he spoke his real sentiments, without disguise, and therefore replied to

him in the following terms: "My friend, I firmly believe in the Catholic Religion of the Church of Rome—I am fully persuaded of its truth, and can therefore suffer without resentment the derision and ridicule thrown upon this habit. I sacrifice myself to a life which would be contrary to my inclination—far from my country and my relatives, an exile in a foreign land—solely from the wish of devoting myself to the duties of Christianity, and of being useful to my brethren in teaching them the truths of religion. I however am but a man, and I may be deceived: and if there were any one who could convince me that my religion was false—which I deem impossible—and if you should succeed in doing so, I promise you on the word of a man of honour, that I would sacrifice every interest, and give up every principle and opinion whatever." This was a prophecy. My friend rejoined; "I augur that such will be the case—I might rather say I am certain, if you are sincere in what you have said, that you will abandon these principles and abhor that hideous dress: let us still be friends." Thus ended our conversation. A hundred times it has recurred to my memory—a hundred times I have meditated on that prophecy—as often have I prayed that Almighty God would vouchsafe to conduct into His fold that wandering sheep, as in His mercy He conducted me. And Oh! that it would please Him to reclaim many other miserable beings who have strayed from the right way, who are far from the knowledge of the true religion of Christ, who scoff at the infallible verities, the holy revelations of a religion, which surpasses every philosophical and human system that the world ever saw: they make no distinction between good principles and the worst abuses: they do not separate the tares from the wheat, in order to preserve the one and destroy the

other—instead of this, they “bind them both together into one bundle,” and confounding just and holy laws with unjust and irrational human practices, throw them far away from their hearts, in scorn and detestation. To these, Christ is become a fable, religion a trade, Divine worship a weakness; the idea of a God, to some, unimportant, to others fabulous. In this path, the greater part of the Christians of the Papal Church have been led, because the priests by having added new sentiments, new precepts, new customs to the Holy Bible, have wholly precluded the people from believing in the true religion, from taking upon them that light burthen and that easy yoke which our Saviour Jesus Christ gave them, (St. Matt. xxiii. 4,) converting it into a heavy and insupportable weight. O my devout readers! unite with me in prayer to God, and let us lift up our voices with one accord to the throne of the Omnipotent, that He may withhold those terrible evils denounced against the blind leaders of the blind; that He may illuminate that clergy walking on still in darkness, amongst whom there are some who are seeking the truth, but are far away from that bright “light that shineth in a dark place.” Let us pray to the Father of lights to send His Divine Spirit to illuminate, by means of His Holy Word, millions of people who are “sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death.” (St. Luke i. 79.)

CHAPTER III.

How sweet are the words of our Divine Master! how gracious His invitations! how consolatory His promises! The soul that truly trusts in these, experiences all the

consolations of true felicity. The soul that truly loves God is calm and tranquil, because love and charity form her essence: her pasture is the love of God and her neighbour. Charity is not so much with her a stimulus, as a restraint upon her innate ire, so that she is naturally benign—"she suffereth long and is kind." Blessed in the beloved object, she has no other care than to devote herself to Him, to unite herself to Him, to be embraced and upheld by "the everlasting arms." Absorbed in the contemplation of her Creator, she is exalted in Him; and, not caring for the things of the world, all her aspirations are heavenward. Assured of her Creator's love for her, she takes delight in the consolations of His Holy Word: this is her counsellor in danger, her comfort in grief, her solace in affliction—such a soul enjoys a foretaste of heaven. Happy, thrice happy, who can say: I know no sorrow, for the inappreciable treasure of the Word of God has been with me, even from my earliest youth!

Such happiness was not mine. I had not the Divine Word to comfort me; but instead of it reliques of saints, amulets, rosaries, and all the paraphernalia of an Egyptian priest. And with this paraphernalia I believed that I could convert souls to God! In fact, my constant study was to wait upon the Church, to assist in all her offices, as far as it was possible. I was zealous for her honour, for the honour of the clergy, the honour of Rome. Meanwhile, I continued the building of the new church, without neglecting the duty of a missionary. In short, I had acquired so much fame on account of my zeal, that my colleagues held me in some awe from the relation in which I stood with the newly arrived Bishop, Monsignor Perpetuo Guasco, and the Roman Catholic Consuls, who are powerful in that country. Beside this, the Roman Catholic Bishops in

the East had some esteem for me; consequently, I had already formed many connexions, not only with the Roman Catholics, but also with several respectable Oriental Christians of other communions. An opportunity offered for my making the acquaintance of the Coptic Patriarch, and we had many discussions together on religious subjects. He held the doctrine that there was only one nature in Christ. On this point I strongly opposed him, bringing forward many arguments from the fathers, and also some passages from the Gospel. But the only answer I could obtain from him was this: "Our Church believes it to be so, and has always believed it to be so: our ancestors were saints, and we must not change." This was an old man, venerable for his grey hairs, but firm and obstinate in his principles—so that after numerous conversations and reiterated discussions, I could not possibly move him a hair's breadth in his opinions. I attributed this to a hardness of heart on the part of the Patriarch, and of the various Bishops who surrounded him; but I now know that my own words were vain, and had not the unction of the Holy Spirit. We both maintained our opinions, but continued our friendly intercourse, at different times, so that when our new Bishop arrived at Cairo, I introduced him to the Patriarch.

Another more interesting acquaintance I formed with the Armenian Bishop, not in communion with Rome. He was a man of quick understanding, not deficient in judgment, ready in argument, and by this means found out the way to make himself friendly with the Europeans. In fact, after some time, he became my confidant and the friend of my Bishop, who had become acquainted with him through me. It may already be seen what were my views in regard to my new friend, namely, to bring him under the yoke of Rome. It was not long before

I began to confute him in his opinions, pointing out to him the errors into which his Church had fallen, in denying the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Son, and, like the Coptic, the two natures in Christ. After reiterated discussions and arguments without number, I at last succeeded in making him confess that his Church was in error, and our friendship became more and more intimate, to such a degree, indeed, that he went so far as to call me brother, and presented me to his Armenian friends under that name, to familiarise me, as he said, with them, in order to unite our Churches gradually, which seemed to us the easiest way. Finally, he was convinced, or pretended to be convinced, of the truth of all the doctrines of Rome. He assured me there was no other obstacle to his declaring himself a Papist than the desire he had to carry the whole Church of Cairo along with him, and that the retaining his position would operate greatly in favour of this object. Several months passed away with this flattering expectation; but at last I began to doubt his sincerity, and constrained him, by dint of argument, to subscribe a profession of faith to the Papal Church. He consented; and having obtained his subscription, I sent the document to Rome. This was a great step in advance for my own interest; so much so, that the Latin Bishop, Monsignor Perpetuo Guasco, was highly delighted; he admired my zeal, declared me his Vicar in Cairo, that is to say, he gave me authority to perform all his duties in his absence. This made me more zealous than ever in the service of Rome, and I applied myself most strenuously to the increase of that religion, which, in addition to my belief that it was the only true religion, procured me great personal advantage; to such an extent, indeed, that I had already attained the object I have mentioned above, the submission of my colleagues, the respect of the

population, every temporal accommodation—in short, I occupied the position of a prelate of the Papal Church.

The conversion, however, of the new pupil, began to cool. His co-religionists persecuted him, they threatened to poison him, to drive him out of the Church; and as he did not possess the strength of the Holy Spirit, because from one error he had fallen into a worse, he knew not how to resist these persecutions, and therefore followed his former principles, and still remains in his Church.

In my programme I promised to mention, in connexion with my own conversion, that of my dear friend, Lucio Donato Moscardi, formerly Padre Leonardo da Camarda. Up to the present time I have not named him, because, till the period upon which I am now entering, I was not acquainted with him. It was about this time that he arrived at Cairo from Jerusalem, by way of the Desert, having been sent into our part of the country to assist in the Missionary service. I immediately conceived a friendly regard for him. He made me in a great measure acquainted with his circumstances, so that the Bishop, agreeing with me on the excellent qualities of this young man, newly arrived, we together lost no time in furnishing him with the means of learning the Arabic language; and he responded so admirably to our wishes, that in a short time he made himself very useful to the Mission, much beloved by his superiors, and by the people in general. I shall not stop here to relate particularly the past events of his life—though I could well do so—because this being foreign to my aim would be a useless waste of time. Suffice it to say, that his education had been that of a gentleman and a scholar, not dissimilar from my own; he, too, walking in all the darkness of the Papal system (*Barbarismo*)—faithful to the Pope,

ignorant of the Word of God. Though not a fanatic, he was a keen defender of the Papal religion, and a firm believer in it, such having been his education no less than mine, and that of all the Papal clergy. The noble qualities of this young man became daily more and more agreeable to me. My regard for him continued to increase till it ripened into the most intimate friendship. I was ever in his heart and he in mine. We passed a great portion of our time in pleasant converse. It was not long, however, before we were obliged to separate, because we preferred the interests of the ministry to those of friendship. He, by an urgent necessity was called away to preside in the parish of Fayoum, to assist the Christians there, and I was obliged to depart for Alexandria, with the Bishop, in order to aid him in his office, in quality of Secretary. Our separation was most painful, but we flattered ourselves that we should soon meet and embrace again, and in that hope we parted. Who could have imagined it? He went to prepare the ground to receive the seed of the Divine Word; and God, in His eternal and inscrutable views, organised a texture which we could never have conceived, even in our dreams! Let us leave our friend for a moment among those burning sands of the land of Goshen, on the banks of the Lake Meris, to contemplate the beautiful country given by the beneficent Pharaoh to the twelve Patriarchs. He is suffering from the burning rays of the sun, is seized with a terrible ophthalmia, among a nation of barbarians, without the comfort of looking upon a single European face; and if he had not already acquired some knowledge of the Arabic language, he would have been dumb in the midst of this vast population. But his ready and retentive memory assists him, his talent seconds him, and in a few months he is capable of holding a conversation with the people and with the

Pasha, the Governor of the country, who had taken such a liking to him that he makes him his confidant, never passing a day without seeing him, and spending all his hours of recreation in the society of our dear friend—and we will not interrupt them now.

Here I must not omit to mention an incident which occurred before my departure for Alexandria, and which now, on reflection, appears to me the first seed of Divine grace that fell upon the arid soil of my heart, not yet hardened into stone. I knew not then why a veil covered the eyes of my intellect; but I now discern the traces of the finger of the Omnipotent.

All the priests, as I have said, ascribed the safety of the Convent from the flames to the image of the Madonna, which I had hidden in a subterranean cell. In resuming the service of the Church after the fire, the image was replaced in triumph, newly attired and adorned by me with great assiduity, many devout persons having presented costly vestments and jewels, so that the Madonna made a greater display of finery than the most smartly dressed young lady could do, and in this guise was, for some time, left upon the altar. Many Turks, however, and among them Ibrahim Pasha the younger, and several Jews, came to see our Church, and all laughed at seeing that “the Christians,” as they said, “worshipped a beautiful woman as their God! Oh! what stupidity!” they exclaimed. (I quote their own words.) This derision, after having heard it several times repeated, wounded me so much that I began to think seriously whether the keeping an image so gaily dressed upon the altar, in the presence of so many infidels, might not justly become a scandal, and I purposed to remove it; but not being able to do so at the moment, I delayed the execution of my design till the opening of the new Church, which I had built.

Besides, when I had almost brought the building of

the new Church to a conclusion, the question was agitated to whom it ought to be dedicated. I proposed to dedicate it to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, but I met with opposition. Some proposed St. Francis, the Patron of our Order, others St. Anthony; but a fat corpulent friar, avaricious as Judas, who at that time was Superior of the Convent, insisted that it should be dedicated to the Madonna, adducing as a reason that the people of the Levant were very devout, that they would bring many offerings, that we should receive much money for masses, and a great many candles, by means of this ancient image—therefore it ought to be dedicated to her. The scandalous answer of this ignorant and rapacious friar disgusted me exceedingly. I asked no further opinions, no one could oppose my advice, I finished the Church, and placed these words as an inscription: *Non est in alio aliquo salus* (“neither is there salvation in any other”). Some bit their lips, some murmured, some applauded, but I triumphed, and the Bishop sanctioned what I had done. The Church was blessed, the people crowded to the Benediction,—all were satisfied with the new Temple. I had succeeded in my idea of not replacing the image upon the altar, that image which, the more I considered it, the more it appeared to me like an opera dancer, instead of a sacred figure. But the avaricious friar, who cared for nothing beyond enriching his pocket by means of this precious treasure, waited for the moment of my departure to set on foot his petty negotiation. In fact, we set out for Alexandria, and had scarcely got on board, before the image had resumed its place. I was informed of this circumstance as soon as I reached Alexandria, but not being able to oppose it by force—since it was not an act contrary to the Decretals—I was obliged to chew the bitter cud in silence.

I must pass rapidly over the six months of my residence in Alexandria, having nothing interesting to communicate in connexion with my present object, and report myself in Cairo to pass the winter there. It was at the end of September that I directed my course thither, reascending the Nile, alone however, because the Bishop was to follow me a few days after. I had to prepare the Episcopal palace for his reception, and as this was the first year of our residence there, it required some little time to furnish it, and make it a suitable habitation for a Bishop: when all was ready, he came up to Cairo, and we met again, to our mutual satisfaction.

Here, some one may perhaps inquire: "You have told us many things respecting Egypt, but you have not yet said one word about the English Church: you have spoken of Turks, Jews, Copts, Armenians, and of many others, but you have never named either the English or the English clergy: are there none there?" —There are some English, but few in number. I fell in with several, but no special reason having presented itself, I did not speak to them. In regard to the clergy, whether the time appointed by God for my conversion had not yet arrived, or whether the circumstances were unfavourable, I only know that up to that time I had not had the happiness to associate with any English ministers. The Reverend Mr. Lieder had been pointed out to me in the street, and I had heard him spoken of as a learned and active man, and a philanthropist; but I had no opportunity of conversing with him. The same had been told me of the Reverend Mr. Krusé, but with him I was not even personally acquainted. I held the English, however, in great esteem, as being learned, powerful, and rich; but not on account of their religion, believing them to have

deviated from the right path, to be falsifiers of the Bible (though I had asserted this without any real foundation) and thought the priests were mercenary—that they exercised their ministry as a profession: such had been my education; arguments I had none to convince me of the contrary; books on the subject I had never read, though I had permission from the Pope to read prohibited books in order to confute them, but I never even took the pains to peruse them. Nevertheless, I respected the opinions of every one, without exception, and having become accustomed to many communions of Christians, being thrown among men of many different opinions, it was natural for me to converse indiscriminately with all, making no distinction on account of their different creeds, or modes of thinking. Not, however, that I had become indifferent to my own religion; on the contrary, I did not fail to comply with all the requisitions of the Papal Church, never passing a week without confessing, I mean, practising auricular confession. But although I was a stanch Papist, being one day at a party, that same ignorant and fat friar of whom I made mention not long since, spoke of the English, and especially of the English clergy, in a manner so disparaging, asserting things so absurd and irrational, that I took up their cause with some warmth, and in such a way that he was obliged to be silent; at least, he could only reply in these words: “It appears to me that thou art interested in support of the Protestants: thou wilt do well to join them: dost thou not know that they are our enemies, and that it is right to speak ill of them, whether it be true or not?” I went away, leaving the impertinent fellow in his infamous persuasion, reproved by every reasonable and honest man.

Meanwhile, several months had elapsed, and my dear friend Moscardi was living in a country where he experienced great suffering: I was sorry to let him

remain there so long. He had written to tell me that the great heat was very injurious to his health, that his eyes were weak, and that he could not remain in charge of that parish, though he was much beloved by the Christians there, who were unwilling to part with him. A favourable opportunity offered to bring him back to Alexandria: a parish priest was wanted there, and I proposed to the Bishop to place Signor Moscardi in that post. He consented, and within a week I had the pleasure of again embracing my dear friend. He remained in Cairo for a few days, till after the feast of the Nativity.

In the beginning of this chapter, I gave the description of a soul that is in the love of God, in the enjoyment of heavenly consolations. A soul that is in the love of God, that reads His Holy Word, means one that worships Him only, that prays to Him only, that takes no pleasure but in Him, that is comforted only by Him; who, for the sake of Christ, and by faith in Christ, is justified, and already blessed upon earth.

I had read several books in which this idea was represented in so sublime a manner, that even a Stoic must have been inspired with the wish for the attainment of such an object. Meanwhile, I knew many of my colleagues who were using their utmost efforts to reach this state of perfection, but never had the satisfaction of finding one who had actually attained it. It is not my intention to extend any further the development of this idea, otherwise I could enumerate a host of bigots who made a show of being spiritually minded, but whose hearts were full of envy and pride; who were overbearing, censorious, intolerant towards all who differed from them in opinion, despising the fervour of youth, inconsistent, animadverting upon every trifling foible, and ever themselves restless and disquieted. I said, I could prove this assertion, because I was for ten

years a confessor, and listened to that from which the human mind would shrink with horror at the bare imagination. What I would infer from these premises is this: that I myself could never realize this state of perfection, though I did all I could to arrive at it. But vain were all my efforts. The more I laboured, the less advance I made. I prayed to the Madonna, to the saints, in the ardent desire for consolation, but my fears were not removed—the thought of death terrified me—the judgment to come was martyrdom to me. I confessed, but obtained no comfort: I returned to the feet of the confessor, but in vain—peace was a stranger to my breast. How often, after a long meditation, has my spirit sunk within me! Despair almost took possession of my mind, because I never could obtain tranquillity of conscience, or strength sufficient to overcome any vice that seemed rooted in my heart; in short, the greater pains I took, the more I was disquieted. At last, wearied by so many ineffectual efforts, and annoyed at being unable to attain the end I had in view, my ardour began to cool; so much so, that I only performed what was imposed on me from a strict sense of duty. By degrees, it became quite extinct, and I thought of finding some repose in worldly enjoyments. But this, too, was in vain. Neither the society of my friends, the comforts and conveniences of life, attention to personal appearance, vanity of dress, exquisite viands, the pleasing amusements of the garden, nor the frequenting parties with persons of rank, brought any relief to my heart. Living with a Bishop, a prelate of the Papal Church, I had nothing to desire: every thing was at my command. I had no need to “take thought for the morrow, what I should eat, or what I should drink, or for my raiment what I should put on,” or for any other necessity—every thing was provided for me, and yet I was not content. I cannot describe

the sufferings of my mind ; from day to day they increased ; I knew not to what cause to attribute them, and this led me to the brink of despair. Often did I think of freeing myself from every restraint, moral and religious, but this my education forbade—not however that I did not seek to relieve the anguish of my mind by many vanities and frivolities. My dear friend Moscardi seemed to me an angel of consolation on his arrival from Fayoum. I believed that he would bring comfort to my heart, and often called on him, spending the greater part of the day with him, and sometimes of the night, in delightful conversation, and relating many anecdotes for our amusement. This produced a short respite of anguish, but did not wholly subdue it : in the moments of solitude, it again overcame me. I returned to my friend, and a feeble light glimmered upon my brow. He was not more joyous than myself—he too was suffering, but we neither of us revealed to the other the tortures we were enduring. We passed several days in this manner, when, happening to speak of his late solitary life, he mentioned having accidentally fallen in with an European traveller at Fayoum, and also with a Mr. Krusé, a clergyman of the English Church, with whom he had become acquainted, and had promised to call on him on his arrival at Cairo. “ O yes, we will go and see him,” said I ; “ I have often heard him spoken of, and should like to become acquainted with him.”—“ Very well,” said my friend, “ if you wish it, I will introduce you to him.”—“ Yes, yes, we will go to-morrow !” Little reflection was made upon this visit, because we considered it a matter of indifference : however we did not delay—I having a most anxious desire to go, though I could not tell why—and on the following day we prepared for the visit. We went, were announced, and received with the greatest kindness and urbanity, by a

very respectable gentleman, Signor Moscardi presenting me merely as a priest, his friend, and not as belonging to the Episcopal court. He saluted me in Italian: we conversed on many indifferent topics, on the Arabic language, which he knew perfectly well, and we carried on our conversation in this idiom, as being more easy to him than the Italian language. The Copts were spoken of—their religion—their various errors—their ignorance—and Mr. Krusé added, “say also their fraudulence” (*malizia*). I could not quite agree with him in this expression, and said, I had not found in them so much fraudulence as ignorance. “But,” resumed he, “the having taken away one of the Commandments is a fraudulent act—a proof of their deceitfulness.” “Which Commandment?” said I. “The second,” he replied, “as the Roman Catholic Church has also done.” He said this, however, in so mild and judicious a manner that I could find no room to be angry, and therefore was preparing to answer him. Meanwhile, he found a little book containing the Ten Commandments in the Arabic language, and pointing them out to me said, “Look here.” My friend and I read the twentieth chapter of Exodus, “I am the Lord thy God,” &c. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes, but I made this short reflection: I recollected that I was conversing with a minister in whom I had very little confidence, and immediately drew from it the false inference—namely, that the English had altered the Bible, and had added this Commandment. Besides, I knew not how to act, whether to enter into a discussion with him or not; but considering that it was the first time I had ever been in company with this gentleman, so respectable and polite, I thought it would not be in good taste to contend the point with him. And I had another reason—for, never

having read the Bible, I did not know whether this Commandment was to be found in Exodus or not! So I shut the book, and turned the conversation to some other subject; but I bore the question in mind, and thought within myself, "After I have ascertained the point, I will come again to this minister, and make him ashamed of himself for his assertion." Having stayed as long as we thought proper, we parted very amicably from our new friend, who most kindly invited us to visit him as often as we liked. We returned at once to my house, somewhat surprised and astonished, without uttering a word; and having reached my sitting-room, there we remained in reality, ill at ease, but concealing our feelings from each other.

CHAPTER IV.

A SINGLE spark is sufficient to kindle a large fire, when the combustible materials are already prepared to receive it. But throw as many sparks as you will, or even burning coals upon a heap of wet straw, it will be like pounding water in a mortar—labour in vain. When, however, the burning rays of the sun have absorbed the moisture, the slightest touch of a lighted match will instantly set it on fire, and kindle a great flame.

Here I must repeat the words of our Saviour Christ: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." (St. John iii. 8.) Here also I must renew the protest, that I have never merited even the very slightest favour from the Almighty; since, instead of

profiting by the tumults excited in my heart, by so many stings of conscience, turning them all to my advantage, seeking God to know what He would have me to do, praying to Him to reveal His Divine will in me—instead, I say, of turning myself towards God, of casting all my care upon Him, I almost gave myself up to despair, to unbelief. In this course I persevered for several months. I leave therefore to the pious reader the consideration of what my life was, of what I merited at the hand of God, except the tremendous chastisement of being abandoned by Him. But let him who reads these lines remember the model and example I proposed in the first chapter—the conversion of Saul. He breathed out threatenings and slaughter, and endeavoured to annihilate the work of the Omnipotent. But the victorious arm of Christ that conquered the devil, triumphed over death, made the lame walk, restored sight to the blind, converted the Publican, that same arm wrought the salvation of Saul, selecting the very moment when Saul was raging against It. Permit me also for a moment to glory in Christ—not in myself, who fled far away that I might not listen to the voice of the All-powerful thundering in my ear—but in that arm that layeth low and raiseth up, that outstretched arm that laid hold of me when I was wandering in the dark wood, and conducted me into the way of truth. In this alone will I glory; and that I may the more exalt the Divine power, I will unveil the mystery that passed between me a sinner, and the holy and merciful God. He, it was, who operated powerfully and perseveringly upon my heart, influencing its affections, softening and warming it with the radiance of His love, and in His own good time He sent forth the vibrating spark of truth, and the flame became a volcano.

I was totally ignorant that my friend was undergoing

the same conflict as myself; but as he afterwards informed me, the effects produced in me were repeated in his own mind. It is evident, therefore, that the impression Mr. Krusé's discourse made on my mind, was also reciprocated in his: our sentiments perfectly agreed, but we kept them concealed from each other, or rather, we dissembled our feelings, for on our return home, I, who was more struck with astonishment than he, pretended to take no notice of the matter, and talked of a variety of indifferent things in order to divert our minds. But my thoughts ever reverted to the same subject—I could think indeed of nothing but that Commandment of the Decalogue: I wished to persuade myself that it was an invention of the English, but this was impossible. My friend perceived my agitation, and strove with many questions to discover the cause, but in vain. I was fearful and apprehensive, and he could discover nothing. At length he returned to the Convent, and I was left alone.

Two explanations I must here give to the reader, in order to make what has been said above more clearly understood. The first is, that there is a question among the Papal theologians, whether the Pope have the power of dispensing with the Divine precepts or not. The ordinary teaching is that he has not: for, in reference to the vow of celibacy made by the priests to God, the Pope cannot dispense with it—because once made it becomes a Divine precept—but that he can only interpret the precepts, and dispense with them in part. This question is much agitated. But enough: my preceptors had always told me, and I had always been persuaded in myself, that the Pope was not above the precepts of God, and that the Decalogue was indispensable in every case. Thus then I began to argue: “If this precept be in the Bible, and the Pope has not only neglected the

Bible, but commanded the contrary, the Papal edifice will fall to the ground—the Infallibility first—then the Vicariate, with all the Papal attributes, and hence the religion I profess will be a false religion.” The second explanation is this: that there exists among the Papists a text, as they say, of St. Augustine’s to this effect: “He who has doubts of the faith is already an infidel.” I did not wish to have a doubt of my faith—I did not wish to believe that it was an erroneous faith, though I had already experienced an extraordinary perturbation of mind, which I believed to be a temptation of the devil. It had certainly somewhat subdued me, but had not yet conquered me, for when the precise time came to form a resolution, I remained firm; much less would I suffer any human being to know that I had the slightest doubt respecting my faith. My memory furnished me with many examples of what had befallen several persons in Italy, who not having been sufficiently circumspect had been dragged to the prisons of the Inquisition, accused by friends, relatives, aye, even sons by their fathers, and fathers by their sons!—for which reason, permit me to say, that I had doubts of my friend, and he had doubts of me—we mutually distrusted each other. Not that we had either of us the least suspicion of an evil disposition towards each other—Heaven forbid! because I believed him a true friend as he really was, and he believed the same of me: but of what avail was this? In that iniquitous religion, there is a precept enjoined on the confessors not to give absolution to any one whatever, who may have listened to an heretical proposition, till he should have denounced the person who uttered it, to the Holy Office, and still worse if it were a doubt respecting the faith. With this knowledge, how could I trust even my most intimate friend, if he were obliged to denounce me when he went

to confession, as I should have been obliged, in like manner, to denounce him? For these two reasons my mind had become a volcano—a cauldron of boiling water was calmness itself in comparison with my agitated mind. I remained alone—I considered and reconsidered the question. A thousand times I tried to persuade myself that the Commandment was false—a thousand times the doubt returned. Finally, I yielded to reason. I said: “I will have no further doubt of my religion; I will ascertain the truth; I will search the Bible.” We had a Latin Bible, but had cared so little about it, that we had left it at Alexandria. I had never studied it, never read it, and the Bishop had never opened it. In order therefore to be certain of the fact, I thought I would go to the Jewish Rabbin, for as he had the Hebrew text, I could not then be deceived. Accordingly, I went and introduced myself to him, and after many salutations and ceremonies, I asked him to find out for me the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and translate it for me into Arabic, as he spoke no other language. The good old man complied: he read it first in Hebrew, which I did not understand, and then translated it for me literally. I found what I was seeking, and at the same time what I did not wish to find, namely, the Commandments of the Decalogue, precisely as Mr. Krusé had read them. I thanked him, and after the usual civilities returned home.

I leave any one who may read these lines to imagine what was the state of my mind, as it is utterly impossible for me to describe it. A thousand thoughts, a thousand different feelings, carried me back from one circumstance to another of my past life, and retracing all the different theological points I had learned under the tutelage of my masters, I thought over and over again whether the Papal authority might not have the

power of dispensing with the Divine precepts. Ineffectual was every attempt, because my persuasion was firm, and reason convinced me that the Pope could not be greater than God: "therefore," said I, "the Pope is not above the laws of God: how comes it to pass then that our Church acts contrary to the precepts of God?" I could not, I would not, so hastily come to this conclusion; but my mind, so rapid in its flight, often presented to me the result of this reasoning—namely—if it be so, the Papal religion is false. And this phantom was continually addressing itself to my understanding—it was like the stroke of an arrow vibrating upon my soul, and I rejected it from the very first—I wished to fly from it, but could not.

Some one perhaps—and the idea is by no means improbable—may have dreamt of seeing a serpent of immense size, standing erect before him, of terrible aspect, with the eyes of a griffin, breathing out fearful hissings, and shooting forth a tempest of fiery darts with its forked tongue. The poor man, terrified and astonished, remains spell-bound; some internal power holds him fast; he cannot fly from his post; he writhes; he attempts to move; but the venomous serpent has already fascinated him; in vain would he avoid the sight, for the more he endeavours to avert his eye, the more firmly it is rivetted on the tremendous spectacle.

Such was my condition on the evening of the 28th December, 1846. It was night. I was alone, absorbed in my profound reflections. I was called to supper. I endeavoured to meet the Bishop with a smile, but it was only on the lips. It was impossible for me to conceal the perturbation of my mind; it was apparent in spite of every effort, and contrary to every wish of my heart.

However, the short time of supper and of conversa-

tion having passed, in which I had scarcely eaten a morsel, or understood anything that had been said, our service commenced, that is, the recitation of the daily prayers; and as soon as I possibly could I withdrew from the Bishop, and retired to my own apartments. Here my internal conflict was renewed. I had not spirit enough left within me to prostrate myself on the ground, to offer up a prayer to God that He would aid me in my distress—this was a time to pull down and not to build up—a revolution must yet take place—it was necessary to banish from my heart and mind an entire education of thirty-three years—to eradicate the principles which I had imbibed with my first food: this was not so easily accomplished: I was yet unconverted. Perhaps it was the will of God to prove me with tribulations: perhaps He willed that I should co-operate—be a worker together with Him—various are the methods He employs to bring a soul to Himself.

I meditated for some hours on this subject in unspeakable misery, till at last my mind became tired of thinking—sleep shut out every object—I had thrown myself on a divan, where I remained till about midnight, when the striking of the clock awoke me, and the first thoughts that came into my mind were the Bible, the Commandments, the Rabbin, Mr. Krusé, the Pope, the Papacy—in short, a crowd of ideas at once rushed upon me—I could fancy that they had been standing by, ready to seize on my spirit at the moment of my awaking.

After some little time I retired to rest, and here, on my pillow, I began to think more seriously, more calmly, and rationally; I passed the remainder of the night in deep reflection, so that it was impossible for me to sleep. I cannot remember all the arguments I used with myself, because some of them have escaped my

memory. I may say, however, that after much thought, I drew one easy but perverse inference. I had always believed that the Papal was the only true religion, by which eternal salvation could be obtained, and that all the others, in a mass, were human inventions, impostures, and consequently false. "Then," said I, "religion is altogether a fable: the Indifferentists are in the right: let religion be henceforward a matter of indifference to me also. I will take no further interest in it—I will sleep, and believe in nothing." This was the inference. I seemed for some moments to have discovered land—I believed that my sufferings were at an end—but it was only a temporary lull, and the storm began really to burst forth with greater fury. "There is no religion in the world," said I, "it is all an invention of the priests—they have made me a liar, a deceiver like themselves. I will be avenged. I, who have always hated liars—shunning them as a moral pestilence—I myself have been deceiving my fellow-creatures, teaching them falsehood, superstition, obedience to an impostor! I will be avenged—I will wreak my vengeance upon my enemies who have brought me to this state." I then believed myself the most miserable, the most wretched being that had ever existed upon earth. I envied the dead; I envied the irrational animals; I congratulated myself on being like them, for at that time I was without the comfort of a single friendly voice, without God—I was at that moment an Atheist. O unhappy moment! despair took greater hold than ever of my spirit. "What is to be done?" said I. "Continue in this abominable state of falsehood and deceit? Impossible—I will not do it. Where then shall I go? I will fly—but whither? and how? and by what means? If I fly, shall I find a religion? shall I find a God? Here, there is no God—

where then is He to be found? Shall I seek a friend to comfort me? Alas! I shall find no friend. I have myself been a traitor to all my friends. How many have I deceived! to how many have I been a promulgator of falsehood! I deserve to be abhorred of all mankind!"—And thus I went on, still pursuing this course of reasoning, till the sun was high, and recollecting my daily duties, I arose, and thought again of my friend. I had to go to church to say mass, but with what heart could I perform an act, and teach the people that it was a holy one, when I myself believed it infamous? But I could not stay away without laying myself open to suspicion, or adducing a solid reason for my absence. "Shall I say mass, or shall I not?"—I knew not on what to resolve—all was uncertainty—I almost doubted my own existence. With whom could I take counsel? in this case, there was no friend. The Bishop? Heaven forbid! all would be over with me then. My Confessor? he would tell me that it was a temptation of Satan. There was no alternative—I must either die of this torment, or have recourse to my true friend, my dear Moscardi. But I shall grieve that kind soul—I shall bring him into the same unhappy state, and martyrise him as I am martyred. No matter—there will be two of us, and one will console the other—he may be able to point out to me a way of escaping this torture. But if he should be obliged to accuse me? I should then be lost for ever! I should then be sent bound to Rome—to the Inquisition—I should still be in the same situation, or rather, in one much worse. And is there no remedy? cannot I contrive some way of disclosing my feelings without reducing him to the necessity of confessing it? O yes! I have hit upon a plan. I will see if it be practicable to open my heart to him without compromising either of us. Who knows whether this may not

be a relief? I will try it immediately—nothing can be worse than what I am now enduring.”

The reader must be informed that all the Confessors of the Papal Church are bound by the seal, as it is called—that is, they cannot disclose what they hear in confession (except by command of the Pope) without incurring the guilt of mortal sin; and he who should act contrary to this rule, would be liable to the punishment of the Holy Office, which is terrible. My plan therefore was to go to my friend, and confess myself to him—that is, I would feign a confession—I would make a partial disclosure, and thus elicit his opinion; for I observed when we were at Mr. Krusé's on the day before, and also subsequently, that his mind appeared to be somewhat disturbed, as well as my own, so that I had some suspicion how the case stood with him. I thought therefore within myself: “If he is firm in his post as Confessor, I shall hear what he has to say, and then take my departure; but if I find him disposed to fall in with any suggestion of mine, the confession will end in conversation.” No sooner said than done. I went to church. I found Signor Moscardi most opportunely in the sacristy, and after having greeted him, I requested him to go with me to the room where confession is heard, as I wished to make my confession. He looked at me earnestly, thinking I was in jest, as I had never been confessed by him, and from the friendship that subsisted between us, it seemed to him impossible that it should be so. But seeing that I was in earnest, and that I really wished him to confess me, he followed me into the room, and took his seat. I knelt at his feet, and commenced my pantomime. He made over me the sign of the cross. I bent towards him, and recited the confession, and then began to relate to him, but very cautiously, that I had experienced a disturbance of

mind, a disquietude of heart, which had tormented me with many doubts respecting the faith—sometimes I yielded to it—sometimes not—sometimes I was strong, at other times weak.—I had placed him in such a state of uncertainty that he could scarcely understand what I meant. After having listened to me a while, he said, “What do you mean? If you have any doubt of the faith in Christ, you must use your utmost endeavour to banish it; if you have any doubt respecting the faith of the Papal Church; let that alone, and do not trouble yourself about it; follow my example.” This gave me some insight into the state of his mind, and I replied, “But how would you have me believe in the Church, and not think about it? Did you not read last evening, as well as I, the Commandments in the Bible which this Church pretends to follow, and then compels us to act in direct contradiction to them? Who can any longer believe in such a Church as this?” He resumed: “But how do you know that the English Bible is correct?” “I am certain of it,” I replied, “because I have been to the Rabbin’s, and there I found the Commandment, ‘Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image,’ &c.—that precept is certainly in the Bible, and I am persuaded that this religion is an infamous one.” “Can you assure me of this?”—“I can certify it.”—Let this suffice. He agreed with me perfectly in my ideas, and thus ended my confession. From that time we believed it to be an impious act. We sat down, and continued our interesting conversation in the following terms:—

“Relate to me without reserve,” said my friend, “all the circumstances of the case, that I may understand it thoroughly.” I then began to inform him of the sufferings I had endured on the preceding day—of my anxious desire to ascertain the truth—of my visit to

the Rabbin, and of the discovery I had made there. Thinking we were not safe in this apartment, where we might be suddenly interrupted, we postponed our conversation. He entreated me to say mass; but in performing it, I found myself obliged to dissemble—to lie, as it were, advisedly. That done, I rejoined my friend, and we resumed our interesting discourse.

In the fervour of my ardent disposition, I then related to him all that had passed through my mind—the doubts I had at different times experienced, as I had stated in the letter addressed to my friends in Egypt: afterwards, by degrees and at greater length, the impression made on me by the conversation with Mr. Krusé, and all that I have mentioned in the preceding pages. I then concluded by saying emphatically: “I have been deceived—religion is a fable—I am no longer a believer in anything.” But those words were spoken with an agitation that cannot be described.

The friend who in every tribulation is like an emollient oil or a healing balsam, knew, at the first glance, my pitiable condition, and comparing it with his own, a tear of compassion started from his eye, and fell upon his cheek, while with a calm and tranquil mind, he applied himself to the task of comforting his sorrowing friend. He encouraged me, exhorted me, reproved me; in short, he adopted every method he could devise to restore my peace of mind—but the time of tranquillity was not yet come. Nevertheless his words fell like the soft dew upon my heart, and if they did not extinguish its burning ardour, at least they allayed it.

Then it was that he revealed to me the secret of his own breast—then it was that he informed me of the doubts which for several months he had himself entertained: he told me that he had before had very little

faith in the Papal Church, and that the event of the preceding day had destroyed even that. Then, too, he informed me, that being in Fayoum, and having formed an acquaintance with Mr. Krusé, he conceived a great esteem for the Protestant religion, and permitted the Christians under his jurisdiction to read the Bible, and various Tracts distributed by Mr. Krusé, though he did not care to read them himself. In these circumstances, he mentioned how much he had been afraid of me, at the same time that he had wished to disclose to me the doubt that had so long been smouldering in his breast. He concluded however that it would not be right to form a hasty judgment, but to make this reflection—that as there was a God, a religion there must necessarily be. “We will bear this in mind,” said he; “and now let us cheer up.”

My office obliged me to return to the Episcopal Palace. I parted from my friend, and walked slowly home, reflecting on this subject by the way. “A God there must be,” I repeated. “How often have I defended this argument in the face of infidels, rationalists, indifferentists, atheists. Have I now lost my logical powers? does reason no longer act within me?” Pursuing this train of thought I reached home, and performed my allotted duty, but immediately returned to the all-absorbing subject. Much I reasoned, deeply I reflected, with arguments *ab extra* on all that existed—the beautiful planets, the invariable order of the stars, surpassing all human understanding—the infinite species of animals, of immense size down to the inconceivably minute insect—their organisation, vitality, increase, motion—all carried me forward to an Omnipotent Artificer, a Creator. In like manner, I contemplated my own being. In myself, I saw an animal that thinks, that reflects, that reasons, that distinguishes between

good and evil, that may be virtuous or wicked, rewarded or punished. Thus I proceeded, ever advancing from one argument to another, till I could not deny, in my own mind, the existence of a God, infinitely just and good—but I could see no further; “for,” said I, “if there be a God infinitely just, infinitely good, there must be a reward for the righteous, and a punishment for the wicked—consequently, a manifestation of the Divine will to His rational creatures, and to us therefore a religion. But where is this religion? all religions are impostures, lies, inventions: my own religion, for which I would have made any sacrifice, for which I would have laid down my life, is false! I now discover that it is iniquitous—what then must the others be? I know that all other religions are fables and lies.” Thus I reasoned through the day;—in the evening, to my comfort, my dear Moscardi arrived. It is unnecessary to state with what eagerness we resumed our arguments, at that time the subject most interesting to us both, as indeed it must necessarily be. I laboured to prove to him the iniquity of our then religion; I maintained with warmth that there was no true religion: “That,” he replied, “is impossible. There must be a religion in conformity with the Divine will.” After much discussion we could not but be convinced of the necessity of a true religion; but the difficulty was to know which was the true one, and where to find it. “But the Bible,” said he, “what think you of the Bible?”—“I know not how to answer that question,” I replied, “for I know very little of it—I have never studied it. The Theology which those knaves, our Masters of Divinity, taught us, appears to me to be a system of falsehood from beginning to end, and these opinions they said were all taken from the Bible—if so, their doctrine can be neither more nor less than a lie.” Here we dwelt

for a while on the necessity there was for a manifestation of the will of God to his creatures ; if this were denied, the idea of the existence of a God infinitely good and gracious must fall to the ground. This led to further reflection on the Bible, of which we had a general idea : we were acquainted with the prophetic and historical parts, and knew a little of the New Testament : it seemed to us, therefore, impossible that this was not a Divine book. The fulfilment of prophecies written many centuries before Christ, and so exactly accomplished in the Messiah, even in the most minute particulars : the reality of the existence of this great Personage retained both by the Jewish Synagogue and profane history—these ideas had always furnished us with arms against atheists and infidels, and we were also convinced by logical principles which we ourselves could not, in this point, contradict : the conclusion therefore was that the Bible was the Word of God. Here we found a resting-place, a foundation, a relief—a ray of hope dawned again in our hearts, and lighted up our brows. We then said, “As the Bible appears to be the Word of God, it cannot deceive us ; we can read it—let us take it, examine it, study it, and then we will be governed by it. Yes ! yes ! we will have a Bible !” was the conclusion. “But where shall we find one ? After the discovery we have made, who can any longer place the least reliance on the Bible of the Papal Church ?”

“I have,” said I, “much greater confidence in the English Bible than in that of the Pope. I have observed that the English are more to be depended on than we are : they do not worship images as we do, because they have that commandment of God in the Decalogue, and always retain it. With this certainty, let us look for an English Bible, and if we find in it anything we

cannot understand, we can have recourse to the Rabbin, who will clear up the doubt." The sun had now disappeared, the shadows of night were closing in: my friend was obliged to take his leave, and I to attend to my usual duties, which I did with rather a more tranquil mind, and a lighter heart.

To this last subject almost all my thoughts reverted during the night—it was scarcely possible for me to sleep with this mental agitation; from extreme exhaustion of mind, however, I at last slept for some hours. But when I awoke, the idea of mass struck me—it must be said, there was no alternative—I must dissemble. The subject of Transubstantiation had not yet disturbed me. I doubted everything during the few hours I was an atheist, including all in one measure; but now that I recommenced the examination attentively, it must necessarily fall under my observation. So indifferent had this act become, that I thought very little of it. Now the doubt occurred, whether the mass was true or not, but I satisfied myself with the reflection—"I will clear it up." So I went on saying mass till the time came for my examination of the Bible, for this express purpose.

Passing accidentally through a garden in my way home, I fell in with a Jew, who had a number of religious books for sale. He was an imbecile, who went about selling Bibles, Tracts, and other books for the English Church, notwithstanding he was a Jew. I stopped him, looked over his books, and found he had several Bibles in different languages; among others, one in Italian, translated by Diodati. I remembered having heard of this translation when I was a student in Philosophy—a fact which deserves notice.* It seemed to me that I ought not to lose the opportunity. I bought

* See Appendix, Note C.

the Bible, a small edition, which I could easily conceal without being discovered. I pocketed it hastily, and away home. For some time my peace of mind was restored. I felt a satisfaction similar to that of a man who has a cause of the highest importance decided in his favour, after the adverse party had redoubled all his forces, and returned to the prosecution of the suit with greater heat and vigour than at first. Thus it happened to me on reaching home. I turned over the leaves of the Bible from beginning to end. In a few hours I lighted upon several passages which favoured my argument, and, being in Italian, the sense appeared to me much clearer than in the Latin, though I was equally versed in both languages; I, therefore, found in the perusal of it, a pleasure wholly new and most consolatory. I was confirmed in my first opinion, that the Papal Church, having deviated from the Bible, taught a false religion; and I was the more persuaded of this, because it seemed to me as if chance had placed before my eyes several passages in order to convince me of it most fully. I perfectly remember two which I read on that day—the 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th verses of the ninth chapter to the Hebrews; and the 24th verse of the seventh chapter, in which Christ is spoken of as being the only High Priest.

All these passages were fraudulently omitted in the Breviary, otherwise the priests would have known the nullity of their priesthood, and the impiety and folly of the sacrifice of the mass.

The other passage which fell under my observation was the 25th and 26th verses of the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew, which I had read a hundred times without the slightest reflection; but now that the time had arrived to seek and examine the truth,—because the Spirit of God willed to conduct me to the knowledge

of it,—I plainly discovered the advantage which the Pope had taken of the ignorance of the people, declaring himself to be the Head and Prince of those whom he ought to consider as equals and brothers, bruising their heads with a rod of iron. I was also confirmed in my previous opinion relative to the Commandment: in short, I was no longer a Papist; on the contrary, I detested Popery. Before I saw my friend again, I had made up my mind as to the mode of conduct to pursue towards the Bishop and the others; namely, not to betray to any one whatever that I had no longer any faith in the Papal religion, not to neglect the fulfilling the duties of my office to the utmost extent; and in the meanwhile to concert with Signor Moscardi what resolutions to adopt, and what steps to take for the future. I succeeded in keeping him in Cairo till the 2d of January, in order that we might have three days to consult with each other on an affair of so much importance.

We were once more together—the subject was again brought upon the carpet, when I showed him the Bible; and he, who had some knowledge of it in Fayoum, though he had never reflected deeply on it, was much pleased with my acquisition. I informed him of the observations I had made—he approved them, they agreed with his own sentiments—in very few words, he acknowledged, or rather was confirmed in the opinion, that our Church was really in error, not only by these reflections, but by the knowledge he had acquired in Fayoum, by means of his acquaintance with Mr. Krusé: we concluded in the following terms:—

The Papal religion is against the Bible, consequently it is not the true religion, and we are in error. “What is to be done?” said I; “continue in this state? Positively not. What then? Find out the true religion of whose existence we cannot doubt; and then decide.”

“That religion,” said he, “is in the Bible: therefore we will follow the Bible. The Protestants call themselves Bible Christians (*Biblici*), perhaps because they follow the Bible. Let us clear up every doubt: let us call again on Mr. Krusé, who will give us the best information—let us go to him this very day.” The resolution was no sooner formed than put in execution—we were admitted, and received by Mr. Krusé with the same courtesy as before.

Here, to say the truth, we had not the courage, at first, to disclose our sentiments, for two reasons—one, perhaps, because some pride of heart made us fancy it a degradation to own ourselves in error, to say, “we are ignorant of what you know;” and the other, that we had a tremendous dread of being discovered; if that were to happen our lives would be lost—we should either suffer perpetual imprisonment or death. But so strong was the impulse, so powerful had been the impression, so infinite, I may now say, the goodness of God, that we banished every other consideration, and ventured upon the case, laying open our hearts unreservedly to our friend, Mr. Krusé, after having first intreated him to have the kindness not to mention to any human being the subject of our conversation. We informed him as briefly as possible of what had been passing in our minds in the course of the last few days: we asked him to enlighten us in regard to the English Church: what were the articles of faith, in what estimation the Bible was held, what was thought of tradition? He answered all our questions, and explained everything we wished to know with so much perspicuity and kindness that we were enchanted. We did not tell him on our first arrival that we no longer believed in the Papal Church; but that we had some doubts and were desirous of information. He said he would not refer to

anything but what he felt in his own mind, and which he knew from the Holy Bible; in fact, all that he advanced he proved from Scripture. He demonstrated to us clearly that the Church of Christ is the only one that leads to salvation—that the Church of Christ is the only one which retains the Bible as the rule of faith—that the so-called Protestant Church holds the Holy Bible as the *sole* rule of faith, protesting against every innovation contrary to it; and, consequently, the Church called Protestant must be the Church of Christ. I then put this question to him: “Our Papal Church does not take the Bible alone as the rule of faith; but Councils, the Infallibility of the Pope, and Tradition, are of more weight than the Bible in point of faith: then, according to your argument this is not the Church of Christ, and not being the Church of Christ, is consequently false. Tell me then, are the Papists all lost?” His answer was at once so satisfactory, so judicious, so Christianlike, that I was charmed and convinced. “Jesus Christ,” said he, “has admonished us to judge no one—‘Judge not and ye shall not be judged.’ It is not for us to pass judgment on any man. Jesus Christ alone is the Judge of the quick and dead; we must follow the voice of our Divine Master, study His Holy Word, and walk according to its precepts. Would not he be a fool, who seeing before him the direct and plain road to conduct him to a distant city, should seek and take another path, stony and indirect, and diverging so far from his course as to leave him in doubt whether he should be able or not to reach the given point? We possess the only and direct way which leads certainly and undoubtedly to Heaven—this is Christ Jesus: ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life, no man cometh to the Father but by me.’ Being assured that Christ is the way that leads to Heaven, let

us seek that, and trust to none other ; let us, if possible, point out that direct way to our neighbours—if they embrace it, let us be content, and walk together with them—if not, we will not judge them, because it is not for us to stand between God and the souls that He has created.” This answer, I repeat, gave me courage to pursue every study in the way of truth. If, on the contrary, he had told me that all those who were out of the pale of the English Church were lost, I say truly, I should not have listened to him for a moment longer ; because the bare idea that so many friends and relatives were condemned, would have plunged me into greater anguish than before, and who knows what I might have resolved upon, how I might have acted, since it was not without premeditation that I asked the question. And this should be the rule with every minister of the Gospel, with every missionary, for as I have experienced, in order to propagate the Gospel, there is need of great judgment—prudence united with simplicity.

Mr. Krusé, being a man of sense and quick discernment, knew from our conversation what we required, and after having given us some account of the Reformation made by Luther, Calvin, and others, presented us with the Common Prayer-book of the English Church, the Life of Luther, and other interesting works. We took our leave, promising to call on him again very soon. Returned home, we read with avidity something out of each of these two books, and were the more confirmed in our opinion that the Protestant Church was the true Church, deserving of our fullest attention and undivided study. In fact, we spent the whole of that day and the next in studying it most closely, and I can assure my readers that on the evening of the second day, we had made a wonderful progress ; our minds were enlightened in so extraordinary a manner, that we

could not but acknowledge the influence of the Holy Spirit, because it was impossible, humanly speaking, that in a few hours from the bitter Papists that we were, we should have become not only ready to renounce Popery, but to embrace the Protestant religion, against which, so short a time previously, we had declaimed with all our might and energy.

A long consultation took place before our third visit to Mr. Krusé. Once more alone in my apartments, we thought deliberately and seriously on the great change that had been wrought within us in this short period of time: we could not but ascribe it to the power of the Almighty, and throwing aside every other consideration, we determined upon going again to the minister of the true Gospel, and concerting with him a flight to India, a country where we might freely profess the religion we so highly approved. We went: the subject was brought forward; our counsellor was much pleased with our plan; but an insurmountable obstacle prevented us from putting it into execution—the journey would cost us at least a hundred pounds each: such a sum was not at our command; we were therefore obliged to defer the time of our flight, and, bearing the delay as patiently as we could, we retired.

Unable to detain Signor Moscardi any longer in Cairo, because his presence was greatly needed in Alexandria, I thought it better to let him depart, in order to avoid suspicion in any quarter. The distance from Alexandria to Cairo is only about a twenty-four hours' voyage, so that we could easily communicate by letter, or soon rejoin each other, should either of us be able to organize any scheme for our departure. We were then obliged to separate. This separation seemed to us more painful than any former one had been. We mutually counselled each other, exhorted each other to

be studious, patient, prudent, as well in writing as in conduct. I promised him that I would use every possible endeavour to fly from this tyranny. I accompanied him to the Nile, and quitted him with a fraternal embrace. *He* bounded over the waters with a sorrowful heart, but had at least some object on those borders to engage his attention, and, if not to console him, at least to mitigate his anguish. But *I* returned home alone—bitter thoughts assailed me anew—the peace of my heart was again disturbed—it became the seat of contending emotions, tempestuous and agonizing.

CHAPTER V.

So long as the human heart is attached to the things of this world, it will never taste of heavenly felicity. So long as the human heart delights not in God, as the only object worthy of its love, it can never be fully satisfied. So long as the human heart retains its stony hardness and is not softened into a heart of flesh—so long as it remains wholly unconverted to God and gives not up every worldly consideration, every earthly attachment, so long will it be under the influence of contending emotions, tempestuous and agonising. Such was the state of my heart at the time of which I am now speaking : it was still hard, still unconverted, though with every disposition to receive good impressions.

In the impulse of the moment, without due reflection, we had decided upon a sudden flight. But when we began to take the subject deliberately into consideration, when the obstacles to our plan presented them-

selves before us, when a thousand impediments crossed our path, the desire cooled, and we shrunk from the onward course. When a few days had passed, and I had followed up the perusal of the books and the Bible, and had clearly arranged and placed before my eyes the points in which the Papal Church differs from the Reformed Church, I could not but acknowledge in examining them separately, one by one, that many of them were false, the inventions of the Popes for their own interest, such as indulgences, purgatory, the adoration of images, the infallibility of the Pope, his vicariate and temporal Government. But I found others which the Papists call dogmas, and from long-accustomed use it was impossible for me, at once, to persuade myself that these were inventions of the priests. For instance, auricular confession. It was certain that neither in the Bible, nor in the history of the early Church could this usage be found ; nevertheless, it seemed to me impossible that Christians should not be under an obligation to confess, so strong was the impression on my mind. After much study, however, I was convinced of the truth, and was more and more confirmed in the opinion that to God alone belongs the remission of sins, and that we are justified and cleansed by the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ only. This examination was, however, a source of great pain to me, because it set before me in the strongest light the falsity of the Papal religion, and because I was obliged to dissemble every day, and to receive the confessions of those who presented themselves to me for that purpose. I could not excuse myself, for fear of being suspected, though I believed the act to be an assumption of the Divine power.

I had always an inexpressible dread lest my visits to Mr. Krusé should be discovered by any one. Often did

I scrutinise the thoughts of the Bishop, to find out whether he had any idea of my intention; because whenever I was in my room, I bolted the door to prevent any one from surprising me with the Bible in my hand, the Book of Common Prayer, the Lives of the Reformers, the History of the Reformation, or any other which might cause the least suspicion. The Bishop frequently came, and not being able to enter had to wait till I had replaced the books in the trunk among my clothes, and had unbolted the door. If he happened to ask me what I was doing, I was obliged to dissemble, which grieved me exceedingly: in short, my life was a constant system of duplicity. I often returned to Mr. Krusé's to see if there were any way open for escape: not one! I thought on the possibility of discovering one myself: no hope of it! Oh! how many nights I passed without the power of closing my eyes, especially once, when I had tried to make the experiment, in a conversation with the Bishop. The Indian missionaries were spoken of, and I said, "Happy they who are under the English in India! they, at least, are free." He replied rather tartly, "I know not why you are so fond of the English!" I talked on for some time, in order to colour my proposition, and hoped I had succeeded in convincing him that the missionaries in India were better off than we were: not, however, that there did not lurk a tremendous fear in my mind lest I should have been discovered. All that night—so much more terrible than the day, because I was then occupied—I could think of nothing but the mode of extricating myself from this horrible position. I meditated a flight into Arabia, flattering myself that I knew much of the language; but the deserts, and the few means of life I possessed, disheartened me. Then I thought of going into Abyssinia, and instructing the

Barbarians in some useful arts, in order to obtain a livelihood, and passing my life there, free to believe that which was most congenial to my mind; but neither could this be effected, as the journey being very long, I should certainly be overtaken in my flight. Oh! how many dreadful thoughts tormented me from night to morning, from morning to night! to such a degree indeed, that I began to suffer in my health, and to be seriously ill. The Bishop often asked me what ailed me, and what I felt. I endeavoured to frame excuses; at last I told him, but very guardedly, that I was desirous of a change of mission, and should much prefer going to India, where I should have fewer disturbances as a simple missionary; whereas here, we had a thousand disquietudes with the monks and the Europeans, who would neither listen to our preaching nor our admonitions, that my health was evidently declining, and that if I did not obtain some relief, I should certainly sink under the pressure. The Bishop felt great pity for me, but would not at first consent to my proposal; afterwards he pretended to consent—perhaps, because he knew that the permission to go to India would never be granted in Rome—and wrote himself to Cardinal Franzoni, Prefect of the Missionary Propaganda, to ask leave for me to change my Missionary station, and also for Moscardi, whom I had included in the same petition, on account of his ill health in Egypt. The Cardinal would not consent to my going to India; but as a change was necessary, he gave me permission to remove to Upper Egypt. This would be perfectly useless in furthering my design. I therefore wrote to the Cardinal that I should take time to consider, and could decide on nothing for the present.

I must here premise that I had calculated well, for if I had succeeded in obtaining permission to go to India,

the Cardinal would have paid the expenses of the journey both for me and for Moscardi, and there we should have attained the desired object. But it may be asked, "Would this have been honourable?" I have two answers to give to this question. One, that I had laboured in Egypt more than any other person, much more than was my duty; I had paid an assiduous attention to the building of the Church for a whole year; another year I was occupied in building the Episcopal Palace; the Convent was restored under my direction. I had no other reward for all this fatigue than "*bravo ! bravo !*" I received no more from the Superior of the Mission than the other priests. I said therefore, "If the Cardinal were to pay my journey to India, he would not, in the slightest degree, remunerate me for my trouble. The other answer is this: that I was still unconverted—I did not reason so justly then as I should reason now. My state was truly pitiable, and no one can imagine, except one who has experienced it, what such a conflict really is. I can only say that I felt as if I had a raging fire upon me, a mad desire to escape from this unhappy life, and I could not find the way.

Another thought passed through my mind, and I set myself to the consideration of it for several days. The Bishop had often told me that he wished to recompense me for the services I had rendered him, and principally for having built him a palace so much to his taste. I thought, if I ask him for money now, he will say,— "What do you mean to do with it?" I could take money (since I had it in hand) sufficient for the journey, and this would be the reward of my labours. But neither did this appear to me to be an honest act—in the first place, because no one has a right to recompense himself unknown to his Patron; and in the second because it would immediately be said—"The Secretary

has absconded to follow his own caprices ; he has stolen the Bishop's money ; he has stripped the house ; he has done so and so"—who knows how many inventions those ministers of falsehood might have framed ? And then, instead of setting a good example by my conversion, I should have brought a scandal upon religion—instead of doing good, I should have done harm. This idea therefore could not be put in practice.

As time advanced, obstacles increased. Meanwhile, I received a letter from my family, to whom I was devotedly attached. I loved them much, and never suffered a month to pass without writing to them. But now, my mind had been so much preoccupied that I scarcely remembered that I had any relatives in existence, a long time having elapsed since they had heard any tidings of me—and the letter contained a reproach for my silence. This was a blow to my heart. I knew not what reply to make, nor what resolution to adopt. It was after the receipt of this letter that I began to revolve in my mind a series of reflections on the course I ought to pursue. I thought, what would be said of me if I were to fly, but especially in my own country, where priests, friars, and monks abound, and nothing is known but bigotry and Popery, and where he is considered happy who has a son a priest. What would my relatives say if they were to hear that I was a Protestant—that I had given up the priesthood—that I was a renegade to the Pope—that I had abjured Popery ? They would think me a heretic, a schismatic, lost, excommunicated, and all that that Pharisaical race of priests could invent on my account, in order to bring the greatest possible odium on the reformed Christians ; but it grieved me most to think of the advanced age of my mother, and that she might probably sink under this information. But even here also

the God of all mercy came to my succour with His holy Word. Those sayings of our Lord fell immediately under my observation: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." (St. Matt. xiv. 26.) And again, "If any man come unto me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (St. Luke xiv. 26.) Then, said I, it is better to be the disciple of Christ than the slave of men. Besides, in this case, there was no cruelty on my part towards my parents. They abandoned me in my tender age, sacrificing me to a miserable life, such as I have described; and if they could bear my loss then without caring for it, and even see me renounce my Christian name and surname—the name of my family—without a pang, much better would they be able to bear my flight now, and my greater distance from them. But then, again, I considered that the case was different now, because, in the first instance they thought they had saved my soul; and in the second, they would believe me totally lost—consigned to perdition. I continued for several days in this conflict of mind, and to these were added other painful thoughts. I had many friends in different countries—in Rome, in Ancona, and in Egypt without number—many who were as dear to me as my own relatives; these, I was unquestionably sure, would blame me, many of them being bigoted Papists; and these, too, would in the end desert me, detest me, hate me. Others were indifferent to religion altogether, and these would say, "He has acted foolishly in turning Protestant—from one imposture he has fallen into another—never mind, it is not worth caring for." And thus all would abhor and shun me. These ideas were subsequently verified in every particular. In the certainty of being ultimately

despised, of losing every friend, of not having wherewithal to subsist, I was at times so desponding that I had not the least courage left to proceed with my plans. At one moment I resolved on taking no further steps—the next, considering the miserable life I was forced to lead, between idolatry, falsehood, dissimulation, every kind of abomination, my courage and strength returned, together with the determination of carrying into effect all the resolutions I had formed. For this purpose I sought to conceal myself from every one. Now my desire was to transport myself into some distant country, where I might never again be heard of, and I therefore still longed anxiously to go as a missionary to India, where I should afterwards be enabled to change my condition unknown to any one.

In this restlessness of mind, my thoughts now veering to one point, now to another, I passed the remainder of the time we were to spend in Cairo. Before our departure from that place, however, the following incident occurred, which, though antecedent to the period of which I am now writing, it may not be out of place to mention here.

It is well known to my readers, that at the very time when I first began to entertain doubts of the Papal Church, the Pope—the regenerator of the world—had just made his appearance. From every corner issued a voice proclaiming him a great man, and everywhere the name of Pius was echoed as the bearer of liberty, the messenger of peace, even by the Jews, who declared him to be the Messiah. He was also considered as the reformer of religion. I confess my weakness. I was then unacquainted with the history of the Popes, except the one our preceptors gave us to read, which is a tissue of falsehood, everything really evil being omitted, and an infinite number of benefits

conferred by the Popes on the world invented, and brought forward triumphantly: not a single scandalous transaction appears: the anti-popes are almost wholly kept out of sight; and because its authority was never doubted, the account was afterwards read with less of criticism than devotion. Some faint shadow of scandal appears in the life of Alexander VI., but with this notable distinction: "As a man he may sin; but, as the Vicar of Christ, he is infallible." This completely silenced us, and everything was credited. For these reasons, I also believed that Pius would really be *pious*. Moreover, it was stated that the Pope had already taken in hand a reform in religion—a clerical and monastic reform. This was said by the priests: we had heard of it by letters from Rome, and the news had also been confirmed on the arrival of some missionaries on their way to India (an evident proof that the priests of the Papal Church were themselves aware of the necessity of a reformation). All hailed this project with delight, but especially Moscardi and I. It was asserted that Pius had charged Cardinal Micara, and two others, with the execution of such a plan, who were labouring in it indefatigably. This was really the case, and all were anticipating a happy result. We did not know that nothing but evil and mischief to the human race can emanate from a Pope, and, like the rest of the world, we were deceived.

Several points which it was proposed to reform were the following:—the reduction of the number of priests and friars; the abolition of all the religious orders, except the three principal ones, and of these to leave a fixed number, sufficient for the foreign missions; the prevention of mendicity, because this system was a great infliction on the secular orders, and the mendicants were to be maintained from ecclesiastical revenues; the

abolition of the vow of celibacy before the age of forty years ; the suppression of many convents of nuns, leaving only those which should be voluntary, and that in future none should be received under thirty years of age.

All these projects had raised the clerical youth of Italy to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, so at least they wrote to us thence, and the missionaries confirmed the intelligence, a no less evident sign that the priests well knew how great a burden they were on society. These hopes gladdened our own hearts, and we also shouted " Viva Pio Nono ! " We awaited with intense anxiety the result of this grand scheme, building fine castles in the air respecting its success. But here was verified the old fable of the " Mountain in Labour " in Horace : *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus !* An immense letter reached us, accompanied by one from Cardinal Franzoni, which was said to contain the just and wise reflections, measures, and decisions of our most provident, loving, and holy father, for the good of his most faithful and beloved children. We opened the letter with the greatest impatience, and read the decisions of the most provident father in the universe. And what were they ? The usual verbiage of his predecessors : injunctions to the superiors of the religious orders to be careful in the choice of their young probationers ; to instil into their minds the maxims of the Roman Catholic religion, obedience and submission to the Holy See ; and there being great need of priests for the missions and for Italy, to see that the young men attended to their studies, and to stimulate the noviciates, with other trivial admonitions of a similar kind. I threw a glance towards the Bishop, who, on his part, seemed somewhat surprised. I was silent, however, and went off to give the information to Signor Moscardi. Then it was that I weighed in my mind what sort of political reform we

should have : then it was that I began to perceive the treachery of Pio Nono, and felt assured from other data that he would deceive the whole world, an opinion that was subsequently confirmed.

For this very reason, I prevented any public demonstration from being made in honour of Pio Nono by the Italians, who were enthusiastic in the desire of holding a grand festival on the occasion. They came to ask the Bishop's leave, but I impressed him so strongly with the idea that some impropriety might take place in the Church, that he fully concurred with me, and the festival was forbidden. The Italians were highly incensed against me, knowing that I had been the cause of the prohibition. I could not explain the mystery to them at that time, because they were so infatuated in favour of the Pope ; but I explained it afterwards ; and one of them—the very person who came to ask the Bishop's permission, and whom I subsequently met in Malta—abused the Pope and the whole of the Papacy, in no measured terms, and said to me : “ You saw further than we did : you did not suffer yourself to be duped by that impious impostor ! ”

To return from this digression. When we afterwards took our departure for Alexandria towards the end of March, the idea of rejoining my friend Moscardi there would have much delighted me ; but unfortunately, a few days after his arrival at his destination, he was taken ill, and confined to his bed for nearly a month : his health was not yet perfectly restored, and I feared he would require change of air. In going to Alexandria, therefore, we should necessarily be obliged to provide for his health, and instead of remaining together there, and attempting the embarkation to another country, we should again be forced to separate. In fact, the pleasure we enjoyed in meeting was of

short duration, partly on account of my friend's health, and partly because an active young man was wanted at Cairo, to attend to the duties of that parish, and the Bishop proposed to place him in that situation. He was obliged to go, and, as I feared, we were once more under the necessity of separating—it seemed as if there was a fatality against our remaining together. This was another thorn in my heart. To be left alone, to be deprived of every comfort, not to hear a single friendly voice in this critical state—Oh, it was enough to drive me to despair! I had not even Mr. Krusé to consult, who would have given me friendly counsel in my difficulties.

I have often been asked, “Why in Egypt, a Turkish country, where European Christians are free, not dependent on the government, but on the contrary protected by it, and where every one may follow the religion in which he believes, why did you not declare yourself a Protestant in Egypt itself?” Fair and softly! The Popish priests, naturally proud and arrogant, have known where to look for support. The French Consulate is the *Agozzino** of the priests, and prompt to lend them help on every occasion. If it be a question of imprisoning a priest, it is only to apply to the French Consul, and the unfortunate man is bound, put on board a steamer, and conveyed to Civita Vecchia; he is then given in charge of the Carabineers, and conducted by them to the dungeons of the Inquisition: this is one of the articles of the free government of France—to protect tyrants and despotism; to support the Inquisition, or rather to crowd it with victims, having re-established it in its full vigour—the first who were imprisoned on the last return of the Pope to Rome, being conveyed thither by the *Most Catholic* French, with all

* *Agozzino*, Inspector of galley slaves.

their array of tricoloured banners! And as several persons had been imprisoned under my own eye, I had no wish to incur the same risk. I will even make this public confession of my own sin,—that I had myself, in the name of the Bishop, requested the Consul to grant us this favour, in the case of other unfortunate priests, and that the request had been instantly complied with—no one therefore will presume to contradict my assertion. With the knowledge of these circumstances, in whom could I confide? In no one. Could I declare myself a Protestant in Cairo? I had thought of this, and had asked Mr. Krusé whether the English Consul could protect me in such a case. But he replied that the English Consul could not take away a subject from the French Consul; and that although I was not a Frenchman, I stood in the relation of a Frenchman, on account of the protection afforded by Catholic France to the Popish priests.

In Alexandria, a journal was shown to me by a Popish priest—a Maltese—containing many articles highly interesting to me, but to him matter of scandal. Among others, there was a remarkable letter addressed to Gregory XVI. by an Italian priest, written with much force and talent. It contained some palpable truths, spoke of the errors taught by his Church to the people—reproached him for having withheld from them the Testament of the Eternal Father—the Holy Bible—and also the cup in the Holy Supper, contrary to the command of Christ, who said: “Drink ye *all* of it;” beside these, there were many other palpable contradictions to the Holy Bible. I took the journal which he willingly resigned to me, and reserved it for my future advantage.

Hitherto I have not said a word in reference to the disposition of the Bishop, Monsignor Perpetuo Guasco—I will introduce it here. He was a man of good

temper, cheerful, forming friendships readily, and still more readily taking a dislike to his friends, so that of all those whom I knew to have been his friends, some more, some less, have become his enemies. Moscardi and I were the only persons who had the good fortune never to have given him offence—a truly remarkable circumstance. He was, moreover, credulous. Nature had bestowed on him no great degree of talent; he had therefore no desire of acquiring any knowledge beyond what he gained from the perusal of monkish legends, Lives of the Saints, and similar stories, in the course of his studies. However, to say the truth, he was neither ill-disposed, nor hypocritical—whatever he said he believed—I mean on religious subjects: he was a man of prayer in his way, devoted to the Madonna; he said the rosary every day, and I with him, with other prayers to the souls in Purgatory, the Saints, the Blessed, the Venerable,* and I know not how many more—I should never end if I were to enumerate them. Seeing him therefore sincerely attached to the Papal Church, I believed that if he knew the truth he would follow it; and for that reason I wished to make the attempt to insinuate it into his mind. I had a real affection for him in my heart, and was sorry to leave him—the idea was indeed very painful to me. I therefore said within myself: “If I could impart some light to him, and should find him disposed to receive it, and could bring him to the same point with myself, I should overcome every difficulty.” He had money—he had permission to go wherever he pleased, or pretended to have it, and we could then escape with every facility and convenience. The idea was magnificent. I took the earliest oppor-

* The Saints, the Blessed, and the Venerable, are distinct in the Papal Church. It requires 20,000*l.* to declare a dead man a Saint (*Santo*); 8,000*l.* suffice to make him Blessed (*Beato*); and 2,000*l.* Venerable (*Venerabile*).

tunity to show him this journal, as a paper I had met with by chance, telling him it contained a very strong attack upon our religion. We walked out together, and I drew his attention particularly to the different subjects of which it treated, concluding almost every paragraph with this remark: "It must be a clever fellow who wrote this! he seems to be well acquainted with the affairs of Rome: but how he writes! what a logician! there is some truth too in what he says—that cannot be denied!" At last, he partly concurred in my opinion, and I seemed secure of my prey. But he afterwards ended by saying: "Oh, let these things alone: it is the Pope's affair—let him look to it: let us talk of something else, and put away that paper." I did not appear to attach any importance to it; the conversation was changed, and we continued our walk.

I did not fail, when in Alexandria, to inquire whether there were any Protestant Minister in the place. I supposed it to be so, because there was a Chapel immediately under my window, and I made the inquiry of a young Arab, the servant of the Chapel. He told me there was a minister who performed divine service once every Sunday. I could not imagine how I should contrive to speak to him. At last I saw him enter the Chapel, and availing myself of the opportunity, I told the Bishop that if he wished to see the English Chapel he could do so now, as the door was open, and there was no service going on. He immediately came down stairs, and on entering we found Mr. Winder there, the Clergyman of the English Church, and passed the usual civilities—he spoke to us very politely, showed us a small organ on which the Bishop played with much pleasure; and then talking of musical instruments, I told him if he would go up to our house, I would show him ours, a piano and

harmonicon in one—this was a little stratagem of mine to oblige him to invite me to his house, which from common courtesy he could not well avoid doing on taking his leave. I did not refuse his invitation, and he pointed out to me the house in which he resided. In this way, I completely stopped the Bishop's mouth, for, in going to the Protestant minister's, I was only returning his visit. I lost no time, but called on him the very next day. I found him affable and mild, a zealous Christian. I did not however disclose my feelings, but told him if he had any religious journal, I would willingly read it. He favoured me with several numbers of the *Indicatore*, published by some Italian priests in Malta. I perused them with much pleasure, because they contained many interesting articles, especially suited to my case.

Thus I went on, more and more enlightened in the faith. I paid several visits to Mr. Winder, who favoured me with many other books. When I declared to him my desire of becoming a Protestant, he exhorted me, encouraged me, explained doctrines, satisfied me in any doubt—in short, I was much happier. I could not often frequent his house from the fear of discovery ; but I took the opportunity when the Bishop was at Church, and frequently excused myself from remaining with him that I might repair to Mr. Winder's, it being a great consolation to me to associate with one who would tell me the truth, not from interested motives, but from pure evangelical charity.

I cannot report here all that passed in my mind during the progress of my biblical studies, however interesting it may be—it would make my narrative too diffuse : I can only say that I acquired knowledge, but my heart was still hard. It seemed to me hard to tear myself at once from every comfort, now especially in

Alexandria ; it seemed to me harder still, because I saw the impossibility of being joined by my friend. I no longer sought so anxiously for an opportunity to escape ; my heart was ever in fetters. I was leading a life I would not willingly have led, not according to the Gospel, not according to the laws of God, who requires singleness of heart—yea, yea, nay, nay,—no duplicity, no pretence, no equivocation, but the love of God alone, the worship of Him only in spirit and in truth : I saw, and did not perceive how to conquer my vices—I heard, and did not understand the words of God, in order to observe them : I fully comprehended my unhappy state, but deferred my entire conversion till I should be able to abandon my present course of life, in which I was neither following the Papal laws nor observing the laws of God.

My lukewarmness, or I may say, my neglect, had been noticed by some persons, and an ill-natured friar reported me to the Bishop, telling him I never came to confession. The Bishop did not believe it, and therefore asked me whether I confessed. I told him “yes.” He then inquired by whom I was confessed. “By a Levantine priest (a Papist) who often came to my room,” I replied. “In what language ?”—“In Arabic, because he spoke Arabic,” was my answer. Enough : the Bishop was convinced, but he exhorted me to be confessed by the Latin priests, for the sake of a good example. Then it was that I one day found myself under the necessity of feigning a confession—of being confessed by a Latin priest—and this was the second and last time that I counterfeited that act. All these warnings served as so many incentives to prevent me from growing cool in my project of renouncing Popery, and embracing Christianity, and the desire of escaping became more ardent than ever.

The Superior of the convent in Cairo died about this time, and the priests nominated Signor Moscardi as his successor. They sent to inform us of the choice they had made, the Bishop approved it, and this event was another stumbling-block in the way of our departure. I was obliged to go to Cairo on business connected with the Episcopal Court, and once more rejoined my friend. We resumed the subject of our flight, but it appeared to us more impracticable than ever. The idea of escaping to India with the Bishop's money again presented itself, but honour and conscience placed an insurmountable barrier in our way. I will not repeat what we suffered during the fortnight of my stay in Cairo—suffice it to say, that seeing the impossibility of our setting out together, I resolved on going alone. My business despatched, I returned to Alexandria, bearing stedfastly in mind the intention of embracing the first opportunity that offered of bidding it adieu for ever. After a few days, I endeavoured to sound the Bishop once more, placing before him the same arguments which had convinced me—namely, the Commandments of the Decalogue. There was a Bible in our library, as I have already mentioned. I took it out one day, and began reading several passages from it, in the Bishop's presence. I pretended that the twentieth chapter of Exodus had fallen accidentally under my observation, and said, “O look here, my Lord, see here are the Commandments of God!” I then began to read them aloud, commenting on the fourth verse. This was a Roman Catholic Bible*—its authority therefore could

* It must be observed that the Papal Church is very artful: she has displayed great tact; and that she may not be directly impugned by the followers of the Bible, has always a way of escape in her own defence. For instance. She has not actually taken away the fourth, fifth, and sixth verses from the twentieth chapter of Exodus, but wishing to act in opposition to that Commandment, has found out a way to evade it. In composing

not be denied. He read them himself—meditated on them; we conversed awhile on the subject, but in vain—the tinder was wet—the spark of knowledge produced no effect. He replied, that the Pope having done it, all was right, and that it did not behove us to take any exception against his infallible decisions—that if anything were wrong he was answerable for it, and not we—in fact, it was his affair, not ours. I then made answer: “The law of God was given to the people and not to the Pope alone—the people ought therefore to observe it, and he who does not observe it will not be excused in the sight of God, because it has been drawn up and distorted by another—the Pope must pay his own fine, and we must pay ours.” Finding my argument unanswerable, he went out with his *Sanatutum*,

the Catechism, which is taught to all without distinction, she has in effect taken it away at one stroke; that is, she has taken away the Bible itself from all, that the mutilation of the verses from the sixth to the twelfth inclusive might not be discovered, nor the division of the tenth Commandment, thus; “*ninth*—Thou shalt not desire the goods of others:” *tenth*—“Thou shalt not desire the wife of others”—suppressing all the rest: so that if any one should accuse the Papal Church of the act of taking away the second Commandment from the Decalogue given by God Himself, and engraven by His Almighty hand upon the tables of stone, the theologians of that Church would reply: “We have not taken it away; it is in the Bible—therefore the Pope has committed no wrong.” But what Christian is there who does not perceive the vile sophistry of such reasoning as this? The Commandment, it is true, has not been expunged from the Bible, but the Bible itself has been suppressed. The people are prohibited from reading the Bible, and are only permitted to peruse the little book composed by the Jesuit Bellarmine—there they learn their doctrines, and that is the Bible for the Christians of the Papal Church. And the fact of having, by a Canon in the second Council of Nice, A.D. 786, Collect. de Concil., tom. vii., pp. 247, 585, established the worship of images, is an undeniable proof that the Papal Church dispenses with, abrogates, takes away, does not acknowledge, such a Commandment, which is equivalent to expunging it from the Bible. And her Theologians would have had a better defence had they done so; or, rather, their treachery would have been less conspicuous than it now appears.

saying, "O let all these things alone!" and closed the book.

I had no longer the courage to pursue my investigation of the Bishop's mind, and did not make a third attempt for fear of arousing his suspicion; this was in the beginning of August. I wrote another letter to Signor Moscardi, to learn whether he had anything new to communicate relative to our departure. His answer was that he had not—on the contrary, being then Superior in Cairo, it would be impossible for him to escape: all the money and plate belonging to the Convent were under his care; and if he were to fly, some priest might steal the property, and it would then be said: "The Superior has decamped, and carried off everything with him!" This he suspected, because he well knew what sort of persons those monks were, and that we should be branded with the infamy. He concluded by desiring me to wait till after September. This answer overwhelmed me with grief—it left me in the same hampered position as before.

I decided therefore upon setting out alone. But another painful thought perplexed me. Might it not be said that I had been driven out of Egypt, and that in order to avoid returning to Rome, I had fixed myself in Malta? I had the experience of many years. I had seen and heard so much of invention, falsehood, calumny, that I suspected everything for the future—but this contingency also was provided against, by Him who directed my life, and guided my footsteps. The Bishop some little time previously, seeing me more satisfied and tranquil, wrote to Cardinal Franzoni, on whom we entirely depended, informing him that I had decided upon remaining with him as Secretary. The Cardinal immediately addressed a very polite letter to me, which I did not expect, and of which the reader

will find a copy in the Appendix.* The original I have in my possession, and it proves that up to the last days of my residence in Egypt I was esteemed, that my residence there was greatly desired, and that I left it of my own free will.

With respect to the doctrines of the Church of England, I was fully convinced of their truth: on one point alone did I find any difficulty—it was the following.

As I stated in the beginning of this little work, the dogma most venerated by the Papal Church is the host—the sacrifice of the mass—Transubstantiation. To the host adoration is paid, the host is shown as God to little children, adults, and the aged: the host is the dogma most zealously taught—the sacrifice of the mass is the Papal religion—by it festivals are sanctified, souls are saved. This knowledge increases with our years. The mind and soul are so enured to the doctrine, and I had been so deeply imbued with it from my earliest education, that I had never entertained a serious doubt of this counterfeit mystery: I felt assured that the sacrifice of the death of Christ was re-enacted with the mass. It was only in the course of that last year that, being in doubt respecting all the doctrines of the Papal Church, I began to question this dogma also. But I delayed the examination of it till the last, deeming it so abstruse that it would be difficult to persuade myself of the contrary, and too much against my conscience to think it unreal. I can assure my readers that I trembled whenever I approached this subject. I may say more—that the evening of the second of August (a day ever memorable in the Papal Church for the magnificent invention of one of the most ridiculous Indulgences called the *Perdono*,†) that night was for me

* See Appendix, Letters, No. I.

† *Perdono*. In the thirteenth century, a certain pseudo-

the most tremendous of any I had ever before passed. I was accustomed to read for an hour or two in bed before I slept; on that night, I was reading the history of Calvin, exactly where he speaks of Transubstantiation.

Saint, Francis d'Assisi, a clever fellow, but a greater knave, knew how to find a treasure among the ignorant people of those times, in order to fatten his poor meagre friars. The chronicle relates that he presented himself to the Pope, narrating the following circumstance:—

“A great Concert was held at midnight in the Chapel, when an Angel came and awoke me, telling me that the Madonna and her Son were waiting for me in the Church. I arose in haste, and went to the Chapel, and seeing them both there, worshipped them. The Virgin told me I might ask whatever I pleased of her Son, because on that night He was disposed to grant me everything I should desire. Wishing to benefit my neighbour, I lost no time in making my request, and besought Him that all who entered my Church might receive the full pardon of their sins, and be freed from future punishment. This was the answer of the first-born Son of Mary. ‘I willingly consent: go to my Vicar, and he will give thee this Special Indulgence, because I grant no indulgence whatever upon earth, except through him.’ I worshipped them both again, and am now come to your Holiness, in order that you may grant me that which I have been promised.”

The Pope confirmed the indulgence: other Popes increased it, and it is now one of the most celebrated Indulgences of the Papal Church. It consists in this, that every individual may enter any church of that order; and that whoever enters, and every time he enters, receives plenary indulgence for himself, for other living persons, and for the dead. In this way the Churches of the Minor Friars, as they are called, are surrounded on the second of August by thousands of persons, who alternately go in and out an infinite number of times, without intermission. The great evil resulting from this is that the people return home with a quiet conscience, believing themselves at peace with God, because they have worn out a little shoe leather in passing in and out of the church so often; and also in believing that they have liberated the souls of all their relatives, not only those who are living upon earth, but those who are already in Purgatory. They confess, it is true; but of what avail can a confession be, made in so much haste, by such an immense crowd, to confessors wearied almost to death by being obliged to listen to hundreds of confessions, without a moment's respite? Many, also, take advantage craftily to snatch an absolution from the Confessor, confessing their sins in a short and confused way, in order to avoid correction, and obtain absolu-

I had scarcely commenced the perusal before I trembled, and doubted whether I ought to proceed with it or not. I closed the book, and meditated seriously on the subject. I thought on the words of the Redeemer, "*This is my body, this is my blood.*" These words were positive. But then again I thought within myself, the Churches of the first centuries did not believe in Transubstantiation. I had been reading the history of those times, in that same year, and could not deny that such was the case. And then I remembered the whole of the office * of the Corpus Domini,† in which are quoted all the mutilated texts of the Bible, apparently confirming the dogma from the crafty manner in which they are introduced, mixed up with so many passages from the Papal forge. I repeated them and shuddered: they seemed plainly to set before me the truth of the dogma. But then Jesus Christ himself called WINE, that which would have been HIS BLOOD: the Apostle Paul calls that BREAD which would have been FLESH: it is flesh, and it is blood: it is not blood, because it is the fruit of the vine, and wine, therefore it is not blood: it is bread, therefore it is not flesh. So fearfully increased in me the terror and the dread which the examination of this question produced, and the being constrained to deny it, that it almost threw me into tition: others ignorantly, deceived by the proclamation of this *Great Pardon*, confess future sins as well as those they have committed, and receiving absolution for all, afterwards accomplish the premeditated deed, in the full conviction of having been pardoned by the intercession of the said St. Francis. This indulgence is not paid for in ready money, but the friars receive in compensation, oil, wine, grain, pulse, poultry, and whatever else an importunate gipsy might demand: for which reason they strive to make it as public as they can.

* *Office* is the term given by the Papists to all the prayers in the Breviary, dedicated every day to some saint.

† *Corpus Domini* is a feast dedicated to the host, on the Thursday after the day of Pentecost. There is a particular Office proper for the occasion, and it is solemnized on that day.

convulsions. I was half distracted—I jumped out of bed, and paced my room, exclaiming, “If I admit it, I am lost, if I reject it, I am in danger of being lost”—I was in despair. I passed almost the whole of the night in this miserable state, without the least hope of comfort. At last, completely exhausted, I threw myself on a chair, where I slept for a short time. It was morning when I awoke; my mind was somewhat calmed; and I resumed my argument more rationally. I proceeded with Calvin’s reflections on that point, and they greatly convinced me. I was obliged, however, to suspend the perusal for the present, my duty calling me to church. And now, behold the help of heaven! In my way, I met Mr. Winder’s servant, who told me Mr. Krusé was in Alexandria, and showed me the house where he was staying. I went thither as quickly as I could: he conversed with me at great length on the important subject—I put to him an infinite number of questions on Transubstantiation. With all the patience imaginable, he found out for me the various passages in the Bible which had reference to that subject, especially directing my attention to the sixth chapter of St. John, the sixty-third verse: “It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the *flesh profiteth nothing*: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.” These words were a ray of new light in my soul—they appeared to me so clear that they removed all my doubts. I took my leave of Mr. Krusé, assuring him that I was absolutely determined on taking my departure by sea, and that I hoped to effect it within a few days. Returned home tranquil and satisfied by the solution of my doubts, I continued reading discussions on the subject, and became more and more confirmed in the doctrines of the Reformed Church, which taught that the Holy Supper was a Sacrament, a memorial, a com-

memoration of the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, but not the sacrifice itself; that He is living in His glorious body, blood, and soul, united indivisibly to the Godhead, in heaven, at the right hand of God the Father, till the final consummation of all things.

In regard to the doctrinal part, there was nothing now of which I could entertain a doubt—I was fully convinced. But notwithstanding this, another doubt arose in my mind, which made me hesitate in deciding resolutely on my departure—it was a distrust of Divine Providence. I had no pecuniary resources. I knew a little of architecture, sufficient to gain my bread; but I had been accustomed from my earliest infancy to want for nothing—I had lived in the enjoyment of every comfort of life. The idea of adventuring into the midst of an unknown world, with only a few pence, made me tremble. It was then, in wandering from one room to another, and reflecting on all the refined conveniences of furniture, servants, home, food, clothing, entirely at my command, without my making the smallest provision for them, and which I must relinquish, that my sight became confused, and I was for a time quite bewildered. But then I was no longer an Atheist. I had the Bible in my hand—the good tidings given us by our Divine Master. I hastened to read some portion of it, and found again that passage where Jesus sends forth his twelve disciples without money, without shoes, with only one coat; yet they wanted nothing, because they trusted in Divine Providence. I then resolved to put my whole trust in God, and endeavour to gain His favour by the observance of His Holy Law, by following His Holy Word, abandoning all things for the sake of the truth. And then a secret voice spoke to my heart, and seemed to say, “Fear not: that good heavenly Father who provides for the birds of the air, the beasts

of the earth, and clothes the lilies of the field, will provide for thee also, will also clothe thee:—forsake all, and come and follow Me.” I did not wish to imitate the rich young man in the Gospel, but rather to follow the example of Peter, “Behold, I have left all, and followed Thee; what shall I have therefore?” “FEAR NOT,” the voice re-echoed in my heart.

But though my mind was perfectly at ease in regard to doctrine, it was on the other hand agitated by a thousand different emotions, so that I suffered physically. It then occurred to me to ask the Bishop's permission to repair to Malta for a month, in order to recruit my health, and obtain some relaxation from my severe applications and studies. He would not grant my request, but I urged it with so much pertinacity, that by the advice of a physician, who gave me a certificate that change of air was absolutely necessary for me, he at last consented. Scarcely had he given me an answer in the affirmative before I endeavoured to procure my passport, to prepare for my voyage, to collect together some few articles that belonged to me. Many I left behind, not to awaken the suspicion that I did not intend to return, especially in Cairo, where, among other things, was my portrait. This I could not send for, in order that I might take it with me; and therefore, to avoid any longer delay, lest my intention should be discovered, and my leave of absence withdrawn, I was obliged to leave it behind—the fate it experienced shall be mentioned elsewhere.

In six days all was ready for my departure. I went to take leave of several friends who would not believe I was ill, and suspected some other motive; but they could not find the key to the true reason. So far indeed was the cause of my departure from being conjectured, that I acquired new vigour, spirit, and courage, on see-

ing myself so near the end of my sufferings: but I took care, however, not to display these feelings before the Bishop. I wrote a short letter to Signor Moscardi, telling him I was going to Malta for change of air, that I would write to him fully from that place, but having with great difficulty obtained leave of absence, I could not await his answer for fear of having it revoked. He did not answer my letter, because there was not time for it, but I afterwards learned that he divined the real motive, that he considered himself lost, and all his hopes ruined. I shall make no further mention of him here, because he afterwards wrote me a brief account of what had befallen himself, in an interesting letter, which I shall insert at the end, as I received it.

It was on the evening of the 30th of August that I delivered up the most important documents of my office—the seals, the patents in blank, and many folio papers signed by the Bishop, others in blank—for such had been the confidence he reposed in me, that he had gone so far as to place them all in my hands. Thank Heaven! I never abused this confidence. I brought back to him the same number and in the same state all that remained of those he had consigned to my care, telling him that in case of accident, it would be better for him to have things of so much consequence as these in his own possession. But my further design was to leave the Episcopal palace and Alexandria without a stain upon my honour, and if I had not followed the strict path of virtue,—because under this system it is impossible, however desirous of it one may be,—at least, no one should be able at any future period to attach to me the imputation that my conversion was feigned, and that my object had been a totally different one.

Will the reader have patience, before I conclude this

chapter, to hear once more that some little doubt again came knocking at my heart? On returning alone to my chamber, I made the last examination of myself, to "prove my own self," to see whether the way I had chosen was the right way, whether in renouncing Popery and embracing the Protestant faith I was really in the way of salvation. After a few moments' reflection, my mind gave me an assurance that solved every doubt; my heart, no longer perturbed, was calm and at peace; it was as if a sweet spirit invited me to pray, but to pray in conformity with the Spirit of God. "Yes," said I, "I will pray, and then I will decide irrevocably." I fell on my knees, raised my eyes to heaven, and then uttered a prayer, which seemed to me the first that had ever issued from my heart. I prayed in the firm belief that I should be heard, and infallibly converted from darkness to light. Few were the words, but they were accompanied with faith. I think it right to transcribe them here, as nearly as I can remember them, to show the reader that this was the moment of my true conversion to God.

"Eternal and Almighty God, I believe that thou dost exist, that Thou rulest and governest the world. It is Thou that inspirest me with the wish of turning myself wholly to Thee. Thou didst destroy by an universal flood the great mass of the human race. Thou didst overthrow the cities of the plain, and in the valley of Elah slay the giant, because they rebelled against Thy holy laws. If I am now going to embrace error and to depart from the truth, cast me down, destroy me, hurl forth the lightning of thy just anger, annihilate me in a moment, reduce me to ashes. I prefer the most cruel and terrible death to error, to darkness. I love truth. I desire to follow it. If I am now in the way of truth, cause me to remain therein.

If the faith I purpose to embrace be not the true faith which Thy only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, gave to His Church, prevent me from entering into its path. I would rather die than live without true faith in Thee. I have sought it in this Thy Holy Word, I seem to have found it here. If it be the truth, and I am not deceived, guide me into the perfect way of it, O Lord my God, I beseech Thee, for the sake of the passion, death, and glorious resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“Forsake me not : give me, I conjure Thee, sufficient light to choose the way, the certain way of salvation. I profess my belief in Thee, and in Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent, according as it is written in this Book of Life. I will not forsake Thee, O my God and most loving Father. If I have forsaken Thee in sinning against Thee, I have a lively faith that Thou wilt pardon me, because Thou art infinitely good. I implore Thy pity for the infinite merits’ sake of Jesus Christ, and through a true faith in Him.

“I purpose from this moment to forsake idolatry ; to hold for the future in horror, in detestation, every sort of image ; to renounce all the false doctrines, which, up to the present time, I have taught to others ; to believe in Jesus Christ alone as our only Intercessor. I will pray to Thee only, I will love Thee only, I will believe and trust in Thee alone. The single sacrifice of Jesus Christ, wrought once for all on Calvary, shall be my only hope, detesting and rejecting all other fictitious sacrifices which human craftiness has invented. I will study Thy Holy Word—it shall be ever present with me—my comfort, my solace. Give me Thy Holy Spirit : let Thy Divine grace illumine my mind, and grant that I may walk before Thee without fear, in the light of Thy Divine Countenance.

“O most loving and compassionate Saviour, fulfil in

me Thy holy promises which Thou hast made to them that believe in Thee. 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest: for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' I will give thanks unto Thee for ever, and ascribe unto Thee glory, and honour, and dominion, world without end. Amen."

I remained for some minutes in this posture, and felt a spirit of comfort. I seemed to be listening to the voice of the Almighty speaking to my heart, approving my resolutions. I thought myself the happiest man on earth—God within me, peace in my soul, His Holy Word in my hands. I arose from my knees with an indescribable feeling of calmness and content—no longer any obstacle—no longer any doubt—no longer any fear; but faith and hope and charity my ever faithful companions.

I passed that night and the following day anxiously awaiting the evening of my embarkation. I went to see Mr. Winder for the last time, who favoured me with letters of recommendation to several clergymen in Malta, to whom he had previously written, requesting them to come and meet me in quarantine. My other friends I left with the greatest indifference. The Bishop seemed to have a presentiment that I should not return, for he shed tears when he embraced me at parting; and I wept also, but it was because I left him in darkness, and without the least hope of his conversion. With no other thought I went on board the steamer, and when on deck, I threw a last look on the shores of Alexandria. Then I wept really from my heart at quitting Egypt, a country where I had lived for ten years, where the greatest ignorance prevailed in regard to religion, and to whose inhabitants I had rendered no efficient service during my abode amongst them. But I wept still

more bitterly at the thought that I had left there the only friend I had in the world, my dear Moscardi. I foresaw that he would experience great suffering and many persecutions after my departure: with this sorrow at my heart, darkness overspread the earth, and shut out for ever from my sight that beautiful land.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the beautiful country surrounded by the sea and the Alps, and in a delightful summer day, when the sun is in Leo, shining in the meridian with more than usual splendour, darting his burning rays over the green herbage; when the peasant seeks some friendly shade where he may repose and shelter himself from the excessive heat—it not unfrequently happens that a cloud suddenly arises in the West, bringing along with it a whirlwind, which, with its eddying blasts, seems envious of Nature's peace, threatening to overturn the universe, menacing the heavens, the sun, the earth, covering the skies with black vapours, preventing the sun from penetrating them with his beams, and announcing general devastation to the earth. The whirlwind advances, the darkness increases, preceded by stormy gusts of wind which rush impetuously among the plants, as if desirous of tearing them from the heart of the soil. Meanwhile the tempest, now raging to mid-heaven, sends forth crashing and awful peals of thunder, and vivid lightnings serpentine through the clouds, flashing from east to west. A storm of hail strips the shrubs of their foliage; and while the peaceful shepherd is labouring to collect his flock and conduct it

to a place of safety, it is dispersed by the hurricane, beaten down by the hail ; and he, terrified by the lightning hissing over his head, falls senseless to the ground. The tempest passes by ; the shepherd rouses himself ; he surveys the heavens which so lately appeared to him a frightful mass of confusion ; at one moment flashing fire, the next enveloped in profound darkness—now all is calm, for when he fell he invoked the Almighty, and the Almighty answered him with the Voice of Peace : the tempest subsided ; and in the self same cloud, which caused him so much alarm, appears the most beautiful, the most admirable, the most brilliant object, that Nature has ever enfolded in her mysterious bosom. Risen from the earth, the shepherd looks around him, and behold all is tranquil—every object in creation is still, because the Author of Nature has imposed silence. His Voice of Peace, resplendent as the prism of the most precious diamond, shines from east to west. That Voice is bent, and under its mystic Bow all nature is protected, and peace proclaimed. That serene Bow says to the tempest, to the whirlwind, to the storm : “Be ye silent, that the voice of the Almighty may be heard speaking to His beloved creature man, assuring him of peace, security, and love !”

The steamer was ploughing the waves when I awoke on the following morning, but though suffering from sea sickness, I was nevertheless full of joy, and read, during my five days’ voyage, without fear or interruption, the Word of God. On arriving at Malta we were put in quarantine, and a bigoted guard was pointed out to me with whom it was necessary for me to be very circumspect—but I was under the great English flag, and had nothing to fear. A noble and amiable family bore me company very agreeably. I could not, however, disclose to them my intentions, lest they should

be discovered by the Maltese before I had stripped off my monastic garb ; for though I could not be prevented from accomplishing my purpose, I might, nevertheless, be exposed to much insult. Mr. Cleugh, the Government Chaplain in Malta, had no sooner received the letter of introduction than he hastened to find me out in quarantine. I conversed with him in French, that I might not be understood by the guard ; but notwithstanding this precaution, he did understand and suspect something. Another clergyman, Mr. Tucker, came to see me, and the suspicion was then greatly increased ; so much so that on the day previous to that of our leaving quarantine, I was visited by two theologians, perhaps for the purpose of confuting me, and of prevailing on me to accompany them to the Convent. On my assuring them that I should certainly have gone there on my landing, they replied that they had been informed I was going to the English Bishop's, and that it had been so reported in Malta. I told them I was sorry such a report had been circulated, because it had always been my intention to go to the Convent. They had received a letter from Monsignor Guasco warmly recommending me. I therefore accepted their invitation, and went directly to the Convent on the following day, where I was very kindly received. When I went out the next morning, I made inquiry for Mr. Cleugh's residence. By some accident, it was without a number. I did not find it on that day, because I took no great pains in searching for it, but, on the next, I was more successful.

The 16th of September, 1847, was to me a glorious day, a day of triumph, a day never to be forgotten ! I went out in the morning in search of Mr. Cleugh, with the intention of not returning again to the Convent ; but not being able to take my things with me, I was

obliged to leave them there. I inquired for the Government Chaplain, and at last his residence was pointed out to me. In going to knock at the door, I perceived a Maltese priest, who was watching to see whether I went in, and who saw me enter—I know not whether this was the same person who had gone about spreading the report through the city. Mr. Cleugh had kindly made arrangements for my reception at the Protestant College, where there were already two Italian ex-priests; but for some reason, I know not why, he was afraid of letting me change my dress in his own house. He came out, and I followed him at a little distance: he conducted me into another house, introduced me, and went away. A kind lady showed me into the parlour, and as she only spoke English, I could not understand a word she said. She left me alone for some time, and I began to be seriously alarmed. The reader must be informed that the Maltese* are staunch Papists, ignorant, superstitious, *barbarous*, for which reason alone it might very plausibly be asserted that St. Paul was shipwrecked at Malta, and that in the second verse of the twenty-third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, he has described them by a characteristic which they have faithfully preserved. Sworn enemies of the Bible, and consequently of the truth, whoever is not a Papist is considered by them as an Infidel, an infamous person, to whom it is lawful to do every imaginable evil—the effect of ignorance and barbarism. The English not being Papists, they rob and deceive them in every possible way; and when they are asked why they do this, they reply: “Because the

* I do not mean to speak of all indiscriminately, because there are many exceptions, some amongst them being well informed, I may say, learned in some branches, and truthful; especially one dear old friend of mine, whom I love from my heart.

English are freemasons, infidels—they do not believe in the Pope !” If they act thus towards the English, who are always powerful in this island, the reader may imagine how they would treat one who had renounced Popery. I was informed in several cases, of what had befallen other priests similarly situated to myself. One had been repeatedly pelted with stones ; another was dragged through the streets, and the clothes torn from his back, only because they had avowed themselves Protestants, and I feared I might meet with similar treatment, as I had been seen entering the house of a Protestant family.

Remaining in this perplexity, I surveyed myself over, and saw myself still enveloped in the habit I now so truly detested. Long seemed to me the delay of every quarter of an hour till I should be fairly divested of this hateful garb. While thus waiting and ruminating, I saw some Bibles on a small table—I opened one casually—it was an Italian one. On the very first glance which I directed towards it, my eye fell on the seventh verse of the eighth chapter of Zechariah : “ Thus saith the Lord of Hosts : Behold I will save my people from the East country and from the West country, and I will bring them, and they shall dwell in the midst of Jerusalem : and they shall be my people, and I will be their God, in truth and in righteousness.”

I have briefly described the tempests which assailed me during the course of that year—the fears, the conflicts of mind, the insidious snares of enemies, the temptations, so that I should have sunk under the pressure had not the hand of the Almighty sustained me. But now the tempest had passed over. The Word of God, which for a little while had thrown me into a deplorable state, had cast me down to the ground—for I fell without sense or reason, when I ceased to

believe in the existence of a Supreme Being—had been to me a dark and terrific cloud. Now, however, in that same cloud appeared peace, tranquillity, love, and the Bow of alliance is the token of the Covenant of reconciliation, of love, of peace, which, refulgent in the Holy Book, assures me that the mighty Lord of Hosts has saved me from the East country, whence I had lately escaped from the hands of enemies who would have sacrificed me, soul and body, if I had remained amongst them; and delivered me from the West country—from Rome, from the Inquisition, in which I should have ended my days, if he who makes war upon the saints had been able to get me into his clutches:—the voice of God assures me that He will bring me to dwell in the midst of Jerusalem, that is, in the midst of the city of God's people, among Christians who worship Him in spirit and in truth; and in this lively hope I ought to feel assured that I belong to His flock, and that he only is my Sovereign Lord.

The reader may imagine what joy I felt in such reflections as these, at such a moment, and afterwards too, on the arrival of a friend of truth, a minister of the true Gospel, an Italian, who in order to follow the guidance of the Holy Book, had already renounced Popery. This gentleman was Signor V. Crespi; he addressed me in the most friendly manner, cheered and encouraged me, and in a few minutes furnished me with the means of equipping myself like a true citizen, and of ridding myself of that detestable serge of hypocrisy, which I had unfortunately carried on my back for the space of seventeen years. I saw myself born anew to God and to the world: with indescribable joy and gladness I found myself a new man. We very soon went to the College, where we arrived at about seven

o'clock in the evening, and I was not recognised by the Maltese.

I found there two Italian priests who had made a profession of Protestantism some time previously, and who gave me a cheering account of the religious affairs of our country. I afterwards became acquainted with many respectable gentlemen, several of them clergymen belonging to the Protestant College. But what gratified me the most was to hear that Divine Service was performed at Valetta in the Italian language, and that many of our countrymen attended it. This was really the case, and on the following Friday I joined them there. How can I describe the pleasure in which my heart swam, the consolation that lighted up my brow, in finding myself surrounded by friends, by Christian brethren, who themselves, for the holy cause of Christian liberty, were exiles on this Rock! in hearing myself congratulated, applauded for the step I had taken, encouraged to endure hardships, to place all my trust in an over-ruling Providence! in short, with this prelude, prayers commenced; the Holy Word of God was read, and I candidly confess that my heart overflowed with a consolation it had never before experienced, and that I deemed myself the happiest being in the universe.

The tidings of my altered views were spread through Valetta. Many of the Maltese were enraged at the defection of their priests, and threw stones at the windows of the room where Divine Service was performed. Others wrote an article in a journal blaming the step I had taken for two reasons: one, that I had committed a great error in exchanging the Breviary and the Missal for the Bible; the other, that I had acted against the general opinion in abandoning Pio Nono, who was universally considered as the reformer of the

whole world. But knowing, through the grace of God, the great difference that subsists between the Bible and the Breviary—the first, given by the Most High, and the other invented in support of the opposite principle—I held this article in utter contempt. In regard to Pius, I was firmly of opinion that in the end he would be the most despised of any one that had ever before worn the tiara. I was not deceived: my opinion is now completely confirmed—my intimate persuasion fulfilled.

Notwithstanding the article in the journal, and the general outcry against me, the Superior of the Convent where I had remained for two days, sent me everything that belonged to me, and which I had left there when I went to Mr. Cleugh's, for the purpose of changing my dress.

I lost no time, but on the very day after my retirement to the Mission House, wrote a letter to the Bishop, Monsignor Perpetuo Guasco, informing him of the step I had taken, and of the change of my religious opinions.* I know not whether he ever received this letter, because he took not the slightest notice of it in the one he addressed to me, dated Alexandria, 25th Sept., 1847. I did not, however, trouble myself about it, but continued to write to him frequently, though he never answered any of my letters. The only one I received from him is the one referred to above, and of which I shall give a copy in the Appendix,† to show the affection he bore me. I am obliged, however, to confess that this love was soon turned into hatred. When he had ascertained that I was firm in my resolution, and had lost all hope of my return to him, he began to

* See Appendix, Letters, No. II.

† Appendix, Letters, No. III.

speaking ill of me, saying that I had deceived him while I was residing with him, by frequenting the house of Mr. Winder instead of going to Church, and by studying Protestantism instead of the religion of the Pope—that I had never been his friend—with other accusations of a similar nature.

My love for him, however, continued unabated: I never ceased to warn him of his error, and sent him many religious journals, tracts, books, and other interesting papers. Unfortunately, I was sowing in an arid soil, or rather on a stony rock, and my labour was in vain: it produced me nothing in return but the most virulent abuse; and if it were not revolting to the eye and ear of every well educated person, I could report a letter which issued from Monsignor Guasco's Episcopal residence—not however in his own handwriting—full of the vilest scurrilities, invectives as coarse and offensive, as if they had proceeded from the lips of the greatest libertine. It concluded in these terms: “Thou dost thou ask for thy portrait? Know that thou wilt never have it again, for as soon as we knew that thou didst not intend to return, we burnt it opprobriously in public Well was it for thee that thou hadst made thy escape, otherwise thou wouldst have experienced the same fate as thy portrait” Enclosed was a figure taken from Dante's *Inferno* (Canto xxii. line 12, &c.) where Graffiaccane with his hook, drags one of the tormented spirits out of the boiling pitch, by the hair of his head, and underneath were these insulting words written: “This is the reward thou wilt have for reading the Bible!” Many of the religious tracts and journals which I had sent, together with some of my letters, were also enclosed, but so soiled that, at first sight, it

might have been supposed that they had been steeped in the ditch of the galleys (La Darsena) and sent to me from that place.

From this specimen, my readers may well understand what the Papists are, by what spirit they are actuated, what is their love, what their charity. It grieved me much that the Holy Word of God should be thus vituperated. I was also taxed with having carried away many valuable articles from the Episcopal residence. I then determined on writing a religious letter to my former friends in Egypt,* in which I stated the reasons that had induced me to abandon the Papal Church. I subjoined to that letter the one addressed to me by the Bishop,† to prove to the public that, a month after my departure from Alexandria, I received that testimonial from Monsignor Guasco, with whom I resided, by whom I was directed, for whom I laboured; a voluntary testimonial, because it was unsought by me—a testimonial from one now my enemy—a testimonial which must shut the mouth of any one who should dare to asperse my character; although—I confess it anew—before my conversion, I followed the current of all the Papal clergy, and my life was not less reprehensible than theirs. I dare not aver, even now, that the change of religion has changed my nature—that I have become impeccable. No—Heaven forbid that I should make such a boast! I am a sinner, but my mind is now at peace: I am no longer exposed to such closely pressing dangers as those which then beset me. Living with my own family, working with my own hands, employing the little talent I possess, I am leading a very different life from that slothful one which

* See First Edition, Appendix. Letters, No. III.

† Both these letters were translated by an unknown hand, printed and sent to me by post, when residing at Malta.

is led by the priests of the Papal Church, whose greatest labour is to sit in the Confessional, listening to the highly perilous disclosures made by young men and women, husbands and wives, and learning to foment vice. This is so truly the case that the Papists have a proverb: "The Confessor has one foot in hell, and the other in the Inquisition: if he lose his balance, he is sure to fall into one or the other." This proverb explains, in perfection, the true nature of Confession.

I ought to state that an answer was written to that letter (the "Religious Letter to my friends in Egypt,") as I have since been informed by some of my friends, signed by the Catholics of Cairo. A poor silly fellow who had no other means of gaining his livelihood than by taking up his abode near the Convent, and writing articles for the priests, paid by them and the Bishop, wrote a string of infamous falsehoods—a letter similar to the anonymous one, containing the same invectives, the same expressions, the same calumnies—the poor Bishop forgetting all the while the very different testimony he had himself borne to my conduct. Among other falsehoods, it was asserted that I had never been the Bishop's Vicar, notwithstanding I have in my possession a patent written entirely by his own hand, giving that very title to the office I held (. *in vices nostras GERENTEM nominamus*)

To this letter I returned no answer. It was equally as unfit to be written as it was to be answered or read: I therefore treated with the utmost contempt both it and the writer.

The news of my having abandoned the Papal Church, soon circulated among my friends. Several were astonished, others pleased: some wrote to reclaim me, and bring me back to them again. It was not long before I received a letter from the Secretary of the General

Court of the Superior of the Franciscan Order, which together with my answer, will be found in the Appendix.* In fact, I wrote three answers to this letter to be certain that one of them, at least, should find its way into his hands, since our letters were intercepted in Civita Vecchia. Beside this, I received a letter from one of my former fellow students at College; and as he was a native of the province where my friends and relatives dwelt, I wrote three letters also to him, always adding new ideas and different arguments, some of which I have deemed of sufficient importance to publish at the end of the scurrilous letter he addressed to me.†

I received many other letters, but retain no copy of my answers to them, except a few not worth mentioning here. One letter alone pierced me to the heart, and still tortures me with the painful reflection that those nearest and dearest to me should have been induced by that Pharisaical tribe of priests, to hate me—to detest me—to But enough: I entreat the pious reader to offer up a prayer to God in behalf of those who were the objects of my earliest love, and whom I shall continue to love though now abhorred by them, that he would vouchsafe to illuminate them with the light of his truth, and the knowledge of His Holy Word.

It was not long before Dr. Tomlinson, Bishop of Gibraltar, returned to Malta. I had been recommended to him, and he received me with every mark of friendship and regard. He permitted me to partake of the Holy Communion in the Anglican Church, at which time our rising Italian flock was augmented by the addition of another ex-priest—a very learned and worthy man. This was to me another glorious day—a

* See Appendix. Letters IV., V.

† Appendix. Letters VI., VII.

day of triumph, of joy, of consolation. I had taken the Holy Communion thousands of times in the Church which I had abandoned—I had said thousands of masses when I firmly believed in Transubstantiation; but I never experienced any emotion, never found myself fully content, never felt that religion wholly satisfied my heart. Now I seemed to have attained the summit of my wishes—the religion I professed left me nothing more to desire. I was no longer perplexed with doubts, no longer tormented with fears, no longer dismayed at the thought of death, of a future state, of a judgment to come. I now threw myself, unreservedly, into the arms of Christ, my Saviour—in Him I reposed every hope, no longer trusting in my own works, penances, merits; but, on the contrary, acknowledging them to be “vanity and vexation of spirit.” Then I truly felt within me the promise of our Lord: “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Hope seemed to me a possession, faith a reality; and from that moment I have experienced a consolation which has sustained me to the present hour, and will, I trust, sustain me to the end of my life.

Our principal study in the Mission House was to apply ourselves diligently to the perusal of the Bible. Our College made rapid progress: in a few months we numbered eight Ministers, all Italians, and our Church was well attended. Divine service was performed twice in the week, on Sunday and Friday: one of us preached, another read prayers, and our congregation amounted to upwards of fifty persons. On Holy Thursday (Thursday in Passion week) the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, and many partook of it. Let any one imagine what courage this rapid progress, the growth of this little nucleus, gave us. But our hopes

were still further increased by the movement in Italy, the liberty which was proclaimed in every corner of the land. It excited us to closer study, to the dissemination of religious books, journals, &c., among the Italians who came to Malta.

Meanwhile, the steamer arrived from Alexandria. A letter was brought to me from quarantine—I recognised the hand-writing at once, opened it in great haste—my dear friend Moscardi was expecting me there! A long letter was enclosed, giving me an account of his flight and voyage, together with the copy of another letter he had addressed to the Bishop, Monsignor Guasco, at the moment of his departure from Alexandria. I shall insert them both in the Appendix,* as being of a highly interesting character, and forming the conclusion of my friend's history. I did not run to meet him, I flew: I saw him constantly during the eight days he was in quarantine. At the expiration of that time, the quarantine being ended, I was permitted to embrace him, and he came to reside with me.

For some months our affairs appeared to advance prosperously, at least, as far as we could perceive. But the enemy of all good had not ceased from his evil machinations. Our Italian College was to the Papacy a thorn in the side, piercing it very deeply. Emissaries from Rome were sent to seduce us away, but, in this point, they did not succeed. Letters, priests, laymen, and even a Cardinal—Ferretti—were set in motion to overthrow our now established College and progressing Church. On our side, we were firm—I speak of the majority—we were cast down, it is true, but not destroyed; dispersed, but not lost. Suffice it to say, briefly, that the Italian Church was wrested violently out of our hands, without any fault of ours. I can

* Appendix. Letters VIII., IX.

substantiate this assertion, if necessary, by a hundred proofs: and if there was a Judas who treacherously sold our honour to the Pharisees, and is now enjoying the fruit of his perfidy in Rome, I would not, I am grieved to say, on account of the evil that has resulted, change places with either the one or the others.

But though we were obliged, individually, to labour for our daily bread, and were living in our own houses, we were cordially united in spirit. Frequent reunions took place, now in one house, now in another, so that we never ceased to preach the Gospel to our countrymen, who listened to us with extraordinary pleasure, and gladly received the Holy Word of God. Immense benefit would accrue to Malta by the establishment of an Italian Missionary there, not among the Maltese but the Italians, with whom that Island abounds.*

I will now, in conclusion, entreat the attention of my benevolent readers to three points. The first, to ascribe no merit to me in aught that befel me during the progress of my conversion, but to impute all to the goodness and grace of God. The second, to accept my thanks for having enabled me to publish this little work, which I trust, through the Divine blessing, may be instrumental in doing good, by exposing, in part, the grievous errors of the Papal system. The third, to read and take into serious consideration, the following pages.

I was born and educated in Italy, and although I am now a British subject, the love which I still bear to that beautiful country haunts and torments

* In my first Edition, I stated that I could wish to have related several discussions which I had held with different Papists (one of them a Jesuit), and that on some future occasion—should the opportunity present itself—I hoped to bring forward some further details. I now, with gratitude and pleasure, refer the reader to the Appendix, Note D., where the discussion with the Jesuit is inserted.

me. The thought that a people, in former times a race of heroes, should have degenerated into slaves; in former times good and fervent Christians, should now be far removed from vital Christianity—inasmuch as Popery is the antagonist of truth—deeply afflicts me. And what is most remarkable, the Italian people are now in a crisis, a state of determined resolution. Popery has received a mortal blow—has fallen never more to rise. The days of the funeral pile, of tortures, of the public ordeal, adopted by the infamous tribunal of the “Holy Inquisition”—at least as they were practised in former ages—are now gone by: the people have shaken off that yoke. In some parts of Italy, rigorous measures are still resorted to, but the Pope would consider well before he condemned any one to the stake. The people in general, I may say, in a mass, protest against the Papacy: the priests declaim and preach but with enfeebled spirit; partly, because they fear an outbreak close at hand (for themselves)—and then woe to the monkish habit—woe to those poor unfortunates!—and partly, because they already find themselves scorned and derided. In Italy, at the present day, people go to the preaching or to mass, as they would to see a criminal standing in the pillory. Popery is now reduced to a skeleton, without animation, open to observation on every side, with every blemish exposed to view, horrible even to loathing, and detested by all. There are many potent magicians exerting all their powers to the utmost to restore its vigour, but in vain; the skeleton is inert; as time advances, the bones become carious, and are ready to crumble into dust. The Italians are now no longer Papists. What are they then? For the most part, they are walking with rapid pace in the paths of Infidelity, whither Popery has conducted them. According to the view I

take of the subject, now appears to me to be the time to raise them, if a benevolent hand were extended to their aid; they are on the brink of a precipice, ready to fall headlong into the gulf beneath. One only remedy can save them—the BIBLE. The holy Word of God would vivify and restore that people, now skeleton-like, divested of Christianity, to a new form, a new and spiritual life—a life of grace! The Italians are ready to receive the pure Gospel of Christ; there is yet time, or rather now is the golden opportunity, now the time to work—let it not be lost. My Christian brethren, you, whose charity and love shine resplendently, even to the confines of the earth; you who expend millions in order to spread the holy Scriptures over the whole world; you who send the Bible into barbarous nations, among savage tribes, will you not be moved to pity for a people who dwell, as it were, in your bosom? You encircle with your fleets and your fortresses that beautiful Italy, which, prostrate on the ground, handcuffed and fettered, demands not only your compassion but your succour. She implores of you, O magnanimous nation! a twofold liberty; and I, uniting my voice with that of so many of my compatriots, conjure you for liberty of conscience. Permit me to add, that a double obligation binds you to effect for us this object—the Bible commands it, and you as obedient Christians will perform it. We are members of the mystical body of our Lord Jesus Christ; shall we suffer other members, already gangrened by the malignant arts of an avaricious physician for his own profit, to be left in his hands, and not seek to provide them with an abler physician, one who shall heal and restore to them the use of their vital functions? If we neglect this duty, we are ourselves dead members, because we do not sympathise in the wants of our brethren. If the words of St. James do

not resound in our ears, if we say to the naked, the cold, the hungry, “Be ye clothed, and warmed, and filled, and give them not those things that be needful, what doth it profit?” (St. James i. 15, 16.) In like manner, if we say, “Why do you believe in the Pope?—why are you infidels?—why are you unconverted? you will be lost!” and yet withhold from them the means, by not placing the Word of God in their hands, we are cruel and unfeeling members, insulting our sick and necessitous brethren. And if we say that we love them and do not assist them, we do not speak the truth. “My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in DEED and in TRUTH.” (1 St. John ii. 18.) If a poor tattered creature, benumbed with cold, dying of hunger, were to knock at your door, would not your heart be touched with pity, would not your hand extend a mite to enable him to support in some measure, his miserable existence? Thousands of my poor countrymen are stretching out their hands to you, asking you to send them a word of consolation, a word of life,—a Testament of the Eternal Father—will you not bestow it on them? If you refuse, what charity does your faith work in you? But in good truth, you deserve not such a reproach, since you are ever ready to succour your fellow creatures. I will prove to you, however, that you ought also to succour your former benefactors—the Italians! For when, through the intrigues of evil-minded persons and the ignorance of the times, the English Church fell into error, two learned and benevolent Italians, Bernardino Ochinus and Peter Martyr, were invited to England by your Archbishop Cranmer, in 1547, to assist him in carrying on the work of the Reformation. They were made prebendaries of Canterbury, where they preached the liberty of the Gospel, the doctrines of the Reformation, and, by their

indefatigable zeal, laboured to procure for you both spiritual and temporal blessings. Italy, fallen into the errors of Popery, kept in a state of barbarism up to the present day, now asks the true Gospel at your hands. Will you not kindly respond to her demand, and send back to her the boon which you received from her? I think you will all gladly contribute to this end. Permit me to point out to you the way. I will explain my project in as few words as possible.

Many societies have been formed in your country for foreign Missions. It appears to me that one might be formed, expressly for Italy. It should be composed of Englishmen only, of persons selected by yourselves, men of probity, and true Christians. These might regulate the administration of the funds of the "Society for sending out Missionaries and Books, exclusively for the use of the Italians," the missionaries to be approved by the Committee, and to depend entirely on them. In my opinion, the missionaries should be Italians, in order that they might meet with no opposition. They should be paid every three months, after the receipt of a journal giving an account of their proceedings, signed by some trustworthy person authorised by the Committee, and residing in the place whither the missionary had been sent. There are now many converted ex-priests amongst us, who have given proof of their sincerity, and possess high testimonials of their conduct. These should be the first to be examined—(I would place myself lowest in the list)—and according to the resources, beginning with small means, let them be sent where they would be allowed to reside as citizens. Moreover, the British flag waves around the Peninsula, and there are thousands of Italian families disposed to receive the Word of God.

I, on my part, am ready to make no slight effort for

the good of my countrymen, and I could point out several others well qualified for the office. No foreigner should be trusted by you, because men are never fully known, but all should remain in your hands. And if there should be found any slothful person among the missionaries, he should immediately be dismissed, agreeably to the injunction of St. Paul, "If any work not, neither should he eat." In the places to which the missionaries would be sent, provisions are cheap, and a moderate sum would suffice for the maintenance of a respectable family.

For the details, the Committee would find out a way to provide. My intention is simply to place my project, as a nucleus, before you. If you should think fit to take it into consideration, be pleased to communicate with the under-mentioned gentlemen on the subject. I have laid before them the present prospectus; they approve my plan, and are willing to be the first in promoting the undertaking.

The Rev. W. B. CALVERT, the Vicarage, Frome,
Somerset.

The Rev. ALFRED DANIEL, Trinity Parsonage, Frome.

The Rev. R. J. MEADE, the Vicarage, Castle Cary,
Somerset.

The Rev. J. W. NEAT, Standerwick Court, near
Beckington, Somerset.

The Rev. E. D. WICKHAM, Holmwood, near Dorking,
Surrey.

In Rome, subscriptions are being made, and money is collected for the propagation of Popery, the promulgation of falsehood and deceit, the disturbance of peaceful and tranquil kingdoms, and for purposes of political intrigue with foreigners. This will, I hope, excite you to emulation of a different kind—the emulation of doing good, the propagation of the Word

of God, the diffusion of the true peace of the Gospel, by sending out men unconnected with intrigue of every kind—with anything inconsistent with the character of Christian ministers. If my entreaties should induce but one-half of my eight hundred subscribers to take part in this interesting project, my labour would not be wholly lost; and the boldness of my suggestion will, I trust, be pardoned from this consideration—that I, who have been converted from darkness to light, anxiously desire that the same blessing should be extended to my countrymen, whose spiritual welfare I have so much at heart.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A. (See page 5.)

THE penances to which reference has been made, are well known to Papists ; but as all readers of this little work may not be enlightened as to the practices of Rome, an explanation shall be given : and in the first place respecting *fasts*. During twenty-four hours, from midnight to midnight, food must only be taken once, and that must be at noon.

These are the rules given to the laity, but the priests allow themselves some privileges, namely, dinner sufficient to satisfy the largest appetite, generally consisting of plenty of soup, two dishes of meat, fruit, bread without restriction, and wine in abundance : in the morning, a good cup of coffee, with two ounces of bread, called “the theological crust ;” in the evening, six ounces of bread (according to Liguori), a dish of small fishes, and wine. This is the fast for the monks ; for those who do penance for their own sins and those of others. Several days in the year are set apart for *abstinence* from meat and from milk diet ; but monks and priests easily obtain dispensations from their observance ; so that during the seventeen years I spent amongst them, I never saw them keep Lent ; though they preached abstinence to poor laymen, and made them believe that they practised what they preached, whilst they cooked meat for themselves in private. Youths during their probation, however, are not permitted to eat so much, it being necessary for them to learn abstinence.

We will now speak of *flagellation*. Young people have the diabolical principle infused into their minds, that flagellation of the body will assist them to gain heaven by their merits, and bring the flesh into subjection to the spirit. To support this, they quote St. Paul’s words (1 Cor. ix. 27) : “Castigo corpus meum, et in servitudinem redigo.” Thus they made us read it in the Vulgate, but I have since found that it

should rather be expressed as follows :—“ I keep under my body and bring it into subjection.” I believe that St. Paul meant subjection to the will of the Spirit, by abstaining from unlawful indulgences, whether in excess of eating or drinking, immoderate anger, or anything else, permitted by God, or required by nature in moderation, but not exorbitantly.

Our teachers brought forward another passage from St. Paul's Epistles in the Vulgate, in support of their self-inflicted tortures. “ I accomplish that which is wanting in the passion of Christ : ” therefore, they say, the sufferings of Christ are not complete for man's salvation, that is to say, our Saviour has done His part, but there is a part left for man to perform also, this we must complete by flagellations, by mortification of the body, by some self-inflicted cross. What impiety ! What a proof of the blindness of proud man ! who, rather than accept the offer of salvation through the alone merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, the one sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, “ and rather than confess that he is incapable of doing anything himself towards procuring eternal salvation, desires to add something of his own to the price which has already been fully paid, by the offering up of Jesus Christ once for all ; ” and thus rebels against his good Shepherd, rejects the precious gift of the Almighty, alters the word of God to suit his own interest, and exalts human works into meritorious actions. (Is. lxiv. 6.)

It is true, that our Lord Jesus Christ calls on us to take up the cross and follow Him. He, who is the head of the spiritual body, bore suffering with patience ; we, who are His members, ought to submit patiently to scorn, persecution, pain, adversity, and all that is repugnant to the natural man, when He calls on us to do so.

This I believe to be the meaning of St. Paul in the verse quoted above ; but pride and rebellion against the free gifts of Christ were instilled into our minds by the teaching which we received from our entrance into a religious life.

Discipline.—We were ordered to scourge ourselves with cords three times a week for a quarter of an hour ; this was to be done in the church, at midnight, and our zealous master bade us not to spare the body, but to scourge it as it deserved ; besides this, those who desired to make greater progress in sanctity, were allowed to flagellate themselves with iron chains till the blood came.

The Cilicio is a band three or four inches broad, made of iron wire with the points standing out, which penetrate the

sides so as to cause dreadful torture when fastened round the body. A poor youth who was one of my fellow collegians, and more disposed to fanaticism than myself, having formed a scheme of overcoming the devil and his temptations by penances and discipline, scourged himself in so dreadful a manner as to require surgical assistance, and to be obliged to keep his bed many days for fear of the whole body being ulcerated. I never committed such extravagances, not that I disbelieved what my master told me, but because I did not think my soul sufficiently advanced in this strange way of perfection. It is impossible to repeat all the absurdities, partly true, partly invented by himself, which our bigoted master related on this subject, of persons who had tortured themselves with handfuls of nettles, or thrown themselves among thorns, or borne a cross of immense weight a long way on their shoulders; of others who had worn a cross on the breast with iron spikes turned inwards, or had slept on beds filled with twigs; or had dipped their clothes in a cold spring in the severest weather, and put them on out of doors, so that they had frozen to their backs. Every saint, in short, had reached heaven by this path of suffering. These extraordinary modes of discipline formed our usual subject of conversation.

NOTE B. (*See page 6.*)

In this note I shall endeavour to expose the origin of several errors in the Papal Church. My aim has been not merely to satisfy a vain curiosity, but to produce some beneficial influence on the people of this country, threatened at the present time with the baneful contagion of Popery. God forbid that I should be supposed to act so contrary to the spirit of the Bible as to find fault with prayer, or with the recital of psalms or passages of Holy Scripture in the form of prayer; I only blame the wrong use of prayers by many Christians, and the evils which have thence arisen in the Church of Christ.

Our Lord Jesus Christ is the only master whose teaching cannot deceive. Nothing needful for us to know has been omitted by Him. Respecting prayer, He says, "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the Heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking, be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him." (Matt. vi.

5, 7.) In connexion with this, our Lord set forth a more beautiful form of prayer than the human mind could have conceived. All who consider the words of the Redeemer most sacred, must perceive that they point out conciseness in prayer as more pleasing to God than many vain repetitions and empty sayings. He says, "Shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret," warning us that religion does not consist in making a show of prayer in order to appear devout, which is mere hypocrisy. Let me not be thought to oppose the Apostolical practice of assembling to pray for the necessities of the Church, and for the common wants of mankind, to thank God for mercies received, to hear His word, and decide matters of Church discipline; for our Lord Jesus Himself testifies, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." (Matt. xviii. 20.) Though our Divine Master's teaching may appear contradictory, commanding at one time to pray in secret, at another, openly and conjointly, I find these injunctions in perfect unison, as He is recommending in the first place private prayer, every man having particular wants, desires, sorrows, which he must pour out to his heavenly Father when alone. In the second place, we are not commanded to meet together for prayer only, but chiefly for mutual edification, for receiving the Lord's Supper, and hearing the Word of God explained by the prophets or preachers.

This is not my own idea, but I think it can be traced through various parts of the New Testament, especially in the accounts of St. Paul's meetings with the early Christians.

In our assemblies for public worship, prayer should be especially made for the right understanding of the Word of God read by the minister. I find this practice in the reformed Churches, but in the Church of Rome and the Eastern Churches, it is lost. In the reformed Churches, there is seldom a service without a sermon, but in all others, the people meet to hear a liturgy in an unknown tongue, contrary to the words of St. Paul, "I would rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue" (1 Cor. xiv. 19); they seldom hear the Word of God preached, because a sermon is rarely addressed to the people, but they consider it a duty to hear mass in Latin, because the commandment of the Church must be obeyed, which requires them to keep the festivals holy. "What harm is there," they say, "in repeating a prayer many times? what harm in

reciting psalms, or other prayers whilst we are at work ? ” This is the point we have arrived at, “ Where is the harm ? ” I will now endeavour to show wherein it consists.

When the purity of the Church began to decline, men said, “ What harm can there be in repetitions of prayer ? prayer is good, so the oftener we repeat it, the more good we do.” Thus was the custom of the frequent repetition of the same prayer introduced. Was, then, our Lord’s prohibition needless ? Such an absurdity cannot be imagined. The consequences which have followed the practice in the Papal and Eastern Churches, where the same prayer is repeated a hundred times in succession, show clearly why it was forbidden by our Lord. The first consequence is, that those who hear the same prayers so frequently repeated, commit them to memory, and get the habit of saying them without entering into their meaning ; the second consequence, that since they know these prayers, they do not take pains to learn others ; the third, that prayer becomes nothing but a bodily exercise, and they fancy merit is acquired in proportion to the number of repetitions ; the fourth, that the priests, who are obliged to go through the prayers, as well as many of the laity, try to get over them as rapidly as possible ; their prayers, therefore, sound like carriage wheels driven along with the utmost speed, that they may reach quickly their journey’s end. The fifth consequence is, that they think prayer only a form which will avail with God, though offered in a language which the offerer does not understand. Hence we find that the Papal Church prays in Latin ; the Copts, who speak Arabic, in the ancient Coptic ; the Greek Papists in Greek ; languages not understood by the members of those Churches respectively, which have unreasonably retained liturgies formed at the decline of the Christian religion, and worship in a dead language, unknown to the people, and often to the priests themselves.

The sixth and last consequence is, that God is provoked to anger by their prayers, because they do not understand what they say, and because they blaspheme by speaking in an unknown tongue, generally pronounced so badly that it becomes mockery instead of prayer. I witnessed this myself in a Greek Church in Cairo, which was called Roman Catholic. The priests sang mass in Greek, of which they did not understand a syllable, and repeating a hundred times the words *aghios ischiros*, so mispronounced them, as to make them convey the idea of *swine* instead of *The Mighty One*.

Such are the fearful consequences which those Churches have brought on themselves that have followed their own devices, instead of the laws of God. Our Lord Jesus Christ foreseeing them, and others of the same nature, forbade Christians to use vain repetitions. But Popery, which has always loved to contradict the commands of our Lord Jesus Christ, has gone still further and plunged its Church into the depths of error and ruin. "Prayer is good," they say, "therefore we must pray much ; it is the duty of the priests especially to repeat as many excellent prayers as possible ;" for this purpose was invented their book of daily prayers, the Breviary. "What harm can there be," they say, "in the priests using the Breviary which contains so many beautiful prayers ?" "What harm," say the devotees, "in our making a collection of prayers and repeating them often ?" No harm, I reply ; on the contrary, we need liturgies in our Churches ; scriptural forms of prayer are good, and all those Churches which pray as the Word of God directs, are taught of the Holy Ghost. Liturgies are not to be rejected when man is content to keep within the limits of truth ; but when the proud fanatic neglects the Word of God, as the Papal Church has done, one error draws him into another ; he sinks lower and lower till he reaches the lowest abyss.

All unprejudiced persons who have examined the Breviary must have found evil in it. Artful Popes have so compiled it, as to deceive men of all classes ; their aim has been to keep the Papal Colossus standing. It contains an abstract, indeed, of Holy Scriptures, and of the Apocryphal books ; but so arranged, and so selected, as to favour the Papal interest ; so that in this book are contained all the crafty artifices of the most evil-minded Popes. In the first place, they have decreed that it is a sin to change a single word in the Breviary ; it is a matter of faith, its contents are the *ex cathedra* decision of the Pope, and, therefore, immutable and infallible. They are under the command of a firm belief in it. I will briefly set before the reader the fraudulence which is hidden in this book ; it contains many antiphonæ, hymns, verses, psalms, and chapters or portions taken from the Holy Scriptures, but in scarcely any of these passages is the place quoted whence they are taken ; many others are added which are creations of the Church, that is of the Pope ; whence it follows that the young priests who commit to memory portions of this medley, believing it all to be the word of God, and the doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ, seek no

other instruction, no other Bible. In this manner, the Papal clergy are drawn into error. When they preach, their texts are taken from the Breviary ; they quote from it in the Confessional, and in doctrinal discussions. We thus see that "What harm is there ?" has led to unbelief, to idolatry, to fables ; because absurdities, blasphemies, invocation of Saints, adoration of the Virgin, are all mingled together in the Breviary.

My readers will no longer be surprised that Romish priests are in error, since they are drawn into it by this Breviary, a small but pestilential book ; a book of execration, instead of prayer ; of deceit, instead of the truth of God. I feel sure that the principal calamity of the Romish Church has been the invention of this pernicious book, for although it contains beautiful prayers, the bad spoil the good. Bitter and sweet mixed together form a loathsome beverage, for the bitter spoils the sweet.

The only safe guides to acceptable prayer are the simple Word of God, and the form taught us by our Lord ; by adhering to these we shall not fall into error. There must be perseverance in prayer, but in prayer from the heart, not from the lips only ; for the lips do not always follow the thoughts of the mind, and the feelings of the heart ; but the mind, the heart, and the lips ought to unite together in prayer.

I must here speak of another error into which the Papal Church has fallen from not having kept to the true meaning of the Bible. "What harm is there," it was said, "in retiring into a desert to devote one's self to prayer and to a life of sanctity ?" what harm in devoting one's self to the service of God by a monastic vow ? There would be none if man would keep within the bounds of reason, but his natural pride makes him break through them. That which seemed right and of little consequence in the very beginning, became gradually the means of increasing fanaticism. The very deserts of Egypt were peopled ; penances, fastings, seclusion from the world, assumed such an importance, that those who retired into deserts were sure of being saved ; pride increased, ambition was excited, penances became necessary to salvation ; the Bible, which promises salvation by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, was scarcely thought of ; His Gospel, which teaches that He died once for all, and that His precious blood had washed away all guilt, was no longer believed : man, in order to obtain salvation, tortured himself

by hunger, thirst, and scourging : pride carried him still further ; he rejected the great work of Christ, and thought to save himself by his own merits. New follies were invented, such as the vow of celibacy, contrary to God's precept, which says, " increase and multiply ; " afterwards appeared various orders of priests, monks, and friars, named after every colour that could be devised by visionaries and fanatics, who burthened the people for their maintenance, defrauded society of many subjects, robbed widows and orphans of their bread, filled the world with idlers and criminals, with iniquity and crime. Such have been the consequences of men having followed their own fancies and not the Word of God. Again, " What harm is there in kissing the priests' hands ? " I answer, in the extravagant respect felt by the laity for their priests, which was gradually changed into superstitious veneration. They were considered superior to all men, especially in the knowledge of Holy Scripture, and this was reasonable ; for those who made the Bible their peculiar study, should, speaking after the manner of men, be more thoroughly informed in it, than the laity ; and those who devoted themselves to this study in true faith, would surely be enlightened by the Holy Ghost.

Afterwards a fancied dignity was attributed to the priests ; they were considered sacred persons, therefore mediators between God and man ; and, in some instances, even more powerful than God Himself ; and these crafty ones, from interested motives, made themselves priests, to sell their sacrifices. The Pope, clever in turning every thing to his own profit, made a law, that the hands of the priests were worthy of being kissed ; granting five days' indulgence and Paradise to all who should kiss a priest's hand. See that ignorant throng, kneeling before a deceiver, who presents his hand, which they kiss devoutly. " What harm is there in this ? " This is the harm ; the weak populace are debased under the yoke of the clergy whom they look on as gods, their words are listened to as oracles ; and, instruction being sought from no other source, these poor deluded ones always continue strangers to the truth. To complete this farce, the Pope has gone so far as to present his feet to be kissed, and seeing himself thus adored has blasphemously commanded them to call him God, Father, Most Holy, and what is still more surprising, a crowd of adorers is seen prostrate at his feet, of all people, nations, and languages ; verifying the words of St. John in the Apocalypse, " the inhabitants of the

earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication." (Rev. xvii. 2.) Into such absurdities have these been led, who have disobeyed our Lord's command: (Matt. xxiii. 8—16.) "Be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your Master, even Christ; AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

The worship of images was introduced imperceptibly into the Papal Church, as into the Churches of the East. Eusebius informs us, that the plan of instructing the people by means of images, originated with the converts from heathenism. "There can be no harm," it was said, "in painting figures on the walls, or windows of churches: they were intended for the instruction of the ignorant, and not for objects of adoration." Oh, foolish people! I will say to you as Eusebius did, obey implicitly the law which, under terrible maledictions, forbids the faithful not only to adore images, but even to make them, to introduce them into their dwellings, to show them to the people: can it ever be imagined that God gave this commandment without reason? May God preserve us from such blasphemy! We have seen the terrible consequences to which the Papal Church has been reduced by disobedience to the laws of God. But I have treated on this error at greater length elsewhere.

NOTE C. (*See page 59.*)

In the year 1833, when I was studying philosophy in the town of Sinigaglia, my master F. Luigi di Jesi related to me the following fact. When he was himself a student in the same monastery, a young man of much ability was there, whose name I have forgotten; he devoted himself intensely to study, and on this account frequented the library; in his researches there, he found a Bible covered with dust, in the case of prohibited books; as it was in Italian (Diodati's translation) he took it secretly into his room, and there began to read it; after some days' study, it appeared to him somewhat different from the Vulgate, of which he took a copy from the same library, and began to compare it with the Italian: though he knew no other languages, he was enabled by the teaching of the Holy Spirit to discover which of these two Bibles was most on the side of truth, so that he made notes in the margin of the book, showing where the translation was incorrect, wherein the Popish priests acted contrary to it, and where the Papal Church itself was opposed to it: what points these were I cannot relate, because I was

only told of the two following : first, St. Paul's declaration, " Marriage is honourable in all " (Heb. xiii. 4); and the second, on the same subject. (1 Cor. vii. 9.) " The priest's vow of celibacy is therefore contrary to St. Paul ; " this was his marginal note. This young man, having little experience, was not aware of the malice of his fellow collegians : by which of them it was contrived is not known, but it is certain that one morning a search warrant was brought unto his room by the Superior with two other friars ; they found the two Bibles in question, which were examined by two theologians, and the marginal notes being discovered in the Papal Bible, the young man was adjudged to be suspected of heresy, and summoned to an examination. He was then asked why he had made such remarks in the only Bible which was infallible, because approved by the Pope who could not err. He answered that the Vulgate was in part incorrect, and that the Church was in some points contrary to the Vulgate itself ; though reproaches, punishments, and other means were used to make him retract, all were in vain, he remained firm in his opinions, and was imprisoned, without any trial, on suspicion of heresy. He remained in confinement a long while, suffering without complaint, until one night he contrived to make his escape into Switzerland, where he found that his opinions agreed perfectly with those of the Reformed Church. Means are not lacking when God intends to enlighten one of His creatures. Our youth remained there quietly for some time, until he received reiterated messages to recal him to the province of Ancona. So much was done by promises or manœuvres, that, with the assurance of liberty, and that he should suffer nothing, this inexperienced young man, being in a state of destitution, and trusting to these false promises, returned to his own country. Scarcely had he set foot in the Papal dominions than he was captured, sent to Pesara, and shut up in prison, loaded with chains. Two theologians endeavoured to make him retract, but he was firmer in his opinions than ever, because his knowledge of Holy Scripture had been much increased in Switzerland, every tradition, every Papal decretal had been renounced, and the Bible acknowledged as his only rule of faith. They then told the Bishop that it was impossible to shake his opinions, because he would believe in the Bible only, and that he must be delivered up to the Holy Office. He was therefore taken to Rome, and thrown into the dungeon of the Inquisition ; what happened to him there, no one knows, excepting that

shortly after, he was condemned to be burnt in the public square. The friars of his Order, fearing a stigma would be fixed on them if any one from their province were publicly burnt, tried to prevent the execution of the sentence, and offered up prayers in the Church, for seven months, that his life might be spared ; their intrigues, manœuvres, and money were effectual ; the young man died in prison before the time appointed for the execution of the decree. “ It was affirmed, and is generally believed, that he was poisoned,” said our master, after having related with much simplicity this horrible account of what had passed under his own eyes. I have stated word for word what I heard from him. This is a certain fact which happened thirty-five or forty years ago.

The Papal Church still proceeds in the same manner, condemning those to be burnt to death who will not believe, and poisoning those who on account of some private interest or intrigue are not burnt. I call on the person who replied so weakly to the letter I addressed to Cairo, who excused the Papal Church, who said it put no one to death, excepting for political offences—I charge him to read the number of “ *les Archives Evangeliques* ” for the month of March ; he will find there a letter from a Papist, describing the state of the Inquisition in the 19th century. Calcined bodies, trap doors, furnaces filled with fragments of bones, ashes of human bodies, skeletons walled up, dark prisons—so narrow that a man loaded with chains could scarcely enter them—were found there on February 27th, 1849. Were such punishments, I ask, for political offences only ? or were they not rather the Satanic machinations of that “ man of sin,” to whom it was given to make war on the saints, and to shed their blood ?

NOTE D. (*See page 110.*)

I here redeem, in part, at least, the pledge given in the first Edition of my Narrative, namely, that I would relate some discussions which I held, after my conversion, with several Papists, on various points of religion. But as it would take a volume to report them all, I must confine myself to one in particular, which appears to me to be especially adapted to the circumstances of the present times. The discussion to which I allude was a very warm debate that took place between me and a Jesuit expelled from Rome, a few months after my arrival from Malta. The

Jesuits who were driven out of Italy, as persons inimical to the well being of society, were cordially received at Malta by their friend, the Governor at that period, and a convent was assigned to their use.

I understood that a certain theologian, P. Zuliani, had arrived there from Rome, and, from a motive of curiosity, I wished to become acquainted with him, and hear what he would say to the step I had taken. I confess that I went thither without the smallest hope of converting him, being aware that I had little to expect from a Jesuit—from one of that class described in the Apocalypse, chapter xiii. verse 11, as the *second* beast, who is come to give life and strength to the *former* beast, to assist him in making war upon the saints, inebriating themselves with the blood of the martyrs of the Lord. Entertaining these and similar ideas, I had nothing to hope, except through the direct operation of the mighty hand of the Supreme.

However, I went to the convent, where I found the person of whom I was in quest. It is unnecessary for me here to repeat what excuses I made for my intrusion, and in what manner I introduced the subject of religion. Suffice it to say that, in a very short time, we commenced a discussion on tradition. I must do the Jesuit the justice to declare that he was very powerful in argument, and that, at first, he had the advantage over me. If my courage had failed, I should have been discomfited ; but my cause was good, and I rallied all my forces to the encounter.

On one point, I quoted a text of St. Paul's, and on searching for it was unable to find it. "This," said he, "is the way with the Protestants—they always quote the Bible, when the quotations are false." In my confusion, I could not find the passage, but I assured him that I had quoted correctly a text from one of St. Paul's Epistles, and that I should soon be able to convince him of it. (In fact, I afterwards wrote him a letter, which I caused to be inserted in the "Indicatore," a religious journal, for the month of April, in which I pointed out the precise passage, having found it in the Epistle to the Colossians, the second chapter, and eighth verse.) This was a great point for me, because, being rather weak on the subject of tradition, the question remained undecided, and another, more interesting and more important to my design, was brought forward. On this I was better informed, since it had been the first step towards my conversion ; it was also a powerful argument to prove the

fallibility of the Pope, and the falsity of the Papal religion. I mean, the omission of the Second Commandment of the Decalogue—the adoration of images—the idolatry of the Papal Church. This question was treated at great length, and I shall report it in the form of a Dialogue. I do not engage to repeat, *verbatim*, all the arguments and instances that were adduced on both sides, but simply to give the sentiments. And as I hope this little work may be read both by Papists, who adore images, and by others who are inclined to embrace that pernicious doctrine, what I did not say then, but have stated, on other occasions and in other discussions, I shall add now. For this reason I shall frame the Dialogue as between a Protestant and a Jesuit, that if any new idea appear to be started, it may not be said that what I relate is fictitious.

Protestant. And with respect to the adoration of images, what will you say? Can you defend the Papal Church, and maintain that she does not adore images, when the fact is so notorious as to require no proof of it?

Jesuit. No; for, on the contrary, the Papal Church has destroyed the disgusting idolatry of the Heathen, and has raised herself out of it, pure and lovely, in robes clean and white: she reigns over all nations—her power extends over the whole world—therefore she is Catholic.

Protestant. It is true that the *Roman* Church destroyed idolatry in Rome, as the Greek Church destroyed it in Greece, the French Church in France, &c. But the *Papal* Church has since come forth, and re-established idolatry in a different form, but with greater art and subtlety, and in a manner calculated to be more pernicious to mankind than was even the idolatry of the Pagans. In short, I wish to convince you that the Papal Church is idolatrous—that she adores images. This has been the principal cause of my conversion, and if you should prove to me the contrary, I should be greatly perplexed and confused.

Jesuit. Oh, if this be all you require, I will convince you in four seconds.

Protestant. Well, I am ready! But in the first place, in order to arrive at the proofs, it is necessary to establish the principal point. Permit me, therefore, to give a definition of the word *adoration*, according to the Bible meaning.

Jesuit. Oh, you Protestants can do nothing without the Bible! But we have a Dictionary here; we can find the verb *adore*, and it is quickly decided.

Protestant. No, no, my good Sir ! I am a Christian, and I retain the Bible as the sole foundation and infallible rule, as did the Primitive Christians ; and if you are, as you say, a Christian, you must stand by the decision of the Bible in my hand. If you do not agree to these conditions, it is not my intention to argue with one who is not a Bible Christian.

Jesuit. No : I meant that the word *adoration* was well understood, and that there was no need of so much explanation ; but if such be your pleasure, I will listen to your argument.

Protestant. Adoration, in the Scripture sense, then, has no other signification than the worship which the creature is bound to render to the Creator, who alone is worthy to receive it. In the Apocalypse, chapter v. 12, 13, and vii. 11, 12, we read that the Lamb alone, the Divine Son Incarnate, is “worthy of honour, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever.” And here, in the fourth chapter of St. Luke, the seventh verse, it is written : “If, therefore, thou wilt adore* (worship) me, &c. ;” and in the eighth verse, “But Jesus answered and said, Get thee behind me, Satan : for it is written, Thou shalt adore (worship) the Lord thy God, and serve him only.” (Deut. vi. 13.) We can, if you like, search through the whole Bible, and we shall find very nearly the same words ; but as you and I are not Barbarians, I think we shall agree in this principle, that adoration is due to God alone, the Creator of heaven and earth.

Jesuit. Doubtless, no one can oppose this incontrovertible assertion.

Protestant. This is certainly the Bible definition. But where Christians do not agree, and where perhaps you do not agree with me, is in the definition of the word adoration, in giving the true character of the act of homage which the creature owes to the Creator ; and it is on this point especially that I wish to reason with you, because, when we have settled the terms, we can then discuss the question.

Jesuit. Well, I will hear your method of defining it, and if I approve it, we will then proceed with the argument.

Protestant. My plan is simply this : to find some passages in Holy Scripture which bear upon the subject, and then show in what way the Patriarchs worshipped the true God.

* The reader is requested to bear in mind that the verb, which in the English Translation of the Bible is rendered *to worship*, is almost invariably expressed in the Italian Version by the verb *to adore*.

The first instance that occurs is, as you see here, in the fourth chapter of Genesis, the third and fourth verses, the offering of Cain and Abel. Abel adored (worshipped) the Creator by bringing of the firstlings of his flock: Cain offered of the fruits of the ground. The good and the bad agree in the idea of offering gifts to the Creator. In the same book of Genesis, we find that Abraham adored (worshipped) those three personages who appeared to him in the plain of Mamre, in one ONLY Lord—"he bowed himself toward the ground, and said, *My Lord*, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray *thee*, from thy servant," &c. He saw and spoke to *Three*, and adored but *One*, which was, as you will allow, the Triune God. (Gen. xviii.)

Jesuit. Certainly: many doctors of the Roman Church agree in this opinion, and it shews that the Hebrews had some idea of the Trinity.

Protestant. Jacob adored (worshipped) the Lord, leaning on the top of his staff.

Jesuit. That is not true! He adored the head of his staff (*il pomo del suo bacolo*), because, as many pious persons believe, the eye of God was engraven on it, or at least His name; and hence we prove the adoration of images, the work of men's hands.

Protestant. Oh, my dear Sir, you are in great error—it is thus you are led away by your ignorance of languages. Read all the translations of the East and West, and first of all, the Greek Bible, and you will find that the Vulgate is incorrectly translated, because in the original (Hebrews xi., 21), St. Paul wrote, "and adored on the top of his staff." He did not adore the head of his staff, but leaned upon or was supported by his staff. Read, however, as much as you please; find some one, if you can, to explain the Greek to you; and then, if you can prove that I do not speak the truth, expose me in the public prints, which will, doubtless, be very gratifying to me.

Jesuit. Yes, and I will do it too! But now proceed.

Protestant. In Exodus xxxiv. 8, it is written, "And Moses made haste, and bowed his head toward the earth, and adored (worshipped)." Again, 2 Samuel xii. 20, "Then David arose from the earth, and washed and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord, and adored (worshipped)." Shall I go on and adduce other passages from the Old Testament, in which you will see that

adoration consists principally in *offerings*, *prayers*, and *prostrations*? I speak of that kind of adoration which is expressed by external acts, since it would be difficult to argue on internal, or mental adoration.

Jesuit. Certainly we can enter into no discussion on the internal actions of mankind.

Protestant. I will now find out for you some passages in the New Testament, whereby you will see that our Saviour sanctioned this manner of adoring Him. We see Jesus, who did not listen to, but on the contrary repulsed the Tempter, though he had only required him to prostrate himself and adore him, answering him in these words, "Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God, and Him ONLY." From this fact it appears that the devil did not, in the adoration which he asked our Lord to pay him, require anything more than that He should prostrate Himself on the ground; and that Jesus acknowledged this act as a real act of adoration, as it appears from his answer. The blind man restored to sight confessed Jesus publicly, and adored Him; according to the Greek word, he *prostrated himself*. And truly and reasonably this was all that the poor man could do, especially in the midst of such a crowd. On other occasions our Divine Master was adored, but always with prostrations and prayers, and He never prohibited the act.

Jesuit. True. But in the temple, the priests adored God in a very different way. They offered sacrifices, bowed themselves, perfumed the altars and the ark with incense, exactly as we do in the Roman Church.

Protestant. Yes, yes! But wait a moment till I give you a reason for this. Let it suffice you for the present to know that all the acts performed by the priests in the Temple were symbolical and figurative of the great sacrifice which was to be accomplished by the Son of God. But I will grant you that this was the worship of adoration due to the only God, and you will agree with me in the idea. Is it not so?

Jesuit. Certainly, that cannot be denied.

Protestant. I should now like to weigh with you attentively some historical passage, and we shall then find that the Gentiles in every age, of every condition, of every nation, of both sexes, adored their gods with *offerings*, *prayers*, and *prostrations*. We have an example here, in Exodus, chap. xxxii. 6, wherein is related the idolatrous adoration paid by the Egyptians to their chief deity, the bull. The Israelites,

from their long residence in Egypt, were well acquainted with the customs of that country, and knew how to imitate them. Let us read the account. "And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt offerings and peace offerings, and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play."

Jesuit. Oh, it is sufficiently clear that adoration is made with prostrations,—in this we agree. But the prostrations must be accompanied with the will to make the act of adoration complete. It would otherwise be an unmeaning ceremony, and——

Protestant. Have patience with me a moment longer, that I may draw your attention to another passage of holy Scripture, which will prove the external act alone to be a real adoration without the accompaniment of the will. We read in the third chapter of Daniel that "Nebuchadnezzar made an image of gold, and set it up in the plain of Dura," issuing at the same time the following decree, "That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up." Here no other ceremony is spoken of than that of throwing themselves on the ground to adore the image. The Babylonian king cared not for the intention, but required the act. This act, however, was a real adoration. So the three children considered it, and abstained from the performance of it. I believe you know the story, and therefore it is not necessary to read it now.

Jesuit. Certainly, for we read it once a year on the great Sabbath (Easter Eve).

Protestant. Then if they abstained from the act, they believed it to be a sinful one. And that it really was so, appears by God himself approving of their refusal to join in it, by a stupendous miracle. If by adoration the inward intention had been sought for, the three children might very safely have prostrated themselves before the image, and adopted a mental reservation, approved by your Order, and have prostrated themselves in *intention* before God, or have formed an intention not to worship the statue. But they did neither the one nor the other, because they considered the prostration itself as an act of real adoration, expressly prohibited in the 20th chapter of Exodus.

Jesuit. I know not what to say in answer to this; the reasons are obvious.

Protestant. Then we may draw the inference: That adoration consists in *prostrations, prayers, and offerings*, and I will also add in the *hope* of obtaining favours and miracles from the object adored. Neither will I deny that adoration may consist in a mental act alone without any external gesture.

Jesuit. Very well. I agree with you so far. But when you wish to prove to me, by this example, that the Roman Church adores images, that I flatly deny.

Protestant. Have patience a little longer, and we shall then come to the point. You are conversant with Roman, Greek, Egyptian, and Chaldaic history, and must therefore have seen in what manner these nations adored their gods. The Romans offered every kind of thing in sacrifice to their idols; but among others, a round loaf, which was afterwards eaten by the priests, who asserted that their gods were inclosed therein, and that they ate them—exactly in the same manner as certain priests do with whom you are well acquainted. The Druids offered human victims and incense, using at the same time prostrations, prayers, obeisances, and thanksgivings. Up to the present day, the Oriental idolaters worship their gods of wood, silver, gold, brass, and iron, with the forms just described. Therefore, if God be adored in heaven with prostrations, and the same on earth,—if holy Scripture sanctions it, God wills it, and mankind consents, I think you also will yield your concurrence.

Jesuit. I have nothing to oppose to this. But it is altogether a different thing from the veneration which we pay to the saints. We are not without understanding like the Gentiles, who adored statues. We venerate them with a worship of *dulia*, and not of *latria*.

Protestant. Very good; but you ought to be able to explain to me what is meant by these two barbarous words; for I think you neither know their origin nor their signification.

Jesuit. What! do you not know that the worship due to the saints is called *dulia*, that to the Virgin *hyperdulia*, and that *latria* is the worship which we pay to God?

Protestant. Yes, I know it well. These are all sophisms that the masters of confusion have woven to entangle the minds of the young and inexperienced. But let us leave these useless and unmeaning words, and pass on to the practice. You, as a theologian, will admit this fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and if you have never

read it, permit me to read it to you. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," &c.

Jesuit. Let us see, let us see ; this has been abolished.

. Oh ! this has no reference to the saints, but to the Pagan idols.

Protestant. Wait a little, and you will see whether it has reference to the saints or not. In this fourth verse is prohibited the making of sculptures or graven images, of things in heaven, whether of God, the angels, or the saints ; of things on the earth, whether of men or animals ; and in short, even to the fishes in the water under the earth, for the purpose of adoring or even of serving them. We came to an understanding in regard to the meaning of the word *adoration* ; *service* I consider to be the paying them any, the least degree of religious worship, honour, homage, prayer, veneration, or respect. God does not forbid the making of this or that particular object, but *every kind* of thing, even to his own image, as in Isaiah, chapter xlvi. 5. "To whom will ye liken me, and make me equal, and compare me, that we may be like ?" You will probably reply, "To the Pope ;" for I have often seen the Eternal Father represented as an old man, with a white beard, wearing a *pluviale* or mantle, with the Papal tiara on his head, a staff in one hand, and the globe in the other ! This is, to you, the figure of that incomprehensible, inconceivable, and, therefore, indescribable Being, who cannot be "likened to," or "compared with," any earthly thing. And you, scandalously, against the commandments of God, adore him with the worship of *latria*, or, as it might be better expressed by the term, *idolatria*—idolatry. The Omnipotent, the Creator, Him, whose holy name his elect nation would never pronounce, has your Church with her symbolical figures and images displayed to the people under the most degrading and ignoble forms. To that incomprehensible and mysterious Trinity, of whom the human mind can form no conception, the most ignorant and stupid painters have given a human shape, most frequently that of a hideous old man with a crucifix between his legs, a pigeon in his breast, a triangle on his head (to denote a priest's hat)—this is your god ! this your mysterious triad, placed before your eyes by means of four strokes from the brush of a daubing painter. Oh ! horrible shame and impiety ! enough to scandalize even the most barbarous Turk !

Jesuit. Gently, gently ; we do not mean to venerate

the unsightly figures, but we adore God under these similitudes.

Protestant. But that very God whom you pretend to adore forbids your making any similitudes ; or rather, He utters maledictions against those who should presume to do it. But before I deduce the inference from this first principle of my argument, I wish to talk a little with you on the adoration you pay to the Virgin and the saints.

Jesuit. There you are again with your adoration ! I repeat that we honour them with the worship of *dulia*, and that is not adoration.

Protestant. But I contend that it is perfect, complete adoration. You must be aware but first let me ask you how many Councils there were of Nice ?

Jesuit. Several. I do not remember at this moment, but of two I am certain. The second was held to condemn the Iconoclasts.

Protestant. Exactly so, and at that Council the following canon was made : “ It is a thing pleasing to God that the images of Jesus Christ, the Virgin, the angels, and all the saints should be worshipped.” This, however, is but little ; let us look at the practice which you priests observe in your churches and teach the people, and also the titles you apply to the Virgin. You call her “ most holy, most merciful, most compassionate, *Generatrix* of God, Mother of Christ.”

Jesuit. Oh, this is a mere repetition of no consequence ; we consider them to be synonymous terms—*generatrix* and mother have the same meaning.

Protestant. But let us leave this question, which would now occupy too much time. I will, however, bring to your consideration the thousands of symbolical images that are openly displayed. For instance, there is one that controls the thunder, another that keeps off death, some chase away demons, others rain favours from their hands. You teach that those persons who are devoted to Mary, though the greatest of sinners, cannot be lost. There is scarcely a preacher who winds up his discourse till he has related some fine invention in confirmation of this error. This is your “ Queen of sinners,” the “ most holy, most merciful, most blessed,” and the one Eternal Intercessor, the Lord Jesus Christ, the ONLY way by which we have access to the Father, is utterly disregarded.

Jesuit. Yes, it is true that we call the Virgin “ most blessed,” because she herself, in the Magnificat, says, “ All

generations shall call me blessed." If from humility she styled herself blessed, we may well give her the title of "Most blessed."

Protestant. On this subject, I have bestowed considerable research, and here, in this Book of Truth, I have met with similar expressions. See here, in the thirtieth chapter of Genesis, the thirteenth verse, when Leah's maid bare Jacob a second son, Leah said, "Happy am I, for the daughters will call me *blessed*." I may not be able to convince you, but with the Hebrew women it was considered a very high honour to have a male child. Sterility was held to be a great disgrace, so that all who possessed a son were called *happy*, because each hoped that the promise of God might be fulfilled in her family. How much greater reason had the Virgin Mary to call herself happy, when she was assured that she should be the mother of the GREAT BIRTH. But she called herself *blessed*, and surely we may deem her so, not, however, as a Divinity, not as the "Queen of heaven," since we know from this holy book that there is none other in heaven than the alone King of glory, the Almighty, who is Governor and Ruler over all; and that the noblest of human creatures is less than the least of the angels.

Jesuit. This is true; but we believe the Virgin to be very powerful in heaven, because she is the "Mother of God," and we may, therefore, without impropriety, suppose that God will deny her no favour that she may ask; and it is in this sense that we consider her as "Queen of the angels."

Protestant. I am but too well acquainted with all your cavils and subterfuges, for I learnt them and taught them for seventeen years. Before I read the holy Bible, such terms as these were familiar to me. But it is now time to return to our subject, that we may not lose the thread of the argument. What answer have you to make to the immaculate conception? In order to uphold the Virgin as triumphant over the moon and the world, who with her heel bruises the serpent's head, as victress of the Devil; in order, I say, to maintain that impious assertion, you have been obliged to falsify the fifteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis, making the Almighty say, "*Ipsa conteret caput tuum*," applying "*Ipsa*" to the woman, whereas we read, *IT*, that is, the seed of the woman,—so it stands in the original, and in the best translations. You cannot deny this fact, since in every church, chapel, and corner of the street, these statues and

pictures are to be found, with the motto underneath, “*Ipsa conteret.*”

Jesuit. You Protestants have totally destroyed religion ; you have falsified the whole Bible !

Protestant. Sir ! before you pronounce such a sentence as this, you ought to consider whether you are able to prove it ! I know not whether you can do so, but I defy you to maintain it. Let us, however, proceed with our argument, and if you like, take your Vulgate if you have one, and I, meanwhile, will refer you to what has been done by you Papists with respect to the worship of the Virgin, and what I have advanced shall go for nothing. You pay to the Virgin, her statues, her reliques, exactly the same kind of homage that the Patriarchs and Prophets paid to God, and that the Pagans rendered and still render to their idols, in adoration of them.

Jesuit. Oh, no ! I will never concede that point to you : we do not adore either the saints or the images—we venerate them.

Protestant. No, I repeat it, you adore them, for your Council would excommunicate you if you did not admit the adoration of the sacred images ; and you do, really and truly, adore them. Would you say that Isaiah related fables in his prophecies ?

Jesuit. Certainly not : the prophecies of Isaiah are sacred, infallible.

Protestant. Then let us read what he says in his forty-fourth chapter from the ninth to the twentieth verse, inclusive. What think you of this, my friend ? Does it not plainly appear to you that the Prophet in this passage had reference to your artificers—to the pains they took to carve a statue of wood, warming themselves with some of the pieces that were left—cooking their food with others, and then clothing the image with gay apparel, which had formerly served to decorate a bride at the dance or the theatre ; and who, when she is grown old and become grey and toothless, devotes herself to the Church, wearies her Confessor, and in order to gain Paradise, makes a present of her dress to the Virgin, to St. Maria Egiziaca, or some other Saint who has run the same career ! (And here I cited many palpable examples which it would take too much time to repeat.) You Papists, as far as I can perceive, have even gone beyond the Gentiles, and found out something which they did not

possess—you use this puppet in making benedictions, and sprinkling on it a little water and salt, and pronouncing four magical words, up starts your divine Madonna, the “Mother of God,” the “Mother of mercy,” who works miracles for you! This image you carry in triumph—

Jesuit. Hold! hold! do not run on so fast. It is forbidden in the Bible to venerate the images as gods, but not our manner of venerating them, for we do not hold the saints to be gods.

Protestant. But I also find in the Bible that the Gentiles had idols whom they esteemed as gods as well as others of less value, or minor deities, dependent on the first. In the tenth verse of the chapter just cited, we read: “Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing?” The same thing is repeated in many parts of Scripture. In the seventeenth verse it is said: “And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god.” You are versed in Roman history: how many minor deities had the Romans whom they called demi-gods? It is therefore false that God has only forbidden the saints to be accounted as gods, since He has, on the contrary, prohibited the making of any images or statues, for the purpose of paying them any religious homage or worship whatever.

Jesuit. We render, it is true, some worship to the saints, because being the Elect, and in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, they intercede for us, who are of the Church of Christ; and this is what we understand by the “Communion of Saints.”

Protestant. Of the Saints—who are only creatures like ourselves, a part of the Church as we are, some still like ourselves in existence, and others passed from this life to another (but not for that reason ceasing to be creatures), I can conceive that those who are living in the world may offer up prayers to God in behalf of others; but we nowhere find in Scripture that they pray for us after death. Jesus Christ, who has been made Intercessor for us, by the Father, He is risen from the dead, He is living, He, therefore, is our Intercessor and Mediator, and as there is only one God, there is only one Intercessor. Besides, it would be utterly impossible that the Saints and the Virgin could intercede for all those who pray to them. They are not gods, they cannot see all those who supplicate them; and not having the

power of ubiquity, it would be impossible for the Virgin to see and listen at the same time to you, who are praying to her here ; to another, who is offering up prayers to her in America ; a third, in China, and so on, through the remote regions of the globe. You say, that when God accepts the prayers of the suppliant, He permits the Virgin to see the person who prays : but in that case, what need is there of such an Intercessor ? Jesus Christ is at once God and man. He sees all, He hears all, at the same moment : He, therefore, can intercede for all, who with faith and hope come unto Him ; and being the only God-man, is consequently the only Mediator between God and man. The “ Communion of Saints ” consists in being united together in Holy Scripture, in love, in charity, as members of Jesus Christ. But let us return to our direct argument on adoration. Tell me, is not that adoration which you pay to the statue of the Virgin, when it is borne in triumph on the shoulders, through the squares and streets of the city, the windows being decorated with damask wherever the image has to pass, amidst torches and incense, the priests sumptuously attired, and continually singing hymns of glory, praise, prayer, and thanksgiving, while the people prostrate themselves on the ground with the most profound reverence, each for himself exclaiming with doleful voice : “ Mercy, most holy Mary ! pardon ! pardon ! grant me thy favour ! ” &c. And when the cortège reaches some open space in the piazza, the figure is placed upon another throne, the priests reverently pray to it, incense it, invoke it with these sweet titles : “ Most merciful ; Mother of favours ; Powerful Virgin ; Seat of Wisdom ; Ark of the Testament ; Door of Heaven ; Queen of the Angels, Apostles, and Prophets ; Salvation of Christians ! ” and all respond simultaneously : “ Pray for us ! ” Then to the sound of cannon, church-bells, trumpets, instruments of music of every kind, between the waving of the censers, the people fall prostrate on the ground, the priests setting the example (and whoever remained standing, would be thought a heretic), the image is lifted up, the sign of the cross is made with it over the crowd, who are praying to it, giving thanks, making vows, asking for miracles ! tell me, do they not adore it ? Is not this adoration ?

Jesuit. I repeat, that this is the worship of *hyperdulia* due to the Virgin Mary : it was established by the Church—the Church being infallible cannot err, and every individual Christian ought to obey without looking further. But you

Protestants who read the Bible, have destroyed religion ; for the Holy Bible is a Divine book, but mysterious, difficult to be understood and interpreted. In this sense, then, as the Popes allege, it is deadly to those who read it without the interpretation of the Church ; and in proof of this, we now see that the Liberals who begin to read the Bible, will no longer obey the Pope, and seek to overthrow our Holy Religion.

Protestant. By the bye, what do you mean by the Church ? the walls of the Vatican, the clergy, or the faithful ?

Jesuit. Oh, the Apostles in their times ; afterwards the Pope and the clergy constituted the Church.

Protestant. This is the consequence of a departure from the Bible. Protestants, who read the Scriptures, discover, that by the Church is meant the body of believers, and that pastors are given to the Church, as you will see in Jeremiah iii. 15 ; 1 Tim. iii. 5 ; Acts xx. 28 ; xv. 3, 4 ; xi. 26 ; xviii. 22. I could cite more than twenty passages from the Bible, in which the Church is spoken of, and always either as the assembly of believers, comprehending also the ministers, or only the laity exclusive of the ministers ; but you will never find a single instance where the ministers alone are called the Church. They have, therefore, never been masters (lords over God's heritage. 1 Peter v. 3). And if all the clergy individually and collectively were ministers of the Church, they would not constitute the Church ; on the contrary, they are given to the Church, and are, at most, but members of the Church, of which Jesus Christ himself is the alone Head. The faithful, united in the name of Jesus, believers in the holy Word of God, speaking according to the Scriptures, constitute infallibility ; and not the Pope, nor any ministers, Bishops, or Cardinals, or any others, by whatever name or title you may designate them in your nomenclature. It is true that many learned and liberal-minded men of the present day, read the Scriptures, and detach themselves from Popery. And why ? Because they do not find this Popery in the Bible,—this fictitious Church of yours. And this ought to convince you that there is no other Church than the Church Universal, which is found in the Bible. And if in Italy at the present time, there are thousands of Christians according to the Bible, it has resulted from this—that they have had it in their possession, of which number am I, who declare that I was converted by the reading of the Bible, and not by the persuasion of any person whatever. You are afraid of the Bible, and therefore you say that it is obscure,

unintelligible, and that you alone know how to explain it. No, no, you are in great error! the Bible is "a light shining in a dark place." Put it into the hands of the people, leave the care of it to its Divine Author, and you will see your superstitions, idolatries, abominable and corrupt practices, fall to the ground. Now, all these evils prevail in Italy, in consequence of your misrepresentations, and of your having snatched the Bible out of the hands of the people. But let us return to the subject of adoration, which I am anxious to bring to a conclusion. Are you now of opinion that the fifth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus has any weight in the Christian Church?

Jesuit. I cannot deny it.

Protestant. Then here, as I have asserted, your worship of *dulia* or *hyperdulia*, that is, the prostrating yourself before any image, for the purpose of religious service, is absolutely forbidden. Read, at your leisure, the third chapter of Daniel, where it is said that the three children were only required to prostrate themselves before a statue which was not that of a Pagan deity, but of a living king. Here there was no intention of adoring an idol, but the image of the monarch, and of paying homage to the prototype exactly in the same manner as you teach in your schools—that it is proper to render homage to the statues, but always with reference to the Virgin and the Saints in heaven.

Jesuit. I wish distinctly to impress this upon you—that we attach no importance to the material object, otherwise than as a means of lifting up our hearts to God in heaven; for, the heart being carnal, requires some object of sense to excite it to take pleasure in things spiritual.

Protestant. Oh, yes! these are fine arguments to bewilder the minds of the simple! But tell me, why did that priest declare in his church that *his* Madonna wrought so many miracles, and that the Madonna in a neighbouring church was no better than a piece of stucco which could not be moved to compassion, even if she were to see one fall dead at her feet? I have often myself heard similar assertions; and if these images have reference to the Madonna in heaven, they would all be of equal value; it would be just the same whether she were invoked in Loreto, in Rome, in the Church of the Jesuits, or of St. Augustin. But you say the Madonna of the Jesuits now works greater miracles than the one in St. Augustin's. "Come then to us, O ye faithful," is your cry; "Come to the Mother of grace and

favour, to the Fountain of Miracles!" The same doctrine is maintained in all the Papal Churches. But admitted that the intention is to honour, or venerate, or serve the Madonna, it would still be contrary to the precepts of God—an imitation of the Pagan idolatry. For even the Pagans, under the semblance of statues and figures, intended to worship Jove, who thundered in the heavens, or banqueted with the other gods. You cannot imagine that the philosophers of Greece or Rome believed that there were as many gods as there were statues; or that the souls of their ancestors, or departed kings, remained with their ashes to listen to their prayers, when they supposed them to be enjoying themselves in the Elysian fields! Hear what I have to say in conclusion of our argument, or rather what God Himself said by the Prophet Isaiah in the chapter before mentioned. In this eighteenth verse He speaks to those who make statues, but more especially to those who command them to be made, and teach the doctrine of venerating them, that is, to you, O ye priests of the Papal Church! "They have not known nor understood, for He hath shut their eyes that they cannot see, and their hearts that they cannot understand."

Our conversation lasted to this point, and when the Jesuit found that he had nothing to oppose to the arguments of the Bible, he burst into exclamations such as these:—"I pity you!—your soul is lost!—throw yourself, I beseech you, into the arms of the Church!—give that holy book to the Church, that she may interpret it, and abandon your errors!"

Finding that it was useless to combat any longer the opinions of a Jesuit from whom there was so little to hope; but, having at the same time the satisfaction of knowing that I had brought before him many important truths, I made a suitable reply to his last observations, and took my leave.

Having held many other conversations on this subject, and having, to my great surprise, met with several Christians of the Reformed Churches who were inclined to the support of this pernicious error—not that of adoring images, but of making and retaining them in the public places dedicated to Divine worship, I will conclude this tract with the arguments *pro* and *con*. It would give me much pleasure to be fully informed on this point; and as my little book may probably fall under the observation of some persons of great learning and intelligence, I should be gratified, as doubtless

many others would be, by hearing their opinion of the subject in question.

After my conversion from the religion of Idol-worship, I devoted myself expressly to the study of this doctrine, and the result of my inquiry was that the Holy Scripture forbids not only the adoration of images, but also the making and retaining them. The Israelites were prohibited from making them, and they obeyed the injunction ; and in examining their manner of observing this precept up to the present day, we find that no images were ever seen in the Temple, with the exception of the Brazen Serpent, and the Cherubim, made by the command of God Himself.

The objection was raised : “ If these were ordered by God, we are not prohibited from having images in our possession.” I answer, that God is the Author of laws made for purposes known to Himself, but unknown to us, and that He sometimes suspends these laws. It is written : “ Thou shalt not steal ;” nevertheless God commanded the Israelites to carry away the gold of the Egyptians. Again, “ Thou shalt not kill ;” but notwithstanding this command, God frequently reversed it by ordering them to exterminate the Amorites, and all the other nations in the Promised Land. But we are not for that reason permitted to steal or to kill, because God has not dispensed with these precepts altogether, but only *ad tempus* ; consequently, if He commanded the Serpent and the Cherubim to be made, He dispensed with the law *ad tempus*, for that sole object. In fact, Hezekiah, who “ did that which was right in the sight of the Lord,” destroyed the high places and the images, and the groves sacred to the idols, together with the Brazen Serpent, because the people attached some degree of veneration to it, and the motives for retaining it had altogether ceased. After this striking example, can we do otherwise than declaim against images of every kind, without any exception whatever ?

“ But,” reply some others, “ the introduction of images on subjects of sacred history is of great utility to the ignorant and to children, who by this means become better acquainted with the Holy Scriptures.”

“ The Pagans also,” I rejoin, newly converted to religion, made use of similar arguments ; the scandal was introduced into the churches, and the worship of images followed, since it is impossible that the attention of the people should be drawn to an image reminding them of a Divinity, without some religious attachment : from one step they proceed to

another, from attachment to devotion, from devotion to veneration, from veneration to adoration. This is so convenient an ascent that it has afforded an opportunity to all the Churches, with the exception of the Valdenses, to mount it. There were also ignorant persons and children among the Israelites ; yet images were never introduced, nor was the temple adorned with representations of sacred things ; and it is not to be presumed that greater ignorance exists in the present day than in the times of old. Let us now see what the Papal religion has done. She has filled her Churches with figures, statues, bas-reliefs, stories, allegories, symbols. The Protestants have taken away all these things from their houses of prayer, and have given the Bible to the people. Which of these are the better informed Christians in the Holy Scriptures, the Papists or the Protestants ? Not one ventured to reply “the Papists”—the argument therefore failed for want of proof.

I was afterwards placed in another dilemma. “If,” it was said, “the making of figures were prohibited, there would be an end at once and for ever of the fine arts. If we retain figures, whether of sculpture or painting, it is only to preserve the master-pieces of the great artists ; and if the making of them were prohibited, every artificer would be against us, from the lowest stone-cutter to the most celebrated statuary, from the vilest dauber to the most renowned painter, because their fortune depends on their labour, and by dint of making Saints and Madonnas, they are enabled to keep their carriages.”

In answer to this difficult question, I could only say, that “the people in several countries of the world are rich, learned, and happy, without the possession of these treasures of the fine arts—for instance, in the United States of America, in Switzerland, Scotland, and other parts of the globe. Besides, these objects might be kept in a private hall, such as the National Gallery, in London, in the same manner as the statues of the Pagan deities are preserved ; and there would then be no danger of falling into idolatry.”

To the second difficulty—the rebellion of the artisans—I replied by reading the nineteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles from the twenty-first verse, where the craftsmen of the goddess Diana rose up against Paul :—“Was Paul hindered from preaching for fear of endangering the fine arts, or from consideration of the numerous workmen who would be ruined by their decay ? Certainly not. Neither,

therefore, will I cease from declaring that the making of images is sinful."

Another objection was started. "Then it would be sinful to have portraits made of illustrious men, or of our relatives, in order to preserve their memory?" "I am not of that opinion, because the fifth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus sufficiently explains the reason why the making of images was prohibited—namely, that no kind of adoration or worship should be paid to them. And as there is no such danger in having a likeness taken, it cannot therefore be sinful. It would not be a sin if I were to desire to be the Emperor of Russia, because there would be no danger of my robbing him of his crown. There were in the temple several statues of lions, bulls, representations of palm-trees and pomegranates; but, nevertheless, there was no danger to be apprehended of their becoming objects of adoration, because they served as pedestals or footstools, and there was no idea of adoring the trees in those times—in fact, we read of no Israelite ever bowing the knee to such things as these."

"Then," it was rejoined, "if we make images of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints, and do not venerate them, this is not forbidden, and therefore we consider that there is no harm in doing it." "But because it does not appear to us that there is harm in making images, and introducing them publicly, this is not a proof that it is lawful to do so. I do no harm to any one in merely desiring another person's goods—not to my neighbour, because I take nothing from him; not to myself, because I desire no benefit from the desire; neither do I sin against God, because I commit no injustice: but still the very wish is forbidden." The answer is, "Because God, foreseeing the evil habit you would acquire in coveting another person's goods—in short, that you would become a thief—has said, in order to prevent that peril, 'Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbour's.'" "By parity of reasoning, then, God, foreseeing the danger in which man would be placed by making statues or figures—in short, that he would become an idolater, has said, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image,'" &c.

"I am sure," was the reply, "that I have no attachment, devotion, or religious feeling whatever, for the figures of Christ, the Virgin, &c., more than I have for any other pictures." I could not give credit to this assertion, and therefore, in order to put my opponent to the proof, I proposed that he should take my picture, or any caricature, and

in the most contemptuous manner thrust a knife through it. "Would you have any scruple or shuddering at such an act." "Certainly not," he replied. "Now, then," said I, "take the figure, as you call it, of Christ crucified, and often formed on the model of a thief on the gallows, or of one who has been killed in a brawl; or that of the Virgin, which the painters generally copy from the figure of a girl of the lowest order, whom they hire for the purpose of sitting to them; or that of St. Peter, the likeness probably of some porter in the street—treat either of these with the same indignity, if you have the courage to do so." "I candidly confess that I would not do it." "Then, I say, you *do* attach a religious interest to these figures, which gradually ripens into worship."

In concluding these reflections, I entreat my readers to bear in mind the third part of the precept contained in the fifth verse—the threatening of the Almighty: "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." In no other sense can this menace be interpreted than as against the transgressors of the foregoing commandment, that is, against those who commit iniquity by making to themselves graven images, or the likeness of anything in heaven, earth, or sea, for the purpose of religious veneration.

Let us take a survey of the people of Israel. Why were the Israelites sent into captivity, expelled from their paternal homes, cut in pieces, deprived of sight, loaded with chains, wanderers in a strange land? Why, but because they wickedly transgressed this holy commandment, made to themselves strange gods, and set them up in their dwellings.

The people of Egypt, so long as they kept the pure religion of Jesus Christ, worshipping God in spirit and in truth, were free and happy, the beloved of God. But when they prostrated themselves before images, the terrible scourge of the Almighty smote them, and the temples which they had dedicated to images and saints were converted into obscene Mosques. This scourge was spread over Africa in proportion as the worship of images was diffused, and Christianity became almost extinct. The people of Syria, Armenia, and Chaldea, changed the religion of spirit and truth (in confirmation of which the Apostles had there shed their blood), into the abominable worship of idols. The chastening hand of the "jealous God" fastened upon them the yoke of slavery, which up to the present day has not been removed

from off their necks, because pertinaciously and impenitently they cling to their iniquity.

The Greek Church, likewise, groans beneath a foreign yoke. She, too, changed the pure worship of Christ into the worship of abominable things, and into idolatry. See the miserable condition of Italy! divided, torn, maltreated, despised; without strength, without real nationality, because she runs after fictitious gods, fables, thousands of statues and figures; and she never will rise from her degradation till she takes the Holy Bible again in her hand, resumes the pure religion of Christ, and commits to the flames even the very last of her vile puppets, and miserable daubs.

Then contemplate this now happy country. Was there not a time when she was involved in tumults, civil wars, massacres, fears, the slavery of despotism? sunk deep in immorality, under the yoke of the Papacy and the Inquisition? When did she become happy and formidable? When your forefathers, with heroic courage, regained possession of the Holy Bible, destroyed the idols, and returned to the pure religion of Spirit and Truth. You yourselves are witnesses whether, from that time to the present day, England has not been the happiest country in the world; and so long as the Crown of the empire rests upon the Bible, she will have nothing to fear from her enemies. But should their malignant arts prevail on her to let go her hold of the Scriptures, to substitute in their stead the vain traditions and doctrines of men, to re-embrace the abominable worship of images, she may then dread the tempest which a low dull sound of thunder announces from afar, and whose fury nothing but the hand of the Omnipotent can restrain and annihilate. That Divine Power alone can fortify our hearts against its approaches, enabling us to remain firm in unanimity of spirit, charity, and love. And if we are all united in "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," in the truth of the Word of God, "the gates of hell shall not be able to prevail against us."

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

CARDINAL FRANZONI TO SIGNOR CERIONI, THEN PADRE BERARDO
DA JESI.

MOST REVEREND FATHER,—Monsignor Apostolical Vicar, who was authorised to propose to you the Mission of Upper Egypt in consequence of your request for a change of Mission, has now signified his desire that you should remain with him in the quality of Secretary.

Knowing the sad condition to which the Mission of Lower Egypt is reduced, and how necessary it is that the Bishop should have about him able and faithful co-operators and ministers to assist him in his laborious office, I have thought it right to acquaint you with my approval of his determination, and to excite you at the same time to discharge in the most exemplary manner the duties of the said office.

Meanwhile, I pray the Lord to grant you every blessing.

Rome, from the Propaganda, 7th July, 1847.

F. F. CARDINAL FRANZONI, Prefect.

Padre Berardo da Jesi, Apostolical Missionary in
Alexandria, Egypt.

LETTER II.

SIGNOR CERIONI TO MONSIGNOR PERPETUO GUASCO.

Malta, September 18, 1847.

MY LORD,—I arrived in Malta safe and well, on the evening of the 5th of September : we came out of quarantine the day before yesterday, after a detention of ten days. I lose no time in giving you this information, together with some other intelligence of a more interesting nature.

I can now venture to speak to you with greater openness than I have ever done before : I have never yet been able to

disclose my secret to you, because I feared—I feared even you, my friend—and I did not wish to risk my life by declaring my sentiments; I was but too certain that if you could have penetrated my secret thoughts, you would have thrown aside all your affection for me, and consigned me to imprisonment for life—not from any evil disposition towards me in your heart, but on account of the office you hold, and the oath you have taken to be obedient to the Holy See. And I, following the admonition of Jesus Christ, “When you are persecuted in one city, flee into another,” have succeeded in reaching Malta, in order to avoid an arrest; and I can now speak to you with my heart on my lips, as friend to friend.

You have given me a thousand proofs of your regard for me, and I, as it appears to me, have responded to your kindness. I should be ungrateful if I did not continue to manifest the same affection for you, or rather in a greater degree, by using the language of a true friend.

But before you proceed with the perusal of this letter, I beg you to meditate seriously on the words of Jeremiah in the Lamentations (chap. iii., verses 40, 41), “Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.” It is now about a year ago that I studied these and similar passages of the Holy Scriptures—it is about a year ago that, by the mercy of God, I began to read that holy book to some purpose; and from that time daily I felt an impulse in my heart calling me away from Egypt. At first I believed it to be a temptation of Satan. I then prayed, and prayed earnestly, that God would unveil the mystery. The impulse increased—I listened to it as if it were an answer to my prayer. The Spirit of God enlightened me more and more—I gave myself up fully to His guidance. I meditated—I read over and over again that Book of Life, and found hidden therein a treasure which formerly I should never have expected to find. I there found the truth—I was convinced of falsehood. The truth I have already embraced, the falsehood I have renounced with detestation, with abhorrence. I have meditated, my Lord, on many passages of the Bible; with some of these I was wholly unacquainted, others were to me a matter of indifference; for I paid not the least attention to them, like all the rest of the priests.

I have said that I can now speak to you openly, and as a friend. I keep my promise. We were in error—we must

confess it. Let not pride make us blind, let no human consideration deter us ; but rather let us confess before God and man, not only that we ourselves were in error, but that we were guilty of seducing others away from God, and He will forgive us.

My Lord, I have seen my error : I have confessed my ignorance before God, in renouncing all that might have been gain to me, honour, fame, ease, and every other worldly consideration that could obscure the light of my spirit. I have confessed my error before men, by abandoning that habit which once I deemed it a virtue to wear, but which I now consider an imposture, a fraud. I am no longer a priest of the Papal Church—I am no longer your Secretary—I no longer agree with you in the doctrines which you teach the people, contrary to the Divine Word. This language must now seem strange and new to you : strange that I can give up a lucrative post, an honourable employment, a life of ease ! Strange the declaration that I can no longer obey the friend, the bishop, with whom you formerly saw me so docile, so respectful, so submissive ! This will shock and offend you : but I read in the Acts that the high priests were no less offended at the bold answer of Peter and John (chap. iv. vers. 19, 20) : “ But Peter and John answered, and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.” I have purposed to follow the teaching of the Word of God rather than the precepts of men, or the threatenings of the Pope—the one I detest, the other I care not for. The apostles did the same, and it cannot be denied that they were the sincere followers of the truth. I, therefore, in imitating the apostles, am certain to follow the truth as I have found it in the sacred writings, and I therefore say to you, as Peter and John said to the council of the priests, “ We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.” Boldly, then, I now say to you, my Lord, that I fear no earthly malediction in suffering for the sake of Christ, for the sake of the truth. I address you with the Bible in my hand, and I protest to you that I assert nothing which is not to be found in holy Scripture. There I read that one only sacrifice has been made by Jesus Christ upon the cross, once for all ; and we, my Lord—I blush to own it—we sell that sacrifice to the highest bidder, pretending to offer it whenever we please !

I have read again and again the 20th chapter of Exodus, and I there find a precept which not only we have little

regarded, but still worse, to which we have given a totally different meaning. We were ministers of an idolatrous worship: we taught the worship of images: we were under the curse of the Almighty. My dear Lord, I have always loved you, and I love you still. I cannot leave you without giving you some salutary warning. Do you remember when under the fortress near Cleopatra's Needles, I showed you an article in a journal called the "Indicatore," which treated of the fraudulence of the Pope in prohibiting the people from reading the holy Scriptures, in denying the cup to the laity, and many other points, in which you partly agreed with me, and ended by saying, "Oh, let all these things alone! it is the Pope's affair, let him look to it!" The Pope, my Lord, may look to his own affairs, but we must also look to ours. Let us not neglect the one thing needful—our own salvation. And do you remember the conversation we afterwards held in the hall, on the 20th of August last, no other persons being present? Did I not point out to you the holy commandments of God, and draw your attention to the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and ask you why we taught the contrary? and you knew not what answer to give me, but merely said, in some confusion, however, "This was done by the Pope, and we must obey him." And did I not state to you, but cautiously, that we ought to reflect on the subject, and obey God rather than man? and did you not close the book, and again put an end to the conversation by saying, "Oh, let all this alone!" My Lord, you closed the book, but you did not close it to me, for I read it in secret, with the door of my chamber shut, because such was the injunction of our Saviour Christ, but you closed it against your own heart. This it is that pains and grieves me. My dear Lord, I address you as a friend. You have often followed my advice; you have often said to me, "What should I do in all these difficulties without your assistance?" You then had confidence in me—I am the same person now that I was then. I only ask of you as a favour, and in recompense for the labour I underwent with you, that you will read these lines with attention. Consider that it is a true friend who gives you this counsel, and who gives it from his heart, because he has a sincere regard for you. Give me at least, my Lord, this consolation, answer me, if but by one line, to say that you have received my letter, that you have read it. I shall write to you again, with or without your permission. I shall send you something interesting to read, I hope you will read

it. I know your heart, I know you follow the principles of the Papists, because you have been brought up in them. Having been convinced of my own error, I flatter myself that you also will become convinced of yours. I shall not cease to pray for your conversion, an event in which I am so deeply interested. I shall pray Almighty God, for the sake of His Son, our only Saviour, to have compassion on my dear friend.

I have not now time to point out to you, one by one, the errors into which the Papal Church has fallen, and the powerful arguments by which I was convinced, and led to abandon that system for whose support I laboured, in whose cause I would have shed my blood. But in another letter, which I hope soon to send you, I will endeavour to disclose to you, as fully as possible, the state of my mind. To prove to you how great is my desire to see you again, converted, with the Bible in your hand, and not with that bundle of decretals, detested and abhorred by every rational man. My Lord, you will be uneasy at receiving this communication from me. You will fear lest I should reveal any of your secrets, or those I have heard in the confessionals. No, my Lord, you have nothing of this kind to fear. I have been your vicar, your secretary. I formally resign those situations, but not the character of a man of honour. I pride myself in having always maintained that character, and I am determined to do so both now and for the future. Whatever secret I possess—unless it be forced from me by yourself—will, I assure you, remain buried in my heart. Make yourself, therefore, perfectly easy on this score. My object in declaring myself a Protestant—rather let me say a Christian according to the Bible—was to abandon error and follow truth, not in revenge for any wrong I had sustained—not to acquire riches—for, in following the religion of Christ, I am without a home, without money, without protection, without friends, without hope—but with every confidence in God, with every hope in Christ, “from the love of whom neither nakedness, nor famine, nor the sword, nor any other thing, shall be able to separate me.”

I have received the ten dollars you had the kindness to send me, which, with the fifty you gave me before I left Alexandria, amount to sixty in the whole. Some I have spent, some I have left. This is all I have, as you well know. Do you suppose, my Lord, that I have any distrust of Providence, and that the finding myself without money or

protection, will make me repent the resolution I have taken? If you think so, you greatly err. Our Lord inquired of His apostles: "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing." Nothing, therefore, will be lacking to me, if I have faith in the promises of the Redeemer. I shall earn my bread with the labour of my hands, and the sweat of my brow; but I shall have no sting of conscience for having deprived the widow or the orphan of their food—no remorse that I have lived at the expense of the poor, or of the credulous Christian. I shall not hear that terrible denunciation ringing in my ears, "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, because ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers—therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation?" I have trembled in reading the following sentences:—"Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in,"—and all those other woes denounced in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, which will fall upon those who walk in the steps of the Pharisees. I have considered my past life to be similar to theirs, and it weighs heavily on my heart, my Lord, to think that you are following in the same path—abandon it, I beseech you, that you fall not into the same condemnation with them. You still possess all those precious stones, that gold, that money, those effects, worth thousands of dollars, received from that widow, well known to you, which ought by natural right and justice to have belonged to her poor nephews, who are wandering miserably through the streets of Cyprus; and you received them under a species of pretence, in saying for her, long rosaries! Follow, my Lord, the advice of a true friend: suffer not yourself to be deceived by the splendour of those diamonds which adorn your breast, your head, your hands—they weigh you down with a terrible "woe." Send them back to her who gave them to you: tell her to assist her nephews, and not to be so cruel to her own blood: tell her that to save her soul, neither jewels, nor money, will avail—they will only increase her condemnation—but faith, and hope, and charity. Do this, my Lord, set this good example: perhaps some other rapacious priest, who has wrested no less than yourself from this credulous woman, may be induced to restore the ill-gotten wealth. I say not this by way of reproof but of counsel—for the good of your own soul—for the

promotion of the religion of Christ—receive it as the faithful advice of a friend. Fly from the great Babylon, my Lord, fly: cancel the mark of the Beast, if you desire not to be a partaker of her condemnation.

I have many interesting things to communicate, and I shall not fail to mention them as opportunity occurs. Let us pray, my Lord, together—not as we have often done before, to the Virgin, to the souls in Purgatory, to the saints—let all this be thrown aside: let us pray to God with the heart; let us pray that He will grant to us the light of His Holy Spirit—that He will vouchsafe to us the knowledge of His Holy Word. I shall not cease to pray that God will give you the desire to read the Bible—that inexhaustible treasure, the fountain of our salvation. For myself, I glory in this high privilege, and in having abandoned every thing that hindered me from following the will of God.

I shall be most anxious for your answer. Write to me, I intreat you, without reserve, either publicly or privately, if you have anything to communicate, or anything to reproach me with. You cannot complain at my having resigned my office, because there are many other persons ambitious to serve you. Before my departure, I left every thing clear and correct, precise accounts of every thing—the seals and patents in blank, your signatures in blank, and all arranged in such a manner that no blame might attach to me: if you have the smallest doubt on any point, let me be made acquainted with it.

I earnestly wish your true conversion to our Lord Jesus Christ: may His grace, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit be with you always.

G. CERIONI,

Formerly Padre Berardo da Jesi.

LETTER III.

MONSIGNOR PERPETUO GUASCO TO SIGNOR CERIONI.

Alexandria, Sept. 25, 1847.

DEAREST FATHER BERARDO!—Not with the same tears of consolation, and much less with that tremulous voice you may remember to have heard when I addressed a few tender words to the boys and girls of the Holy Communion, a little

before your departure from this city, I come now to you but with tears of bitter grief, and from my heart, more than by my voice, I would that you should listen to me, and look compassionately on me. For the last four days I have had no rest, and am distracted. I can no longer believe it true that you were my Secretary, and henceforth bitter tears are my chief food. In this distressed state of mind my brethren have persuaded me to remain in the Convent to mix their tears with mine. In all Egypt, particularly in Alexandria and in Cairo, prayers are made, not only by the friends you have betrayed, but by all the Catholics, who, stunned by this horrible apostacy, are flattering themselves that your feeling heart, which made you so much beloved, will not be insensible to the voice of the Lord ; to that voice, which always was and will be heard to the last expiring breath. Fix your thought for a moment on the past, and consider how hard and how bitter a thing it is to leave that God who has hitherto blessed you in the whole course of your life ! That God whose minister you still are, whose love you have so many millions of times inculcated on the faithful, with such Apostolic zeal that you have acquired the esteem and love of the Egyptian people. The Church of Grand Cairo, that by your sole and unwearied diligence was built for the worship of our God,—that venerable convent of Cairo, that at the hazard of your life and that of our brethren, was preserved from the devouring flames in the fire of 1838, and afterwards restored and enlarged by your zeal, care, and watchful assistance, show clearly that your heart was united to God, to whose only honour and glory you laboured in this mission for the space of nine successive years. To what end did you embrace the Apostolic ministry, leaving your country and the comforts of Europe ? For what purpose did you so punctually execute my commission when I charged you to correct the errors of some Catholics ? Why did you labour so for the conversion of heretics and schismatics ? Wherefore were you so zealous for the honour and glory of God in the holy ceremonies of the Church ? Must we conclude that all this show of holy worship of our only mother, the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church, was only feigned hypocrisy ? Who for the future can trust any minister ; who can open his heart to a minister of God ; when so many by their deeds and example destroy and make a horrible derision of the most holy law of our most loving God, the ruin of their own souls, and the souls of others scandalized by you ?

How, now, is this scandal to be remedied to the salvation of your soul? How can we present ourselves to this population which all knew your virtues? My dearest Father Berardo, be moved with compassion, not for me, not for your brethren, not for your many friends who continually pray for your restoration; but have compassion on your own soul, betrayed by the infernal enemy, the common enemy; be warned to compassion by the most precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is still your loving Father, still the good Shepherd who comes to meet you with open arms to fold you to his bosom, and change your heart. Every one who comes to see me seeks to comfort me with the firm hope that your step has been a sudden blow; and that soon my tears will be turned into comfort. To give me courage after having wept with me, they quote the example of Judas, but I suddenly answer them with that of Peter. Oh, when shall I hear the comforting news of your return!

To-day I have received a letter from the Monastery of Cairo, in which those venerable Sisters tell me that on hearing such sinister news the blood froze in their veins, and that they will pray till the Lord by His grace shall touch your heart. The other nuns make a novaine to the souls of the saints in Purgatory, and to the most holy heart of the most holy Mary. I cannot tell how many times in a day I pray for you. Oh, when will the day come that I shall hear that Father Berardo is restored into the bosom of our holy Mother Church? This will be the only consolation that can alleviate my anguish, my troubles. Then alone can I lift my head to look those in the face who weep for my afflicted state; then alone can I wipe away the tears with which I bathe this sheet. Oh, blessed sheet, if it reach your hands!

P.S.—I wished to copy this, but it is impossible to me through grief.

Yours most affectionately,
FR. PERPETUO GUASCO, *Bishop of Fez.*

LETTER IV.

FRA. FERDINANDO TO SIGNOR CERIONI.

Rome, Araceli, 2nd October, 1847.

AN unexpected communication which reached me on the 30th of September last, froze the blood in my veins, and over-

whelmed me with confusion and anguish. The remembrance of the Institution where we confessed, of the province in which we were born, of the faith which was the glory of our ancestors, of the constant and perfect union which subsisted between the Holy See and the people of Marca, alas ! how did all these reflections aggravate my sorrow for the error you have committed. What have you done ? Oh ! you have suffered yourself to be too easily seduced. But do not despair : there is yet time to correct the fatal step you have taken. Doubt not that I shall be able to assist you effectually. Set out instantly for Rome, and on your arrival there, come at once to me. I will aid you in every possible way : I will do all I can to prevent the circumstances from being made public ; and to reinstate you in the privilege of a blessed immortality, that your name be not rendered odious in the face of the Catholic world. Remember that I was for a short time your lecturer (theological tutor) : remember the doctrines I taught you ; and be assured of this, that there is no salvation out of the Roman Catholic Church. Suffer not then my remonstrances to be lost upon you, but respond speedily to my entreaties. I do not ask this from policy or any less worthy motive, but from a feeling of compassion. Man is liable to error ; and I therefore pity you, and beseech you, with a trembling hand and in great consternation, to profit by my earnest supplications. I beseech you as you value your eternal salvation ; I beseech you by the love you have always shown to your unhappy parents ; I beseech you for your own personal good and advantage ; I beseech you, I conjure you, and finally, I trust you will not resist the kind assurances with which I conclude my letter, and subscribe myself, most affectionately,

FRA. FERDINANDO DA FILOTT.

LETTER V.

SIGNOR CERIONI IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

Malta, Mission House of the Protestant College.

I DID indeed wish to receive letters from some of my theological lecturers, but I little expected one from you. No great intimacy has ever subsisted between us. I have always been a man of sincerity and have avoided intercourse with one of an opposite character ; for which reason I have especially

endeavoured to keep aloof from your society. Civility, however, requires me to reply to your kind invitation. Did I not know you, did I not recollect the cruelty of your disposition, I might have been deceived by the supposition that your offers were sincere. But I remembered well your language and the wish you expressed in regard to that poor unfortunate F. Ilario, who had escaped several times from prison ; and your rage, because they did not put him in fetters and let him die of starvation. Heaven forbid, however, that I should say this from any fear I have of you—on the contrary, I despise cowardice and treachery, together with your flattering promises and offers.

It was rather politic of you not to favour me with some theological arguments, as your dear friend F. Roderigo has done. I have answered his letter, as in duty bound, and shall write to him again ; and that he might not keep the letter in his pocket, and shout “ Victory,” I sent it open to Signor P—, the first liberal in the country, requesting him to forward it, but telling him that he might read it first. I am therefore certain that all the most respectable gentlemen have now been informed of it, and that F. Roderigo will not shout “ Victory.” It gives me pleasure, however, to repeat some of the questions addressed to me in your polite letter. “ What have you done ? what are you doing ? ”—I have abandoned the Papal Church. I have renounced imposture. I have protested against the abuses of the Papacy. What wonder ? Am I the first, who being unwilling to lead any longer a life of incredulity, like all you theologians, am converted to God ? I have deserted your false principles—I adhere to the truths of the Bible—I have forsaken the hypocritical Institution you mentioned, because in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I have found heavy woes falling upon it like lead, and I will not be a partaker of them with you. To you are addressed those words of the Redeemer in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew : “ Ye are they who lay heavy burthens on the shoulders ” of poor ignorant people—mysteries, dogmas, vigils, fasts, when ye yourselves believe nothing of all this, and do nothing. Do you not come under the description of those “ Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,” who walk about clothed in sackcloth, barefooted, and with a rope round your waists for a girdle, in order to appear devout and penitent, to be seen of men, to have the first seats in the assemblies ? Yes ! ye are they who love the first places at feasts, the chief seats in assemblies, salutations in the markets, kissing of

hands, and to be called of men "Master, Master." The apostles of the true Christ, the disciples of the only Master, the Lord Jesus, are neither called masters nor fathers, but all are brethren—all are equal. It is not I who announce this to you, but Christ himself in the chapter above quoted, from the eighth to the twelfth verses inclusive. "Be ye not called Rabbi," &c. Open your ears for once to the words of the Redeemer, if not to the promises, at least to the menaces; that is, if you believe in them, and you will hear that the proud and haughty will be humbled: "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Of you Christ continues to speak, when He threatens the Scribes and Pharisees, who with your wicked inventions, your refined distinctions, have shut the doors of heaven against the ignorant people, not suffering those that were entering to go in—"Woe unto you," &c., v. 18. Are you not included amongst those who are greedily covetous of riches, eating and drinking at the expense of the common people, deceived by you, promising them the kingdom of heaven, if they will provide you with the good things of earth, playing the hypocrite for them with your long rosaries? "Woe unto you," &c., verse 14. Ye are they who with deceitful and vain promises compass the world to make proselytes to bring them to the worship of the beast, and lead them with yourselves into perdition. "Woe unto you," &c., verse 15. "Woe unto you blind guides" who pronounce it sacrilege to neglect tradition, but not to neglect the holy Bible. Ye fools and blind! whether is greater the Bible which is the Word of God, or tradition which is the word of man? Woe unto you who transgress the commandments of God by your traditions, for you will receive the greater condemnation. Woe unto you who instruct the people in trifling observances, and neglect the commandments of God, exclaiming against those who do not observe the Friday and Saturday abstinence, or who do not keep Lent, and in the meantime are silent upon, or rather, sanction idolatry. "Woe unto you," verse 23 to the end of verse 27. Clothed in coarse garments, ye pretend to be abstinent, penitent outwardly, but within ye eat and drink—nothing is wanting to you in the way of pleasure and luxury: without, ye are whited sepulchres—within!—But "woe to you," verses 27, 28. Ye are they who under a pretence of devotion build sepulchres and erect altars to the saints and to the prophets—but "woe unto you," verse 29 to 34.

You invite me to Rome, to be a partaker probably with you in these woes? God protect me from such a fate! I can only thank God that He has drawn me away from this great Babylon, and admitted me among the worshippers of the true God, in spirit and in truth.

You bring before me, for an example, the people of Marca, who have always been faithful to the Holy See. They have been so, it is true—but why? because they have been kept in ignorance; and sometimes they have endeavoured to shake off the terrible yoke of the Papacy, and to embrace again the Holy Bible; but the infamous tribunal of the Inquisition has crushed the heads of those happy martyrs of Christ. The Dominicans,—the Papal executioners—have done the utmost in their power to conceal their misdeeds, their cruelty, but the remembrance of them is preserved notwithstanding. In the sixteenth century, the Papacy equalled Islamism in the effusion of blood, and the pastoral crook of the Pope was the scimitar of Nero. To prove to you that what I say is the truth, I will here transcribe for you an extract from history, by one of your co-religionists, a Papist, related in the account of the butcheries which took place in Ascoli, Monte Prandone, Montalto, and the Calabrias, by order of the Pope, to prevent the progress of the Reformation:—

“The terrible executions which the Lutherans underwent this morning (June 11, 1560), I can only in truth compare to the slaughter of a flock of sheep. They had all been stowed away in one house as in a stable. The executioner led them out one by one to cut their throats. They were eighty-eight in number: no one who had witnessed the death of one of the party could avoid seeing that of another, and I can scarcely restrain my tears in writing this description. The resignation and patience with which they bore their sufferings and death were wonderful. I shudder when I reflect on the manner in which I saw them, as it were, butchered. Orders were issued by high authority that wheelbarrows should be in readiness to carry away the dead bodies, which were to be quartered and hung up in all the streets of Calabria.” . . . In a Neapolitan history of those times the writer, speaking of these butcheries, makes use of the following words, “Some had their throats cut with knives, others were sawed asunder, and others precipitated from high rocks. All, in some way or another, underwent a tremendous execution; but they deserved it. What I have

to relate of their obstinacy is most remarkable—for fathers seeing their children executed, and children seeing their fathers put to death, not merely betrayed no uneasiness, but said joyfully that they were going to be made angels of God. So completely were they fascinated by the Devil, to whom they had given their souls.”

This is the true reason why the people of Marca are faithful to the Holy See—because that See has cannon for its foundation, executioners for its guardians. Take away these, give the people the Bible, speak freely to them for a single year, show them nothing more than the New Testament, and then preach and cry out as long as you please to exalt the Papacy, you will have nothing to listen to you but the walls and benches of your churches—and then come and tell me of the fidelity of the people of Marca ! But you, who have a great insight into these things no less than the Pharisees, verify in yourselves without perceiving it, the 34th verse of the chapter I have above quoted, to the end of the 36th verse.

[Here I entered into a long argument to prove to him that I had not lost the hope of a blessed immortality ; but on the contrary, believed I had gained it ; because salvation is not in the Church of Rome, but in the Church of Christ.]

You tell me to remember that you were my master in theology, and the doctrines you taught me. I remember with horror that I learned doctrines totally at variance with the holy Word of God. I do not now recollect the exact terms in which you dictated them to me ; but I have a general idea of having studied theology under different teachers, and that all they taught was in direct opposition to the doctrines of the holy Bible. In fact, I received,

[And here I enumerated the errors I had been taught, inviting him to prove how and when they had their origin ; that if he should be able to convince me that they were the doctrines of Jesus Christ, I should be ready to accept his invitation ; but that I should wait for his answer, and that if he did not reply, I should become importunate.]

If your offer really came from your heart, I should thank you for your courtesy ; but I love truth better than falsehood, and therefore prefer living poor, with the Bible in my hand, to the practice of dissimulation.

I hope the mercy of God may yet touch your heart, and make you see the error, which, as a theologian of a corrupt Church, you are teaching. I recommend you to read the

Bible, and if you peruse it with a desire to learn the truth, I pray God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to enlighten you in the knowledge of His holy mysteries, and to bless you.

LETTER VI.

[The following letter is inserted to show the *animus* of the Popish priests against those who renounce their Communion. Several expressions and passages have been omitted, as being totally unfit for publication.]

FRA. RODERIGO TO SIGNOR CERIONI.

Jesi, St. Francisco, 28th March, 1848.

Well done ! admirably well done, my colleague ! At the end of October last I was informed that . . . had led you into the greatest of excesses, namely, that of abjuring the Catholic faith. At that time, I did not think proper to write to you, cherishing the hope that a paternal letter from the most Reverend Father General might lead you back into the right way. Now, however, that your bold-faced temerity has gone so far as to induce you to write to your own mother on the subject, and to express a wish to draw her along with you, I can no longer refrain from addressing this to you, in which I shall not lay before you the evidences of our religion, with which you are well acquainted, but shall reason with you in the following manner :—

Impious, sacrilegious, villanous wretch ! thy wish will not be realised. Thy mother cannot long survive the tidings which thou *Devil*, hast sent her. Thy hopes are placed upon the present aspect of affairs in Italy ; but be assured of this, Michiavello, that whatever may be the result of those affairs, the Catholic religion, which is the only true religion, will always be the predominant religion of Italy. The promoter of the present movement in Italy was, probably, Gioberti, by his famous work on the Primacy of the Italians (*sul Primato degli Italiani*). But Gioberti, whose shoes thou, Ignoramus, art not worthy to tie, Gioberti, I repeat, is eminently Catholic ; and he who is now, in thine opinion, an Antichrist, Pius IX., is the man with whom all Europe sympathises, and even the great Sultan also. On this account alone, if thou wert now to return to Jesi with this

boasted religion of thine, the Esini [the inhabitants of that place] would tear thee in pieces like so many lions.

But permit me, for a moment, to make one observation on thy rascally letter. Thou sayest that thy mother's religion is the daughter of imposture and superstition. Liar! fool! Tell me, in fact, whether the religion of the Apostles, the Roman religion of the fifth century, was, or was not, the true religion of Jesus Christ? Again, was the Roman Catholic religion, at the birth of Luther, the true religion of Jesus Christ, or not? If thou wilt not be a Jew, or a Turk, or an Arian, or a Donatist, thou wilt surely answer *Yes*. Now, tell me again, ass that thou art, is not the present Roman Catholic religion the same as that which Rome professed at the birth of Luther, at the birth of Donatus, and that which St. Peter brought to Rome? How canst thou assert that the Anglican Church is the true Church of Christ, when Christ instituted the septenary number of Sacraments, and the English Church only admits two? Thy Church is not the Church of Christ, but of the vile Elizabeth. The Bible too, which thou art now studying, is not the Bible dictated by the Holy Spirit, but the one so finely corrupted by the said Elizabeth. But let us pass on to another reflection, which, if thy eyes are not plucked out of thy head, must convince thee to demonstration of the error into which thou hast precipitated thyself.

I imagine that thou wilt admit the justice of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ, His only Son. Suppose now two men who believe equally in Jesus Christ: one of these shall be sober, just, charitable, humble, patient; the other, on the contrary, a beast (like thee), unjust, without charity, humility, patience, and every other Christian virtue, I ask now, will these men be equally saved? According to the Anglican religion, which admits faith alone without works, they will be equally saved. But, I resume, is not this to make Christ as unjust as the Jews who crucified Him? Thou wilt reply, perhaps, that it is necessary to be good, in order to be saved. Then, I answer, good works are profitable: Then it is not true that the merits of Jesus Christ are alone sufficient: Then thy present religion which teaches this contains a false article: but a religion which contains a false article is false from beginning to end. Therefore, thy religion is, from beginning to end, or totally, false.

I perceive, however, that I have said too much on the subject of this religion of thine, since I am certain that it is

not the supposed truth of that religion that has led thee to speak of it, and has made thee embrace it, but If thou, unhappy man, shouldst persevere and die in this state, thou wilt be saved, as Judas was saved.

Unwilling, however, to close my letter thus, I beseech thee to remove the bandage that binds thee—tear it away from thine eyes: throw thyself at the feet of a Crucifix: pray to Him to restore the peace of mind which thou hast lost; ask of Him pardon for the sacrilege which thou hast committed; make a vow to return, and return to the Mother thou hast forsaken, and He will receive thee as the Prodigal Son was received by his loving Father. Reflect, finally, that this letter will probably be the last favour vouchsafed to thee by thy Heavenly Father, to bring thee back to his bosom.

I have not written these lines to mortify you, and much less to injure you; but only as a Christian and colleague in former studies, desirous of your true welfare.

Your once Friend,

F. RODERIGO DI CASTEL D' EMILIO,

Zoccolante.

LETTER VII.

SIGNOR CERIONI IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING LETTER.

Malta, Mission House of the Protestant College, 1848.

A MAN of education, and much less a Christian, does not return invective for invective when he is insulted, because the injury is sure to fall upon the head of him who has offered it. And, truly, when I began to read the fine titles you bestow on one whose friend you profess yourself formerly to have been, I was doubly convinced that the letter came from a friar, and turning to the end of it, I read “F. Roderigo, Zoccolante.” But, my dear Fra. Roderigo, he who has received a somewhat Christian education does not make use of scurrilities or maledictions, neither will I. I shall therefore confine myself to the Theological portion of your letter, to your arguments, and philosophical reasoning.

I must premise, however, that on some points of Theology, man can reason but vaguely: still there are fixed dogmas in the Holy Bible, clear and certain—we must keep to these. “Where God speaks, man is silent,” said Cyprian, in his

times, to those who wished to oppose human authority to the Divine ; and you, being a theologian, ought to know these things well. I, therefore, shall answer you from the Bible.

But *à propos* of the Bible. You say that the one I am studying is not the Bible dictated by the Holy Spirit. To what Bible, pray, do you refer ? It appears to me that you allude to the English Bible. My dear Fra. Roderigo, you are mistaken. I do not know a single word of the English language, that version therefore is out of the question. I am sorry for it, because I am well acquainted with the history of the translation of the English Bible.

In the first place, you are not aware by whose order it was translated. You attribute this great sin to Elizabeth. No, my good Fra. Roderigo, it was not by order of Elizabeth but of James the First. In his reign, and by his permission, the most learned men in England united for the purpose of making a translation, adhering as closely as possible to the original. And, as many of them were well versed in the Oriental languages, and especially in the Hebrew and Greek, after a labour of several years, the most severe critical study, and frequent revisions, it was published in the English language, and is, as I have been assured by many learned persons, the most faithful translation that has ever yet appeared. This information will be new to you ; it is, nevertheless, indubitable, to any one who reads history with an unprejudiced mind.

And what Bible are you studying ? The Roman Vulgate. Then, I say, you are not a competent judge in this matter. You know no other language than that your mother taught you, with a little smattering of Latin : you are therefore unable to read any Bible except in these languages ; and, consequently, cannot judge whether the Vulgate agrees with the original or not. You will say, " The Pope, the Fathers, the Councils, have decided, so there can be no doubt that it agrees with the original." But are you sure that the Fathers and Theologians, with the Pope himself, believe that the Vulgate agrees with the original ? You reply : " I am certain of it ; because they have said so." But here you are quite in the dark. Attend for a while to what the Fathers say in regard to the Vulgate. Ruffino, a priest of Aguileja, composed a work against St. Jerome's translation. St. Augustine, the least to be suspected of all the Fathers of your Church, would never admit the Vulgate of St. Jerome, because it did not agree with the Septuagint, or with the

Hebrew text : in the 19th Letter of Augustine, his reasons for this determination are given.

Read "Natale Alessandro," you have it ; look under the head "Historia Ecclesiastica, Sec. 4, Disser. 30," you will see what is there said of the Vulgate. The illustrious Cardinal Bellarmine, your great Theologian, makes a confession for which we are really obliged to him. I will give you his own words :—

"Accept my thanks for the little book which you have sent me ; I would however have you know that the Vulgate has not received at our hands the most accurate revision. For many passages, which seemed to need correction, we have, for sufficient reasons, designedly passed over."

What think you of these last words ? Is it not true that they are new to you ? Hear, moreover, what your Infallible proclaims. In the Preface which Clement VIII. set forth in the first edition of his Bible it is written :—

"And in truth, although in this review of the Bible, no little diligence has been used in the comparison of the Hebrew manuscript Codices and of the Greek originals, together with the Commentaries of the old Fathers, yet in this published Version, as there have been some passages deliberately altered, so also there are others, which seemed to require alteration, but which, we have with the same deliberation, left unchanged."

Here you have, under your own eyes, an infallible proof that you do not read the words of the Holy Spirit in your Bible, if, indeed, you have ever opened it. But, if you were to open it, you would find Papal frauds instead of the genuine words of the Holy Spirit. It is a Pope who asserts this, not a Protestant—neither is it an assertion of mine ; me, you would not believe, I am under your malediction ; but, being stated by your *Infallible*, you are bound to believe it. Of this, however, I am certain, that neither you, a Papal Theologian, nor many of your colleagues, have ever opened the Bible, have never read the Preface or the Book itself, and are consequently unacquainted with the above brief quotations.

I, however, who, thanks to a merciful God, have read so many infallible proofs that your Infallible—say rather *most fallible*—guide, has, by his own confession, falsified the Vulgate, determined to study the Bible in different translations, and in all the languages I knew, and spoke, and wrote, for the express purpose of detecting the fraud. In

Italian, Diodati and Martini, a translation made in the year 1500, in Marseilles. In Latin, the Roman Vulgate of Pius V. and Clement VIII., Sante Pagnino, and two other good translations : one of Theodore Beza, three French translations, and two in Arabic. Reading the Bible in these different tongues, and understanding them all thoroughly, after having invoked the aid of the Holy Spirit, I commenced my study with several pious and learned companions, spending five hours daily, in considering, reflecting, comparing, and thus arriving at the clearest consequences. I should tell you that one of our party was thoroughly versed in the Greek language, both ancient and modern, and he explained to us what we could not understand in the other languages, especially in the New Testament. This is the Bible I am studying : have you anything to say against it? If, then, I answer you from the Bible, I answer you from the Word of God and not of man : on this point, therefore, we shall not greatly disagree, because I intend to keep to the Vulgate as closely as I possibly can.

[Here I entered at great length on the various topics brought forward in his letter—Pius IX.—the present state of Italy, V. Gioberti, which, to avoid prolixity, I do not insert here, but pass on, at once, to that of the Pope.]

You assert that, for me, Pope Pius IX. is Antichrist : I am not the one who has asserted this—although I believe it,—but St. Jerome, a Father of your own Church, in a letter to Marcella, a Roman : these are his own words :—

“ This place, where I am (Bethlehem), is much more sacred and holy than the Tarpeian rock, on which the Lord has often poured out his thunder in order to show his displeasure. Read, O Marcella, the Apocalypse of St. John, and thou wilt see what is there said of the Woman of the seven hills and of many waters, who is come out of Babylon. She is clothed in purple and scarlet, and on her forehead are written blasphemies. She is become the habitation of devils, the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.” (Rev. xviii. 2.) Pastorini, your Theologian, asserts that the Babylon of the Apocalypse is Rome ; and Bernardo di Chiaravalle agrees with him also, and speaks even more openly. All the great Italian writers concur in this idea, and reproach the Pope as the seducer of the people, in perfect accordance with the Apocalypse. And you, instead of fixing the imputation on me, who have said not a word till now, fix it in reality, yourself, upon your Fathers—

your Theologians. Not, however, that I do not concur with them—on the contrary, I am fully convinced that Rome is Babylon—the Pope, Antichrist—“the man of sin,” spoken of by St. Paul to Timothy; the Son of perdition, the Apostate, the Seducer. Proceed, and do not stop till you have discovered other truths as strong as these.

[Here follows a long dissertation, in which I proved to him the adaptation of all these titles to the Pope.]

Respecting the other paragraph and your vehement reflections on the letter I addressed to my mother, I shall say a few words, brief, indeed, but sonorous. I am not a liar, unless your Pope is one. He avers that he has altered the words and meaning of the Bible, and has decided (in a passage lower down), and at the Council of Trent, that the Bible ought to be received as the rule of faith, being the only one corresponding with the original. But in what country are we living? with whom are your Infallibles conversing? They would change the very cards in our hands, and cheat us with false dice like so many gamblers. I will utter no falsehood—I will prove to you, by a simple school-boy's syllogism, that your religion is the daughter of Superstition and Imposture, and that it does not in the slightest degree resemble the religion of Jesus Christ. All your religion rests upon the Popes and the Councils: but the Pope and the Councils avow that your religion is not that of Christ: the Popes and the Councils avow that they have altered the Bible, the foundation, the immutable rule of Christ's religion—therefore the church of the Popes and the Councils is no longer walking according to the first rule of that religion; he, therefore, who does not keep the Bible whole and entire, and does not walk in the prescribed way, is no longer in the religion of Christ: therefore this is the case with the Church of Rome. Why does not the Pope, why do not the Cardinals, and you gentlemen, who call yourselves Theologians, demonstrate these truths to the people? I will tell you why. You are placed in the predicament of proving to the people that your Pope is God's vicar upon earth; and at whatever cost, you must maintain that principle. You have taken away the Bible from the people, and have substituted in its stead lies, fables, cunning devices; and have so infatuated your followers with this false Christ of yours, that you now tell them they ought to tear me to pieces for contradicting you. Tell me, honestly, even with your Popish principles, whether this be not superstition. But this springs from the religion you teach

them, and that same religion teaches it—therefore the religion in question is the daughter of Superstition. And it is also the daughter of Imposture. The Pope, the Cardinals, the Bishops, the Priests, and all the clerical troop, have need to dazzle the eyes of the ignorant, to divert them, to distract their attention, to keep them at bay, in order that they may not require the Testament of the eternal Father at their hands. See the Popes with their array of royal pomp, thrones, tiaras, mantles, triumphal cars, soldiers, cannon, coronets, jewels—all carried to the greatest excess—the Cardinals with their purple, their servants, liveries, armorial bearings, all Princes of the highest rank; and in this category may be included even the lowest clerk, whom you may see skipping up and down the steps of the sacristy, with silver buckles in his shoes, and adorned with elegant lace. The ignorant, beholding all this gorgeous display, exclaim: “This is indeed God upon earth! this is the truth! let us look for nothing beyond this! it is Heaven opened!” Thus are the ignorant fascinated, never having read the words of Him who says: “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.” But we, who know all this to be priestly imposture, say to them with St. Peter: “Thy money perish with thee,” O true Pontifex, but false Christ; for the true Christ declared that he had not where to lay his head; and he, whom you proclaim as his Vicar, knows not, out of the number of his sumptuous palaces, which to select for his luxurious repose. Here is imposture, falsehood, deceit; and may not we, who know your religion to be fixed on these hinges, declare it to be the daughter of Imposture and Superstition?

I admire your subsequent digression to prove that the Roman Catholic religion is the same as that of the fifth century—the religion of Jesus Christ! What I have said above would suffice to undeceive you, but I do not choose to pass over a single word. The religion of the Apostles is identical with that which we now see, read, and find, in their writings: the religion of the fifth century was not maintained in all the Churches in the same purity. For example: several Churches already began to fall into error. The Church of the Manicheans deprived the faithful of the cup in the time of Leo the Great, bishop of Rome—an act severely reproved by that zealous bishop (Leo Mag. IV. de quatragesima): the Simonian heretics were reproved by St. Epiphanius, as the Origenists were by St. Augustine, because

both admitted a place of purification for the souls of the departed, or a Purgatory of fire (Lib. ad quod vult Deus, cap. 48). In the times of St. Epiphanius, there were also the Osseni, who celebrated their worship in an unknown tongue; read St. Ambrose, who gives you this information in the 14th chapter of the Commentaries on the first Epistle to the Corinthians. The Manicheans had already forbidden the priests to marry, and afterwards the heretic Tatian issued the same prohibition, as Epiphanius attests. (Heres. 46.) In the early ages of the Church, some heretics had fallen into the error of asserting that the word of God was not clear and complete without tradition, and that this was necessary to eternal salvation; therefore St. Irenæus (Cap. ii. lib. 3, de heres.) speaks to the point. The Patriarch of Constantinople, in the time of Gregory, bishop of Rome, pretended to be universal bishop; some of his partisans assented to this idea; but Gregory, who read the Holy Scriptures, opposed him vehemently with these invectives: "If ANY SINGLE BISHOP should call himself universal bishop, the Church would fail at his death: but our ears do not listen to this FOLLY and BLASPHEMY which dishonour and annihilate the priesthood in whoever may usurp so mad an honour as this. The Bishop of Constantinople pretends to be the *universal bishop*, the *catholic father*, the bishop over all the other bishops; but this sinful ambition constitutes him the precursor of Antichrist." Socrates informs us that in the year 183 there was already introduced into the Church an anti-evangelical custom—namely, a Penitentiary,—a Confessor to receive voluntary confessions. The Homousians and Novatians, who had for some time adopted this practice, had abolished it, but in some Churches it is still retained. It was retained in the Church of Constantinople, till by some accidental occurrence of a serious nature it was totally suppressed by the Bishop, Nectarius, who also decreed that there should be no compulsory communion, but that every one should follow the dictates of his own conscience, in this respect. Unhappily, towards the fifth century there arose new heretics who introduced this pernicious custom, in spite of St. John Chrysostom, who had with great energy inveighed against it. St. Irenæus relates that the heretics Carpocrates and Basilides taught their disciples that they ought to reverence and adore the sacred images, affirming that they possessed an image of Jesus Christ our Lord made by Pontius Pilate. (St. Irenæus, lib. 1, cap. xiii., xiv.) And

St. Epiphanius severely reproveth the Collyrian heretics because they lent themselves to the worship of images. (St. Epiphanius, *Heres.* 79.) Theodoret combated the Helvidian heretics (*ad Herat. Fabr.*, lib. 11), and St. Irenæus combated the heretic Marcus (*lib. 1. c. 9*), because he taught the doctrine of Transubstantiation; not indeed in the express terms in which it is now taught, but on the same principle.

All these anti-evangelical errors were warmly combated by the holy men whom you consider as infallible Fathers of the Church, and we also acknowledge them when they speak from the Sacred Scriptures, as in the cases above cited: such errors, I say, were never wholly extirpated from the Church of Christ; and in the fifth and sixth centuries they began to wind themselves around the walls of Rome. And that Church, calling herself the Roman Catholic Church, has received them into her bosom, has retained them, has coined dogmas out of them, attributing these inventions to Jesus Christ Himself, the Apostles, and the Fathers. But tell me,—you who are a Theologian, and so desirous of proving to me at the present day that the Roman Catholic religion is the same religion that was left us by Jesus Christ,—is what I have here stated true or not? It is recorded in the books of the Fathers, in the pages of history, therefore it is true. If, then, it be true that Purgatory, Transubstantiation, Confession, the Adoration of Images, the Universal Bishoprick, were heresies at that time, why are they not so now? Perhaps the Gospel is changed? For you it is so, but not for true Christians who hold such doctrines,—as did the Fathers of the Primitive Church—to be impious anti-evangelical heresies, contrary to the words of Christ and of his Apostles.

It is certain that the Roman Catholic Church retains these heresies as dogmas—the Pope has arrogated to himself the title of universal bishop—but he who makes himself universal bishop is Antichrist, and he who admits dogmas contrary to the Gospel is not in the Church of Christ. The head of the Roman Catholic Church is Antichrist, therefore it is not the Church of Christ, as in the times of the Apostles. Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, and other pious and learned Christians, brought back the Churches to the primitive state of holiness—some followed them, others did not. The first returned with a radical reformation to the doctrines of the Bible, abjuring their errors, and calling themselves reformed. Can you deny that one who had become an Infidel, and was

again converted to the true religion, might be a true Christian and be saved? Certainly you cannot. Why then will you deny to all those Christians who once were infidels, but were reconverted to Christ at the time of the Great Reformation, why, I say, will you deny them what the merciful God has promised to grant to sinners, through the merits of his only begotten Son? Why will you assert that the Reformed Churches are not in a state of salvation? This is a weighty error. The Anglican Church has returned to the Bible like the first Christians—she has renounced her errors—why will you condemn her? because she does not admit the seven Sacraments? but when in the first ages of the Christian Church, were the seven Sacraments ever admitted?

[And here I proved to him in a long dissertation that there are only two Sacraments, and that the other five were manufactured in the Roman forge.]

With respect to your arguments on Justification, I must tell you that you do not understand what you are saying: you have made a sad medley, a *hotch-potch* of one of the most sacred dogmas, impossible to be understood in the sense in which you have conceived it. You have set yourself against the English Church, you know not why: your preceptors have told you that this Church does not admit justification by works as you do; this has been quite enough to make you cry out against her. Wishing however to prevent you from wandering about in error, I will explain to you what Christians believe in regard to justification.

We admit God's most perfect justice. He, therefore, seeing man fallen into the deepest misery, from which it was impossible for him to rescue himself, sent His only begotten Son into the world that by His obedience, passion, and death, He might redeem sinful man, who of himself alone could not rise from his fall. Jesus, by a single offering of Himself, redeemed lost man by the shedding of His most precious blood; with this he washed away all the sins of the believer, and conducted him to Heaven; and to give the first example and leave no room for doubt, He said to the thief who hung by His side, when he avowed his belief in Him as the Son of God: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." This man was the first who enjoyed the gratuitous offer of our Saviour; but the law is one—as this man was saved without any merit of his own, so will all believers be saved even to the end.

“A good tree is known by its fruits,” said our Lord: by good works the believer is known. Can you pretend that a man, abandoned to every vice, careless and indifferent about religion, a deceiver, a falsifier of the truth, a hypocrite, one who teaches doctrines contrary to those of Christ—can you pretend that he is a believer in Christ, with a lively faith, producing charity and sanctification? Such a man’s faith is the same as that of the Devil, who is constrained to believe in the existence of Christ with all his attributes, and yet blasphemes and makes war against Him: will such a faith avail Satan for his salvation? in the same way will it avail the impious, who believe, as the Scripture says, in the existence of Christ, but whose faith is a mere cognition. But the true believer confesses Christ as his Redeemer; he hopes, or rather is certain of salvation through the alone infinite merits of the God-man; this man obtains justification before God—he is truly a child of God—and being a child of God, will he have the heart to offend his good Father? No: on the contrary, with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his strength, he will love his Heavenly Father, he will obey Jesus Christ, his Benefactor, who has saved him; and thus good works are the consequences of faith, but not the principle whereby man is enabled to save himself. Herein consists your error, and the difference between us. You renounce the great work of Christ, in saying, “We are saved by our own good works,” therefore you are not saved by the merits of Christ, therefore Christ has died in vain for you. St. Paul, foreseeing the evils which would happen to your Church as well as to that of the Galatians, and to many others that have fallen into this great error, writes, “O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?” (Galatians iii. 5.) Read with attention the holy Word of God as expressed in this chapter, and if your hearts be not hardened like Pharaoh’s, you will clearly perceive the great error into which your Church has fallen. It is neither passion nor interest which prompts me to speak to you thus plainly, but the love of truth, which will not permit me to keep silence.

In the whole of the following chapter (the fourth), St. Paul speaks only of justification by faith, and not by the works of the law. He commences this chapter with an example so clear, that it might convince even a Pyrrhonist, and then with entreaty, affectionate and persuasive arguments, he tries

every method to draw that Church away from error. What could I say to you who read that Epistle—I, who am a mere nothing? What can I say to you more than St. Paul says? I can only place before your eyes those passages of the Apostle, which speak so fully to the purpose.

St. Paul teaches us that the salvation of the human race is entirely to the glory of Christ Jesus; and rash and blasphemous would he be who should contend with Him the honour and the merit. In fact, in the eighth and ninth verses of the second chapter to the Ephesians, he writes: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." The same sentiment is expressed in his Epistle to the Romans, the third chapter and the twentieth to the twenty-eighth verses inclusive.

"Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin. But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; Even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference: For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay: but by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law."

Now is it not clear to you that no man living will be justified before God, except through faith? But I know well that you Papists have works much at heart, on account of your thirst for gold. You will therefore say to me, "What! are our works of no value? is no advantage to be derived from our prayers? this is impossible." My dear Fra. Roderigo, of what advantage are the services which a faithful servant pays to his master? does he gain any merit? none: he has only done his duty. Our Lord brings forward this example, "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do," (St. Luke xvii.

10.) And Isaiah, in the sixty-fourth chapter and sixth verse, tells us in what estimation our works are held.

The Anglican Church admits with St. Paul the doctrine of justification by faith, according to the whole tenour of Holy Scripture. But the Church that walks according to the Holy Scripture is not false, therefore the Anglican Church is not false as you rashly assert.

[Here I replied to him at great length upon all the other points of his letter, not passing over a single iota, and concluded thus]

It appears to me that I have in part, at least, fulfilled the duty of a friend desirous of your welfare : I am ready to answer every attack of yours, whether private or public : or, rather, if you have the courage to defend a theological question, I am ready. Choose the place. I must, however, inform you that I will not come into Italy, because I would not willingly run the risk of being made the prey of your Infalible, who sits upon the throne of Nero, and who, because I do not wear the mark of the beast, would seize me in the same manner as he seized the great John Huss : a fine advantage truly would it be for you to be the supporter of a new Nero, who blasphemously claims the title of Vicar of Christ, while persecuting the professors of His religion. May it please God to illuminate you with the light of the Holy Gospel, by His Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ, our only Master and Saviour. Amen.

LETTER VIII.

SIGNOR MOSCARDI TO SIGNOR CERIONI.

From Quarantine, Malta, 16th May, 1845.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—After our long separation, I am permitted and enabled to write a few lines to you without suspicion, and free from the severe laws which have at all times emanated from the Papal Church against the Christians whom it calls heretics, and against those whom it suspects of heresy. You had the good fortune to be the first to emancipate yourself from that cruel thralldom, and I was left in the mean time to suffer. Oh, you know not, my dear friend, what heavy trials befel me after your departure from

Egypt! No sooner had the tidings arrived that you had declared yourself a Protestant than I was entirely deprived of my liberty. All those hypocritical friars cried out against you; some called you a heretic, some infamous, some excommunicated, and there were others who declared you a Simonist, and said you had sold your soul to the Protestants for money! In short, a thousand injurious reports, calumnies, and sarcasms were poured forth against you, which were intended to recoil on me, on account of the intimate relation in which, by reason of our friendship, we stood to each other. My sufferings were great; but what afflicted me the most was to see myself shut out from every way of following you, being now—and not without good ground—suspected: for, availing myself of the power I possessed, I imposed silence on those insolent monks (who spoke against you more from hypocrisy than zeal) and undertook to defend and excuse you to the utmost of my power. Hence I was viewed with a jealous eye, and no one would speak to me for fear of being contaminated and incurring the danger of being excommunicated. But all my movements were narrowly watched from a distance, till at length the Bishop came to Cairo, and made use of every friar-like artifice to entrap me, but in vain, because I was prepared with my answers. He interrogated me on various points—spoke repeatedly of the friendship that subsisted between us, and on this account he told me I must be, in some measure, acquainted with your opinions. I answered all his questions evasively, not having sufficient moral courage openly to confess the truth. He wished to see the letters you had written to me from Alexandria, but I had previously burned them all with the exception of the one you sent me on the eve of your departure, in which you said, “I hope we shall soon meet again, and live thenceforth together in some retirement.” This letter was interpreted in a good sense by the Bishop, and availed not a little to justify me with him, because he thought you alluded to some monastic retirement; whereas, according to our agreement, it referred to a home where we could always live together as Christians, as I still hope we may do. After this, I was deposed from my office of President, and received an order to go to Bethlehem in quality of Curate. For this purpose, I left Cairo on the fifth of October for Alexandria. On hearing that I was deprived of the Presidency I greatly rejoiced, because the thought instantly occurred to me that I might be able to escape by the way. But I reckoned without my host, being

accompanied by a friar! I departed for Beeroth recommended to the Captain of the French steamer. In Syria, I knew no Evangelical Minister to whom I could apply in order to gain some assistance in favour of my flight: so that seeing myself now deprived of every hope of immediately renouncing the Romish idolatry, I resigned myself cheerfully to the will of God, and without farther hesitation set out for Jerusalem, reserving my flight to a future opportunity.

On my arrival at Jerusalem, I was received by the Superior of the friars in the Holy Land, with every demonstration of affection, and he never mentioned your name. Thence I went to Bethlehem, where I began to exercise my office of parish priest with great zeal, so that in a short time all the suspicions that had been raised against me vanished, and I was much beloved and respected. I suffered greatly, however, because I was obliged to officiate, though externally, in all those idolatrous acts which the Papal Church prescribes. I preached diligently, and as I discoursed in Arabic—an unknown tongue to the friars—I never made mention of the Madonnas or the saints, but all my sermons turned on the principal mysteries of our Redemption, and on salvation by grace obtained through faith, and thus my conscience was in some degree tranquillized. After a residence of four months in Bethlehem, I sought means to leave that place as my flight thence was quite impossible. With much difficulty I obtained leave to go to Jerusalem, hoping I might be able to make the acquaintance of some Protestant Minister there, who might aid me in my design, it being impossible for me to execute it without assistance.

After a few days' residence there, I received, by means of a Roman Catholic, a packet of letters containing two religious journals, and a letter from you, dated 20th September, 1847. What consolation this afforded me, I leave you to judge! It seemed to me—and so it really proved—that God had at last opened to me a way of escape from the mother of iniquity. In despite of the great comfort I inwardly enjoyed in receiving tidings of you, and in having the means of escape so opportunely offered to me, I was obliged to dissemble to avoid suspicion, and with a stern countenance I interrogated the bearer of the packet. “Who gave you this letter?” Seeing me apparently very angry, he hesitated to tell me the name of the person by whom it had been intrusted to him, because he feared I should excommunicate him for having spoken with a Protestant. At length, however, driven by my

menaces, he told me he had received it from a gentleman called Nicolayson; this name was not unknown to me. "Well," said I to him, still in the same tone, "I should like to speak with this Mr. Nicolayson, and you must show me some private way where I may meet him." "Father," he replied, "this is impossible; because I can point out no place to you where you may not be observed." "Where does this gentleman live?" I inquired. "Father, he lives very near my house." "Then in your house I will speak with him." "Oh, this is impossible, father, because if I should be discovered it would be the worse for me." "Do not be alarmed," said I, "I am your parish priest, and in every case will be your protector" (my own fears were at the same time greater than his!) On this condition he was satisfied, and the next morning, at the hour appointed, I repaired to his house, where I found Mr. Nicolayson, and held a long conference with him in the Italian language (which the bearer of the packet did not understand), and opened my heart to him. Not considering that place well adapted for our conference, we decided on nothing that day. We therefore parted, making an appointment to meet at a place where we might converse freely, without being suspected by any one whatever. This place was Mount Sion. There we subsequently held many conferences, and there we concerted together the plan of my flight, and fixed on the precise day.

On the morning of the 6th of April, the day appointed for my departure, I repaired at a very early hour to the house of Mr. Nicolayson. I there stripped off my hypocritical garb, mounted on horseback, and trusting in Divine Providence, departed joyfully from Jerusalem, and passing through the Desert, arrived at Cairo after a very fatiguing journey of about nineteen days. I remained at Cairo for the space of nine days, at the house of our friend, the Rev. W. Krusé. I hoped to have obtained an English passport, but not being able, I went thence to Alexandria, where I stayed as many days, and the worthy Mr. Winder having paid my passage on board the English steamer, I arrived yesterday in Malta, and am now in quarantine. In the act of embarking, I sent a letter to the Bishop, in which I gave him an account of my proceedings, as you will see by the enclosed copy.

It would take me a long time, my dear friend, were I to relate to you minutely, all the circumstances which have accompanied my steps, both before and after my departure from Jerusalem; but although in the course of a few days

we shall meet in order to live together in holy peace and Christian love, and shall have ample time to talk over our mutual adventures, I cannot refrain from telling you, in anticipation, a few of the incidents attendant on my flight.

When I informed the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson of the desire I had formed of abandoning the Church of Rome to embrace Protestantism, he laid before me all the perils which might befall me—namely, that I might be followed, overtaken, brought back to the Convent, and sent thence to Rome; or remain a victim to the cruelty of my persecutors, if I offered them the least resistance. He pointed out to me the sufferings I might have to encounter in the places where I dwelt—the difficulty of providing myself with necessary sustenance, since I was wholly unaccustomed to labour. I took into consideration all these serious reflections which this worthy clergyman laid before me, and prayed earnestly that God would vouchsafe to inspire me with the knowledge of His will. I took the Bible, opened it and read, as it were, by chance, the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. Great was my wonder in reading the thirty-first, thirty-second, and thirty-third verses of that chapter, "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek :) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

My dear friend, in reading these verses my mind was so much enlightened, that it appeared to me as if they were written for me, individually. I thanked God devoutly, and purposed to follow ever, for the future, His holy will. Early the next morning, agreeably to our previous arrangement, I returned to Mount Sion. I met Mr. Nicolayson there, and told him I had firmly resolved on flight; and that I had not the slightest fear of danger, because God would be with me. He was highly pleased; and with fervent prayers I prepared to take a step, certainly not an indifferent one; and having invoked the Divine assistance, I joyfully quitted the earthly Jerusalem, in order to find the heavenly Jerusalem.

My friend, I do not express the desire I have to see you again, because I believe you have a corresponding feeling in your own heart. Come, therefore, as quickly as you can to comfort

Your Friend in Christ Jesus,

LUCIO DONATO MOSCARDI.

LETTER IX.

SIGNOR MOSCARDI TO MONSIGNOR PERPETUO GUASCO.

Alexandria, in Egypt, 11th May, 1848.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS,—You will certainly be surprised at seeing a letter from me of this day's date, and written in Alexandria. Yes, my Lord, in Alexandria, near your own residence, I have been living for the last nine days, an exile and a wanderer for the faith which is in Christ Jesus, and also previously in Cairo, with no other protection than that of Divine Providence. Now, through the mercy of God, I am free, and in the enjoyment of a twofold liberty—the liberty which is in Christ, from henceforth freed from the slavery of the laws and prejudices of the Church of Rome—and also of civil liberty, because I am among Christian brethren, lovers and protectors of this twofold liberty. I am perfectly safe from your indefatigable and anxious search; vain, therefore, will be all your efforts to find me, in order that you may have me in your power, and make of me that fine use which your Church is accustomed to make of the servants of Christ, falsely called heretics. Formerly, my Lord, I also gave the name of heretics to all those who, guided by the aid of the Divine Spirit, abandoned the errors and superstitions of men to follow the pure Gospel. I did this, however, ignorantly, but conscientiously. But having now, by the grace of God, come to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, by the perusal of the Bible, I call true Christians those whom I erroneously called heretics, and heretics those whom I called Christians.

My Lord, together with all Protestant Christians, I call heretics those who do not admit the full authority of Holy Scripture; those who for the worship of the true God substitute the worship of creatures; those who propose false doctrines of belief in the name of Christ; those who wrest the true sense of Scripture, who introduce dogmas tending to augment their own temporal interests, to make them predominant, infallible, and constituting themselves Vice-gods upon earth: in short, we call heretics all those who, directly or indirectly, oppose the authority of Holy Writ, because they oppose and tend to nullify the infinite power and goodness of God. Did time permit, I would with powerful arguments drawn from the Bible (which you still acknowledge to be a

book divinely inspired, and yet, even in contradiction to your ownelves, severely prohibit the reading of it in the vulgar tongue, that the people may not be instructed in the knowledge of the truth), and with arguments supplied by sound logic, prove to you that the real heretics are those who live in the darkness and errors of the Church of Rome—consequently, you also, my Lord, are a heretic as I was. I was so conscientiously, as I suppose you are. It pleased God, however, to call me to the knowledge of the truth by the perusal of His Holy Word, and I readily responded to the call; I am therefore no longer a heretic, but a *Protestant* Christian. In fact, my Lord, who are they that do not admit the authority of the Sacred Writings? Yourselves, followers of the Pope, who call Holy Scripture “a dead letter,” and substitute for it the famous traditions which you declare to be the surest foundation of the faith, the impenetrable shield of Ajax, that which extirpates every heresy.* These traditions were afterwards called by the Romish Church, “the book, or unwritten word,” in order to increase or diminish its value in conformity with the caprices of a man who by means of this his “unwritten book,” styles himself the Vicar of Jesus Christ, true God upon earth, and in virtue of his “unwritten book,” extends his power to heaven, and to the places under the earth. These, my Lord, are not calumnies invented by Protestant Christians, but infallible definitions of your Popes themselves. Read the book of the Decretals of Gregory IX., Tit. 7, cap. “Quanto Personam,” where you will see that Pope Innocent III. defined infallibly that “the Roman Pontiff occupies on earth not simply the position of a mere man, but that of a true God.” Tell me, I pray you, my Lord, is not this a real heresy—a horrible blasphemy?—to maintain the contrary, would be to have lost the use of reason, or to have no knowledge whatever of Christianity. But you are a rational being, and are acquainted with Christianity—you must, therefore, agree with me that the real heretics are the followers of the Pope.

Who are they, my Lord, that substitute for the worship of the true God, who ought to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, the worship of the creature?—the followers of the Pope. Consequently, you, my Lord, no less than they—you make to yourselves images of wood, bronze, stone, and pictures of a thousand kinds, and set them up in your churches, in your houses, your private chambers, your piazzas, and in every

* Lindanus, *Panoplia*, Lib. i., cap. 22; Lib. v., cap. 4.

street. To these fantocini, these puppets, you offer incense, you make ovations; you pray to them, and worship them as tutelary deities. What has your Pope done to authorise the worship of images?—he has declared himself “true God upon earth.” Hence it has been made lawful for him to extend his power beyond that of the true God, and he has taxed God with ignorance by pretending to correct His works! In fact, he has sacrilegiously taken away from the catalogue of the Divine law, the second of the ten commandments, solely because by this second precept the worship of images is forbidden, as well as the paying them any homage whatever. (Exod. xx. 4.) And this is what your Pope has done to authorise idolatry, to introduce heresies into the Church of Christ, to increase more and more his own power, and lessen the power of God. And will you still persist in following these vain counsels?

Who are they, my Lord, that, in the name of Christ, constrain the people to believe in doctrines invented by their own caprices? The Popes, who having rendered themselves powerful, and “sitting in the temple of God, showing themselves that they are God,” have thus disfigured the religion of Christ, by the introduction of false doctrines, such as purgatory, indulgences, the mass, confession, works of supererogation, and a thousand other ridiculous devices, which are nothing less than impious heresies, annulling the only, the immense, the eternal sacrifice which our Lord Jesus Christ made upon the cross, by the offering of Himself to the Divine Father for the redemption of sinful man; and the Popes use every effort to persuade the people that the sacrifice made by Christ is incomplete, hence, every man is obliged to supply the deficiency by his own works, which, after all, consist only in purchasing at a high price, and for ready money, his own salvation! It is in this way that your Popes have annulled the infinite power and goodness of God! It is in this way that they have rendered themselves powerful and formidable upon earth! And are you, my Lord, at the present time, following their example? Are you still selling iniquity? Does the disposition reign in you to annul the sacrifice of Christ? Ah, no! eternal salvation cannot be purchased with gold, but only by faith in the Redeemer.

Could the people, my Lord, enjoy the blessed privilege of reading the Word of God, they would learn the truth of the Gospel, and follow it—they would learn what the Papacy is, and, instead of paying it the tribute of their homage, would

fly from it and detest it, as I fly from and detest it, through the grace of God.

My Lord, I address these few lines to you, not in the hope of converting you, for it would indeed be an extraordinary event that a Pope, a Cardinal, or even a Bishop, should be converted and submit to the easy but sweet yoke of Christ. But, my Lord, the grace of God is infinite, unlimited, it is therefore capable of converting every sinner, and more especially those who sincerely set themselves to seek the truth by studying the Divine Word. And if you, my Lord, will read the Bible with sincerity of heart, and without prejudice of any kind, you will find that He who is great in mercy will teach you the way of salvation which is in Christ Jesus, and cause you to abandon the errors and superstitions which you are now obliged to follow as well as to teach.

My principal object in writing this letter is to make known to you as my superior, which you once were, that I am no longer your subject, but the subject of Jesus Christ, since I have abandoned the Church of Rome in order to follow the true Gospel. I have abandoned your Church, not of necessity, nor in view of any human recompense or honours, but voluntarily, and from pure conviction; not lightly and unadvisedly, but after mature deliberation for nearly two years; not by constraint, or the counsel of man, but of free will, and guided by the truth which is in Christ Jesus, as it is found registered in the Divine code. You think, undoubtedly, my Lord, that I have been influenced by my friend and brother in Christ, Signor G. Cerioni, formerly Padre Berardo, your secretary. But, in contradiction to this opinion of yours, I must inform you that I was the first to make manifest to my friend the falsity of the Church of Rome, and to proclaim to him the truth of the Gospel, which I had learned from reading the Bible, and which I had resolved on after several conversations held with my friend, the Rev. William Krusé, Minister of the Protestant Church in Cairo, from the time that I resided in Fayoum, as president and parish priest, and that I myself introduced your then secretary to the acquaintance of that minister, by whose arguments he was convinced, and we then agreed to forsake the Romish Babylon, from which he had the good fortune to depart before me. I was unable either to follow him on the instant or to precede him; for being at that time president and parish priest of the convent at Cairo, it would have been

impossible for me to desert my post secretly without incurring the stain of infamy ; since, if I had left the convent, these zealous religionists in evil doing would have stolen everything that had been placed in my custody, and circulated the report that I had carried it all off with me, in order to follow and foment my own caprices.

Not to follow my own caprices, my Lord, do I forsake the Church of Rome. I leave father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, and a life of ease and comfort, which your religion offers and bestows, to be the disciple of Christ. For His sake, on the 6th of April last, I rid myself of the monkish habit with which so very many of your subjects cover themselves that they may appear as innocent lambs in the sight of men, while inwardly they are ravening wolves ; and clothed in an old suit (old, indeed, but sufficient to cover me) presented to me by the charity of a friend and brother in Christ, the Reverend Mr. Nicolayson, a very zealous minister of the Protestant Church at Jerusalem, who also procured me a saddle horse, without passport, and with only a few piastres (barely sufficient for my support till I should reach Cairo), with a song of praise to the Most High, I left Jerusalem, and assured of the protection of my God, directed my course towards Cairo by way of the Desert, deeming it better to encounter the fury of wild beasts than to fall into the hands of men, followers of the Pope.

By the mercy of God, I arrived in Cairo safe and well on the 23d of April last, and remained there till the 1st of the present month. Who could describe, my Lord, the joy which filled my heart when, for the first time, I attended Divine service in the Protestant Church of Cairo ? Sobriety, devotion, modesty, are depicted in the faces and conspicuous in the demeanour of all—a sign that they go freely to Church, in order to worship and pay homage to the Creator. The fervour with which these faithful ones lift up their voices in prayer to God with one accord, in the name of Jesus Christ, in a language understood by all, shows that there, in the midst of them, is Christ, the supreme Head of the Church, to be found, directing the mind of each, and that this is the true Church. Very different there, my Lord, are the usages from those in your churches, where six, ten, or fifteen persons, sumptuously attired, play the part of actors, and chant in a language unknown to the people, who, with unseemly levity, are dazzled by the splendour of the rich vestments of the actors, and amused by the theatrical singing,

which strikes upon the ear, but leaves the heart cold and dry,—and where not unfrequently lovers are seen interchanging smiles and glances, companions in libertinism making appointments, the usurer buried in negotiations, and—but modesty imposes silence!—And is this the temple of God? is this the edification of the soul? But whither am I wandering? as if it were not known that Rome endeavours to gain for herself a multitude of adorers, and not the glory of God. She seeks for gold, and not the sanctification of the spirit.

From Cairo, my friend Mr. Krusé, whose kindness is beyond all praise, having paid the expenses of my voyage—I proceeded to Alexandria, where I have remained till this day at the house of another worthy and excellent friend, the Rev. Mr. Winder, minister of the Protestant Church here, who, inspired by a feeling of the greatest charity, pays my passage to Malta, where I shall soon join my friend and brother in Christ, G. Cerioni. What fate may await me there I know not; I only know from information given me by Padre Bernardino di Moretta, and Padre Angelo da Ceriana that my friend scarcely gains five piastres a day.* If by honest industry I can earn an equal sum like him, I shall be happy. For the rest, I place all my hopes in Divine Providence, and am certain that I shall not be deceived, because God is faithful in His promises.

My Lord, time presses, my departure draws near. I therefore conclude by repeating that I leave your Church for ever, in order to join the Church of Christ: that I abominate, detest, and solemnly anathematise the Papal system, with all its errors and superstitions, to follow Christ, the apostolic doctrines, the pure Gospel.

May God vouchsafe to enlighten your mind with the knowledge of the truth which is in Christ Jesus, for the edification of the Church, and the good of your own soul.

This is the prayer which I offer to God through His beloved Son, and it will ever be offered for you, my Lord, by

Your humble Servant in Christ,

LUCIO DONATO MOSCARDI,

Formerly Padre Leonardo da Camarda.

* About the value of a shilling, English money. This was a false statement in order to deter Signor Moscardi from following me. I was then living in the Protestant College, at Malta.

[The following note was lately sent to me by Signor Moscardi. It is inserted here as a further proof—if proof were wanted—of the spirit which pervades the Popish priests towards those who leave their communion; and seems to form a not inappropriate conclusion to this little work. G. C.]

In the act of embarking on board the British steamer, "Ripon," I sent my letter to the Bishop by a young Arab, and received no answer to it whatever. I should never therefore have known what my old friends thought of me but for the following unexpected occurrence.

In the month of July, 1849, I had to accompany four young pupils from the College of San Giuliano, at Malta, on board the French steamer. Two of them were direct for Messina, and two for Naples. Arrived on board, I saw a friar whom, by his habit and beard, I knew immediately to be from Jerusalem. I accosted and saluted him, and he returned my salutation. I asked him various questions respecting Palestine, and made particular inquiries for many of the monks. To these interrogations he replied, "It appears to me, Signor, that you must have been in Jerusalem, since you are so well acquainted with those persons?" "Yes," said I, "I have certainly been there, or rather I was there when the curate disappeared, and for some time no tidings were heard of him. Pray tell me, did you ever know what became of him?" "Oh, do not ask me," replied the monk; "we thought he had been killed by the Turks, or the Greeks, but after some months we heard that he had turned Protestant. This was indeed a heavy blow to us, because, being Curate of Jerusalem, he has brought a great scandal upon us, and perhaps many others will follow his example."

Christian reader, from the answer of this monk, you may judge what value the Romish priests set on a man's life, and in what estimation they hold the followers of the Gospel!

Brethren, let us be vigilant, since our adversaries, those sons of darkness—and in these times more than ever—are going about like roaring lions, and also lying in wait for the destruction of our faith, seeking to plunge us again into darkness and error. Let us resist them courageously; and, being firm in the faith, may the God of all grace "stablish, strengthen, settle us."

L. D. M.

The following note was addressed to me by Sister Mary
It is intended to be a history of the school which was
founded in 1847, and which has since that time been
in existence, and which is now in the hands of the
Sisters of the Holy Family.

In the act of publishing on board the British steamer
"Hesperus" I sent my letter to the ship by a young Arab
and received no answer to it whatever. I should never have
known what my old friend thought of me but for
the following unexpected occurrence.

In the month of July, 1847, I had to accompany four young
girls from the College of St. Catherine at Naples on board
the French steamer. Two of them were chosen for Messina
and two for Naples. Arrived on board, I saw a fair young
boy by his habit and beard. I knew immediately to be from
Messina. I accepted and retained him, and he remained my
assistant. I asked him various questions respecting the
state of the school.

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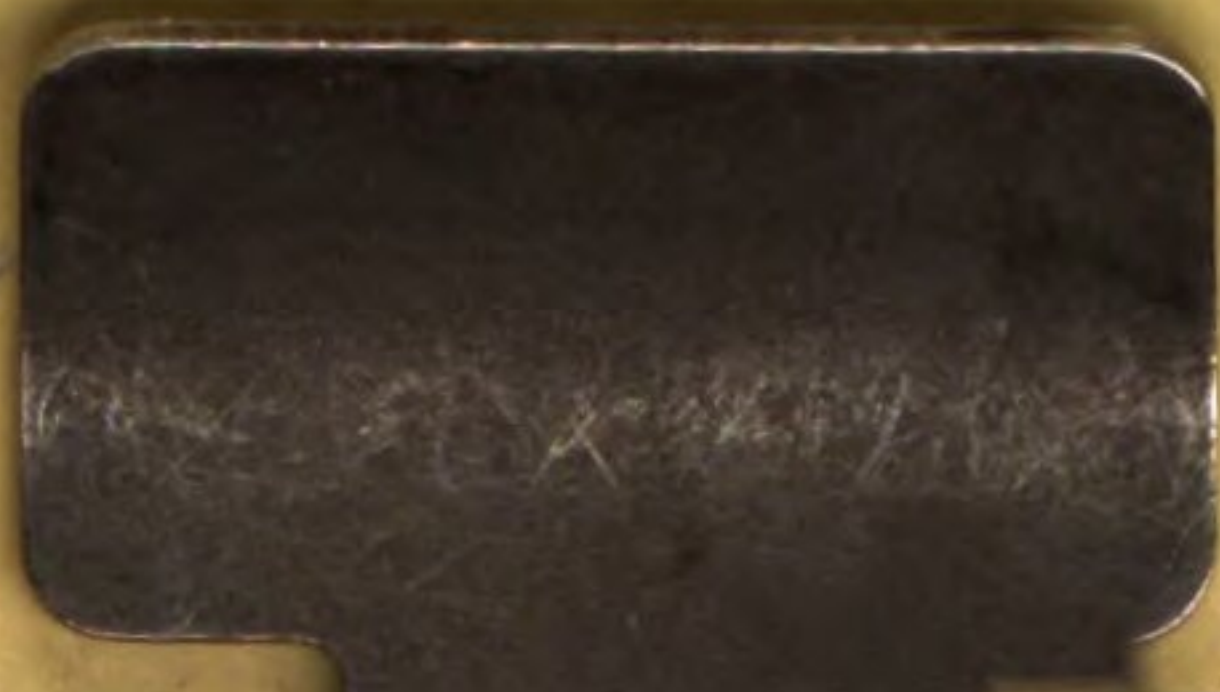
I found that you must have been in Messina, since you are
so well acquainted with those persons? "Yes," said I.
I have certainly been there, or rather I was there when the
girls disappeared, and for some time no tidings were heard
of him. I say tell me, did you ever know what became of
him? "Oh, do not ask me," replied the monk; "we
thought he had been killed by the Turks or the Greeks, but
after some months we heard that he had turned Protestant.
This was indeed a heavy blow to us, because, being
of Messina, he has brought a great scandal upon us, and
perhaps many others will follow his example."

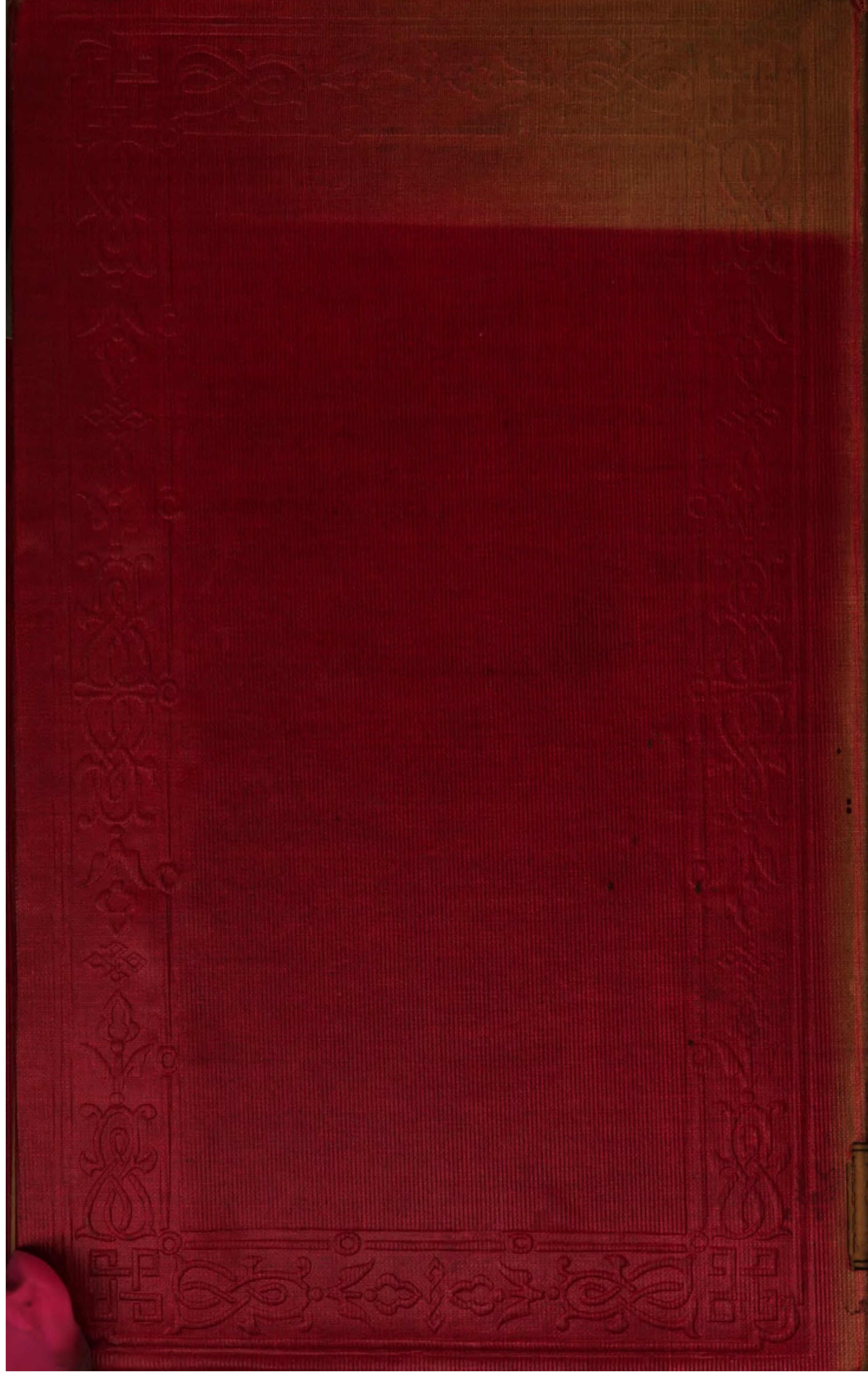
I persisted further, from the answer of the monk, you may
judge what value the Romanists place on a man's life, and
in what estimation they hold the labours of the faithful.
I therefore let me be vigilant, and out of respect, those
eyes of that poor man, and in those times more than ever, and
goody about his roasting room, and also being in wait for the
destruction of our faith, according to things as again into
darkness and error. Let us resist them courageously; and,
being firm in the faith, may the God of all grace establish
strength, Amen."

L. D. M.

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Religious





Cerioni, G.

A narrative of the conversion from popery of G. Cerioni and L. D.
Moscardi Written in Italian by Signor Cerioni, and principally translated
with the same subject

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